

ANECDOTES, BON MOTS,
TRAITS, STRATAGEMS,
AND
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES,
OF
THE MOST REMARKABLE
HIGHWAYMEN, SWINDLERS,
AND OTHER
DARING ADVENTURERS,

Who have *flourished*, from a very early Period, to the
present Time.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,
A Great Number of Apposite Curiosities.

COLLECTED AND COMPRISED, SO AS TO RENDER THE WHOLE
Both CAUTIONARY and ENTERTAINING;

AND AS MUCH
An Object of WONDER as of PITY!

Felix, quem faciunt aliena pericula, cautum.

L O N D O N :

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P R E F A C E.

IN every Work which has hitherto been published on the present subject, the utility of recording examples to offended Justice, has been earnestly enforced; and all possible objections to this kind of undertaking have been ably answered. It will therefore be unnecessary for us to travel over the same ground; especially as we are unconscious that such publications were ever yet reprobated by any of our most rigid guardians of religion or morality.

After perusing the multitudinous productions of our predecessors, we resolved—instead of treading in footsteps which had been easily imitated—to preserve the *useful* and the *amusing*, and to reject the *insipid* and the *uniform*. Thus, we have only given the whole Lives, &c. of those individuals, whose adventures and transactions furnish entertainment; whose *schemes* and *contrivances* point out caution to the unwary; and whose miseries, disappointments, and tragic exits, are calculated to deter, admonish, and reform, the callous, the giddy, the irresolute, and the inexperienced. What appeared to us of importance in the histories of other desperadoes, whose adventures were *generally* unuseful and uninteresting, we have conserved by way of Anecdote; and its effect on the organs of our Readers cannot fail to produce—*astonishment*!

Observing, by some very recent instances which have occurred at the Old Bailey, and elsewhere, that our Modern Heroes, through the help probably of oral tradition, have revived some of the feats of their distinguished progenitors, without the smallest variation; we have also recurred back to Antiquity, that our labours may, in some sort, operate as antidotal; that the monstrous copyists may fall opportunely into their own snares; that the credulous may be fortified; and the

A

guilty

guilty confounded.—Besides, the Works of which we have availed ourselves—published at a remote period—are now become extremely scarce; insomuch that those who would cheerfully purchase them, at any price, have long been deprived of the desired opportunity.

It will be found, that we have paid some regard to the DELUSIONS of *motive* and *intention*; errors which precipitate unfortunate men to the commission of crimes that can only be expiated by the forfeit of life. Thus did the late miserable HENRY WESTON, DOCTOR DODD, RYLAND, and several others * above the vulgar

* We have been further confirmed in the importance of these remarks, on reading the Life of a Criminal, lately written in Dutch, by an eminent and worthy Clergyman of the Reformed Church. The person to whom we allude, called himself Meyer, from a regard for his family. In January 1796, he was apprehended on suspicion of having committed divers burglaries at Amsterdam, the Hague, and Rotterdam. He at once confessed his enormities, produced an exact memorandum of all the sums and articles which he had stolen; and from whom: and begged to be led instantly to death. This unfortunate youth was the son of a Danish Nobleman, who resided more than thirty years in England, where he married a Scotch lady of quality, the mother of Meyer. He possessed great literary abilities; and fluently spoke several languages, particularly Danish, French, English, German, and Dutch. Being questioned by the Minister, as to his *motive*, he made the following answer:—"I am a stranger," reasoned I to myself, "and known here to no one. I cannot disclose my real name. What, then?—I am not permitted to steal. But I will effect a sort of *loan*. Shortly I shall obtain enough to depart again for England, to pay my galling debts there, and to marry the dear object of my wishes. Speedily will my fortune be repaired, and my friends reconciled. I shall then return *all* to those whom I have any wise injured here, with double interest; disclosing to them the whole matter, and concealing only my name." He never once reckoned on the *probability* of detection; but, afterwards, owned the turpitude of his offences; coincided with the national necessity of punishment, but vehemently objected to the gallows. He petitioned the High Tribunal of Holland to be shot; frequently, in prison, quoted ÆSCHINES *Orat. de falsa legatione*: Οὐκ ἰ θάνατος; δεινόν; ἀλλ' ἡ πρὸς τὴν τελευτὴν ἵβεις φοβερά—Death is not terrible; but the shame that accompanies it to the end—and, at length, finding that his request could not be granted, struck himself the blow a few minutes before the awful public ceremony was about to commence.—It is our intention to translate the whole Life of this extraordinary Character; and to publish it at a future period.

class,

clafs, fatisfy their confciences, in the perpetration of deeds that drag after them fuch folemn confequences; and even eternal difgrace: for, according to Voltaire, and indeed our own reafon—

Le crime fait la honte & non pas l'échaffaut.*

That defcription of men to whom we have juft alluded, are certainly entitled to our pity: for a kind of fate feems to hurry them on to deftruction, againft the pofitive conviction of their reafon and their underftanding. And the evil demon would perhaps, after all, be foiled in his machinations, and many ufeul members remain an ornament to fociety, if the delufion of *good intention* did not weigh down the awful fcale of death. It has therefore been our moft earneft wifh, by mingling Precept with Example, to eradicate this illufive fubterfuge from the imagination of good but irrefolute characters. We are difpofed, even, to believe them fincere at the time when they fo fatally reafon. But can the gamefter pofitively *fix* any period for replacing a certain fum of money, that is confided to chance? Can an *embarrassed* tradesman fay, that he will honour a bill, in which his very exiftence is involved? Or a *profufe* man, in any fituation of life, affert, without running the rifk of mifcarriage—"I will provide for the payment of this note, which I am about to forge, for the purpofe of fupplying my temporary neceffities!" Before we admit this fallacious mode of computation, why not alfo reafon a little on the other fide of the queftion?—"But, ah! fhould difappointment or difcovery enfue, what a gulph of wretchednefs opens to the profpect!—Imprifonment! infamy! the contempt of friends! the sneers of ftrangers! the pangs of felf-reproach! Fetters! a public trial! Condemnation, defpair, and—Death! And, after all, will my crime, my name, and my fate, be recorded to pofterity, as a culprit cut off from the bofom of that fociety whom I have outraged!—For what, then, do I incur this frightful hazard, this nearly-apparent certainty?—A pecuniary embarrassment, that time, perfeverance, and fome fuitable conceffions, may remove."

* "The crime makes the fhame, and not the fcaffold."

Others, again, will be found, in the following sheets, who have *forcibly* deprived the traveller, the tradesman, and the citizen, of property to which they could not assert the remotest claim, without affecting the smallest pretension to a salvo of conscience, and without resolving on reformation, after having satisfied their temporary wants. Escapes from the gripe of law have only emboldened them to new attempts; every successful depredation has increased their necessities; and they persisted, till confinement closed their abominable career.—In former dissolute hours, and in general discourse, that familiarity and indifference with which this abandoned class of mankind speak of a public execution, tends greatly to lessen the horrors of its approach; the recollection of past gasconades inspires them with hardy courage; and they die, uttering, to the last, impudent, unfeeling, immoral, and irreligious invectives—unconvinced of the turpitude of their conduct, unrepentant, indifferent to the past, unconscious of the present, and regardless of the future. The extermination of wretches such as these, is rather a subject for triumph than commiseration; because they are vultures in the human form. We may, indeed, as Christians, deplore their original departure from the course of rectitude; while rejoicing, in the mean time, at the admirable equipoise of the scales of Justice. Those who *cannot* be reformed, ought certainly to be cut off, when they invade the rights of civilization.

There is also another description of Adventurers, exhibited in this Compilation, who may be truly stiled *unfortunate*;—Men led away by the impetuosity of passion—entrapped by accident—tempted by some sudden impulse—seduced by the idea of imaginary want—and misled by the very depth of ignorance. Here we have been careful to distinguish Misfortunes from Crimes; and to intersperse, occasionally, such admonitory observations as must naturally arise in a feeling and contemplative mind.

The next, and last, consideration—and which may prove of infinite utility—is a Sketch of those credulous Persons who have fallen a prey to Sharpers, Swindlers, and

and other specious Pretenders. In some of the cases mentioned, indeed, human wisdom could not be expected to resist schemes and pretences, that favoured so admirably of truth and of candour. In others, we discover the extremity of folly and inadvertence. For those, therefore, who are not formed of suspicion; who may be imposed on by imaginary advantages; or deluded by a pompous exterior; our Collection will prove of the most solid benefit*. It may indeed, be compared to a Light-House, so constructed, that Mariners in the dark need not steer their course on adjacent rocks, shallows, and quicksands. Nothing would tend more to abolish villainy, than the rendering success always precarious: then should we cease to see one part of mankind so often defrauded, and the other escorted to condign punishment.—In fine, we cannot better conclude than by translating the words of our motto in the title-page:—

Happy he, who profits by the dangers of another.

* Although the utility of this Work is absolutely without limitation, the following Classes are particularly interested in the Lives and Anecdotes which we have recorded:—

Magistrates	Keepers of Prisons
Bankers	Bailiffs
Merchants	Stewards
Tradesmen	Clerks
Country Gentlemen	Shopmen
Company at Watering Places	Youth of both Sexes
Foreigners	Female Housekeepers
Masters and Mistresses of Lodg- ing-Houses	Doating Old Maids
Lawyers	Husbands and Wives
Publicans	Lovers
	Peasants, &c. &c. &c.

6 NO 63

NAMES

MENTIONED IN THIS COLLECTION.

	Page		Page
AYRES, James	- 138	Darnford, Abraham	- 209
Anderson, Thomas	- 177	Denton	- 213
Avershaw, Lewis	- 214	Ellison, Benjamin	- 138
Bracey, Edward and Joan	30	Ferrers, Lord	- 193
O'Bryan, Patrick	- 55	Goodwin, Jack	- 137
Bew, William	- 66	Gillingham, John	- 201
Buckley, Tim	- 97	Hollyday, Will	- 4
Bunce, Stephen	- 133	Howard, Capt. Zachary	10
Barton, William	- 150	Halfey, Jacob	- 33
Brown, Edward	- 172	Houghton, Thomas	- 39
Blake, Joseph	- 197	Hutchins, Harvey	- 84
Blewitt, William	- 200	Hereford, Nan	- 100
Burnworth, Edward	- 201	Hall, Jack	- 117
Blandy, Mary	- 202	Harris, Ann	- 130
Burdett, Thomas	- 211	Hawes, Nathaniel	- 173
Brown	- 214	Hartly, John	- 195
Barrington, George	- 256	Houffart, Lewis	- 198
Cromwell, Oliver	- 10	Hurley, William	- 202
Collet, Jack, alias Cole	109	Hawkins, John	- 204
Cox, Tom	- 123	Hobart, J. M. alias	
Collington, Farmer John	155	Henry Griffin, alias	
Carrick, James, or Val-		Lord Maffey, Duke	
entine	- 162	of Ormond, &c.	- 238
Cartwright, John	- 167	Jones, Tom	- 6
Calhagan	- 195	Joyce, William	- 15
Cooke, Arundel, Esq.	208	Jones, Moll	- 105
Crofs, Thomas	- 209	Jacques, or Jacquo	- 139
Chamberlain, Robert		James, Richard	- 200
Walpole	- 213	Jones, Lawrence	- 210
Cotterell, William	- 216	Innes, John	- 265
Clark, William	- 216	Kelsey, Tom	- 81
Dudley, Capt. and Wil-		Low, Dick	- 227
liam	- 68	Levee, John	- 197
Drury, Anthony	- 170	Lorrison, Joseph, alias	
Disney	- 195	Jumping Joe	- 213
Deval, Abraham	- 197	Lee, Mary	- 215
Duce, William	- 204	Mobb, Old	- 44
		Morell,	

(x)

	Page		Page
Morell, William	59	Shepherd, Jack	141
Macqueer, William	90	Simmonds, alias Spanish	
Morris, Dick	120	Jack	201
Massey, Capt. John	197	Snow, Foster	203
Meff, John	200	Smith, John	204
Martin	215	——, Bryan	205
Neale, Thomas, or Ne-		——, John	208
land	206	Semple, Major	218
Neale, Benjamin	207	Taylor, Tom	107
Newton, William	209	Timms, Thomas	171
Ovet, Jack	79	Thief - Takers, Gang	
Osborn, Frank	87	of	181
Oakey, Richard	204	Thomas, John	215
Owen, George	212	Waters, Tom	1
Potter, Joseph	138	Whitney	22
Perkins, William	160	Winners, Jack	77
Perry, Thomas	171	Withington, Jack	114
Pledge, Sarah	202	Waldron	139
Page, William	202	Wright, James	172
Price	208	Waltham Blacks, The	182
——, Charles, alias The		Wild, Jonathan	188
Social Monster	230	Wilson, Thomas	195
Raby, Moll	88	Wells, Job	202
Reeves, Thomas	195	Whale, Ann	202
Ryland, William Wynne	212	Wilkinson, Robert	205
Salisbury, Francis	39	Ward, Joseph	205
Simpson, Jonathan	94	White, James	206
Sharp, Tom	110	Weston, Henry	261

6 NO 63

ANEC-

ANECDOTES
OF
REMARKABLE HIGHWAYMEN.

PART I.

CONSISTING OF ANCIENT ADVENTURERS.

TOM WATERS.

THOMAS WATERS was born of very reputable parents at Henley upon Thames in Oxfordshire. His father and mother both died while he was very young, leaving him to the care of an uncle, who put him apprentice to a notary publick behind the Royal Exchange. But his mind was not turned for business, and the servitude of seven years appeared to him an age; he therefore gave himself a discharge without the leave of his master, before he had served half the term. His little stock of money was soon expended, and he saw himself exposed to the wide world, without any visible way of getting a living in it: these circumstances soon inclined him to the highway; there being, according to Tom's ideas, this peculiar advantage in the life of an highwayman, that he need not want a livelihood so long as he has occasion for it, if he be but industrious: he may rob till he is taken, then the county must maintain him till the Sessions or Assizes; and, if he has the luck to be hanged, there is an end at once of all his necessities.

His first exploit was on twenty or thirty gypsies, whom he saw near Bromley in Kent, as they were coming one morning early out of a barn. He rode up to them, and commanded them to *stand*, threatening to shoot half a score through the head, if they did not instantly obey his command. These strollers were thus far pretty patient; but when he ordered them to draw their purse-strings, they set

up an outcry as terrible as the *Holo-loo* of the *Wild Irish*, on losing a cock or a hen. To be robbed on the highway was something new to beings, who had all their lives been used to pilfering. Some of the gang intreated his pity and compassion in a miserable tone: others began to tell his fortune; promising him abundance of riches, and every thing else they could think of that was desirable; bestowing more blessings on Tom than the Pope would have sold for all the wealth they had to lose. But Tom was not superstitious enough to take notice either of their predictions or their blessings; he wanted the ready rhino; for the old proverb, "That one bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," was one of his darling maxims. "A plague take you, (says he) for a company of canting whores and rogues. I well know what my fortune is: I shall be hanged, if I don't mend my manners; and so, 'tis possible, will some of you: however, neither this similitude in our fortunes, nor all the jargon you can muster, will aught avail: so deliver, or I'll send half of you to your old friend, the devil!"

When this tribe of jugglers found he was determined, they began to empty their pockets of a large quantity of silver spoons, tasters, gold rings, &c. which they had either stolen, or persuaded some of the silly country people to give them, for telling their fortunes. These moveables, together with what money they produced, amounted in all to sixty pounds! By the time Tom had secured his booty, several country fellows in the neighbourhood, alarmed at the first outcry, came forward, with clubs, flails, and pitchforks in their hands. Tom rode to meet them, crying out, "That while one of the gypsies was telling his fortune, she picked his pocket to a considerable value, and would not return him any thing again; for which reason he had been lashing some of them with his whip." "You did well, master, (said the clowns) for there are not such thieves in hell as are these gypsies." This turned the rage of the countrymen upon the tawny tribe, so that they drove them away with their sticks, and by pelting them with stones, while Tom rode laughing off.

Another of Tom's adventures was with Sir Ralph Delaval, at that time Vice-Admiral of the English fleet, whom he knew very well. The meeting happened on the road between Portsmouth and Petersfield. "Well overtaken, brother tar! (quoth Tom) pray of what religion are you?" Sir Ralph, astonished at his impudence, replied, "What business have you to enquire about my religion?" "Nay, Sir Ralph, I had only a mind to ask a civil question, because

cause I have been informed that you sailors have no religion at all: but since you are so crusty upon this head, give me leave to ask you another thing. Pray do you apprehend being robbed before you come to the end of your journey?"

"Not at all, (quoth the Admiral) I have my footman behind me." "Now there you and I are of two opinions, (said Tom); for I believe you will be robbed very quickly."

While speaking he drew his pistols, and threatened master and man with instant death, if they offered to stir hand or foot. In this predicament the Knight thought it best to save his life by delivering his money; which amounted to ninety guineas, besides a gold watch. Tom bid the gallant Admiral not be so positive another time, and then took leave, to go in quest of other adventures.

On the same day, between Guildford and Godalming, he met with a famous hermaphrodite, who lived formerly in Lamb's Conduit Fields, and afterwards at Gosport. A mere frolic excited him to rob this person. He therefore stopped her (for she was dressed in woman's apparel) with a volley of oaths and hard names; calling her *Masculo-Feminine*; half dog, half bitch; and an abundance of other epithets to the same purpose; telling her, "That he did not at all fear prosecution: for, as thou art neither man nor woman, (says he) 'twill be impossible for thee to lodge a bill against me." He took from this person about twenty pounds, which pleased him beyond measure.

For the space of five years he committed an almost incredible number of robberies: but as few of these fellows escape, so Tom fell at last into the hands of Justice. His last robbery was on Hounslow Heath, a place where almost all great men at one time or another try their fortunes. He took from one John Hosey, a Bristol carrier, above fourteen hundred pounds in money and plate; some of which latter was found on him when apprehended. For this fact he received sentence of death; and being conveyed to Tyburn in a coach, on Friday the 17th day of July, 1691, he was there executed, in the twenty-sixth year of his age; going off the stage in a very resolute manner.

On leaving Newgate, he delivered the following paper to some of his friends, which savoured very little of Christian penitence:—

"It must be confessed that, at first thought, a person in my condition seems to have the least cause to be merry of any one in the world: I am just going to leave all my companions, all my pleasures, and, in a word, all that at present seems most engaging; either in a literal sense, *To be*

no more, or to take a leap in the dark, the Lord knows whither!

"If the first of these were certain, I should have nothing more to do than to bid all my friends *Good b'ny'e*, and take the finishing swing with the same pleasure that I go to sleep; or if, on the other hand, I were sure of taking a supper this evening, either in *Paradise* or *Tartarus*, and of keeping my habitation there to eternity, provided I were informed in which of these places it was to be, I should have no occasion to remain in this fluctuating, doubtful state of mind; but give way either to despair or transport, according as my entertainment promised pleasure or dread.

"But none of these things can be determined, and this very uncertainty of affairs is enough to make a man thoughtful: we are apt always to fear the worst where two extremes are before us, one of which cannot be avoided; especially if we are conscious of not having performed the terms on which the best is promised.

"Yet, after all, why should we fear the worst, where every thing is equally doubtful? Does the sailor always think of drowning when he is at sea? No; he is as cheerful, as though the element he was upon exposed him to no danger. Why then in death, only, are our fears so powerful? I can see no reason for it; and therefore I will endeavour to think no more, but turn all my thoughts to the enjoyment of the few moments I am to be here, in that manner which has usually afforded me the most pleasure; and, as to futurity, be as easy about it as an old shoe.

"You see, my friends! I have reasoned myself quite out of breath, and neither myself, nor you, are the wiser for all I have said. Things still remain as they were, and will do so in spite of all enquiries. I am going the way of all flesh, and yet I know not a step of the road beyond *Tyburn*; nor am I likely to know till I come thither, and then I must take it as it runs. I am to be hanged; that's all you'll ever know of me. When the job's over, go home and be merry, and let *Tom Waters* never more give you an uneasy thought."

WILL HOLLYDAY.

WILLIAM HOLLYDAY was born of poor parents, in the parish of St. Giles in the Fields, who dying at an early period, Will was forced to shift for himself. Entering into the ragged regiment of *Black Guards*, which in the reign of King Charles the Second was in as great estimation as the

the Janizaries, in the Ottoman Court, his acute genius, and prompt wit, without the advantage of any education, soon excited the notice of the superiors of his tattered fraternity.

But that which gained Hollyday most reputation, was, being chosen Lord High Steward in a mock trial of the Viscount Stafford, held in the Mews at Charing Cross; in which, though he had not consulted Fortescue, Fleta, Plowden, Coke upon Littleton, or any other ancient law author, his natural parts most floridly set forth the heinousness of that Peer's crime, whose person was represented by one of their tattered demalions. But instead of executing the poor boy in jest, he was hanged in earnest, and in that pendent posture left till next morning; when one of the King's grooms finding his *Lordship* hanging in the stable, he cut him down, and delivered the body to his friends.

Shortly after this piece of mock justice, Will's credit increasing more and more; and his ingenuity being attended with a great deal of courage, he was, by the unanimous consent of the whole regiment of *Black Guards*, chosen their Captain; in which post he nobly acquitted himself; and by virtue of his great authority, he brought them, *Nemine contradicente*, to observe the following Orders:—

I. That none of the *Black Guards* should presume to wear a *shot*, upon pain of being cashiered out of the regiment for ever.

II. That none of them should reside, either by day or night, in any other places than stables, empty houses, or under bulks.

III. That they should eat no other victuals than what was given them; therefore what money they got by cleaning Life-guard-men's boots or shoes, and rubbing down horses, should either be lost, or increased, by gaining among their own fraternity.

IV. That if any member could read or write, he should, by not practising either, forget both: like the Czar of Muscovy, their Captain would not have any under his command more learned than himself.

V. That they should daily appear every morning by nine of the clock, on the Parade in St. James's Park, provided they were not hindered by sickness, or upon any extraordinary duty, to receive the necessary orders which the exigency of affairs required.

VI. That none shall presume to follow the King and Court to Windsor, or upon any royal progress whatever, but such as were commanded to go on that party.

VII. That if any charitable person bestowed a pair of old shoes or stockings upon any one of their ragged society, he should instantly convert the same into money to play.

VIII. That they should not steal any thing which lay out of their reach; for fear of bringing scandal on their regiment!

IX. That they should not endeavour to clear themselves of vermin, by killing or eating them; nor for profit dispose of them to any apothecary, that might now and then want a quill full or two, to cure some lady's gentlewoman or chamber-maid of the yellow jaundice!

X. That they should cant better than the best proficient of that language in *Newgate*; pick pockets without bungling; out-lie a *Quaker*; out-swear a losing Lord at the *Groom Porter's*; and brazen out all their villainies with the unparalleled impudence of *Irishtown*!

In this employment Will Hollyday remained till he was about twenty years of age; when looking upon himself too old to continue longer in that station, wherein he had behaved himself with a great deal of bravery, candour, and justice, he surrendered his commission, and turned highwayman; which profession he followed till the hangman ended his career on Wednesday the 22d of December, 1697.

TOM JONES.

TOM JONES (not the celebrated hero of FIELDING) was born at Newcastle upon Tyne, in Northumberland; where his father, being a clothier, brought him up to the same trade. He followed this calling till he was two and twenty years of age; though not without discovering his vicious inclinations many years before, by running into debt, and pursuing other irregular courses. At last, being reduced to extremity, he at once resolved to apply himself to the highway, as the only way left, he thought, to retrieve his fortune.

To make a beginning, he robbed his father of eighty pounds and a good horse; upon which he rode across the country with all speed, for fear of being pursued. The devil, he knew, was sometimes apt to leave his children in the lurch; and therefore he thought it safer to trust to the legs of his horse, than to Fortune. This, and the conscious dread of justice, which is always ready to terrify young villains, occasioned his riding forty miles before he stopped; all which way, he was afraid of every one he saw, and of every noise he heard.

After this, riding into Staffordshire, and meeting a stage-coach, with several passengers in it, he commanded the coachman to stop, and the people within to deliver. Some of the gentlemen were resolute, and refused to comply with his demand; upon which he fired several pistols, taking care, however, to do no hurt; and still preserving three or four

four well loaded, for his defence, should he have occasion for them. The fright which the gunpowder put a couple of ladies into, who were in the coach, obliged the gentlemen to surrender, before any mischief was done; and Tom rode off with a considerable booty.

A pleasant circumstance occurred, as the consequence of this adventure. A monkey, belonging to one of the passengers, being tied behind the coach, was so frightened at Jones's firing, that, with skipping about, he broke his chain, and ran about the fields, so that the owner could not catch him. At night, a country fellow passing over a stile, Pug leaped out of the hedge upon his back, and there clung very fast. The poor man, having never seen a monkey before, imagined the devil had laid hold of him; in which opinion he ran home, and thundered at his door like a madman. His wife looked out at window, and, it being moonlight, asked him what he had got at his back. He told her, the devil, he thought; begging she would go to the parson for assistance. "Nay, (quoth she) you shall not bring the devil in here. If you belong to him, I don't: so pray be content to go without company." Poor Hob was therefore obliged to wait at his door, till a man, a little wiser than his neighbours, came by early the next morning, and, with a few apples and pears, dispossessed the unfortunate wretch, who was very willing to let our exorcist keep the devil for his own use, as a reward for this signal piece of service: and he, upon hearing the monkey cried, carried him to the owner, and received a reward.

An attorney of Clifford's Inn, called Story, one day enjoyed himself at a friend's house in the country till he became entirely drunk: riding along the road towards town, he was necessitated to alight, and tie his horse to a tree, while he went under a hedge to discharge a necessary and common occasion. It was Tom Jones's fortune to come by in the interim; and he also dismounted, on the same pretence. As soon as Story came forward a little, Jones commanded him to deliver his money; but he, being in the condition just mentioned, took no notice of what was said; whereupon our highwayman caught him by the collar, and began to shake him. "Have a care what you do, (says the attorney) for I am brim full, and shall run over if you move me ever so little." "Brim full of what?" quoth Jones. "Of liquors," replied the other. "But 'tis your money I want, Sir; are you brim full of that? If you are, run over as fast as you please." Story was too sick to speak more; but, before Jones was aware, giving a great

great belch, he discharged a large quantity of his friend's punch plump into the face of our adventurer, which almost blinding him, he swore like a madman. At last, having cleared his phizz with a handkerchief, he put his hand into the attorney's pockets, and obliged them to emit six pounds odd money; which *discharge* a little pacified him, and atoned for the gross affront which he had received.

Not long after this robbery, Tom Jones met with one Samuel Rawes upon the road, a Quaker who formerly kept a button-shop between the two gates of the Savoy in the Strand; to whom he put the usual demand. Mr. *Primitive*, having reduced himself to very low circumstances, by sacrificing too liberally to Venus and Bacchus, and too often to the God of Gambling, was now riding into the country to his friends, in order to procure a fresh supply, and to avoid an arrest. Being therefore in much greater apprehension of bailiffs than highwaymen, and not understanding what Tom said, till he had got fast hold of him by the throat, he very formally cried out, "At whose suit dost thou detain me?" Jones, who was not acquainted with our friend's condition, smartly replied, "I detain thee on my own suit, and my demand is for all thy substance." The Quaker now perceived how the case stood; nevertheless, being a dry sort of character, he resolved to carry on the jest, and added: "Indeed, friend, I do not know thee, nor can I tell how to imagine that ever thee and I have had any dealings together." "You shall find, then," (said Jones) that we must deal now." So clapping a pistol to his breast, he was going to explain himself, when friend Samuel cried out: "Pray, *Neighbour*: use no violence! for if thou carriest me to goal, I shall be utterly undone. I have at least fourteen guineas about me, and if that will satisfy thee, thou art welcome to them: here they are; and give me leave to assure thee, that I have frequently stopped the mouth of a bailiff with a much less sum, and made him affirm to my creditors, that he could not find me." Jones being willing to convince the Quaker of his mistake, (though indeed the Quaker, as we have observed, was not mistaken) said to him: "Friend, I am not such a rogue as thou takest me to be: I am no bailiff, but a generous highwayman." "I shall not trouble myself (the friend replied) about distinction of names; if a man takes my money from me by force, it concerns me but little what he calls himself, or what his pretence may be!"

After this, he met Lord Wharton and his lady on the road; stopped their coach, and demanded their money, though

though they had three attendants on horseback. His Lordship at first made some hesitation, and asked him if he understood what he was about? "Do you know me, Sir, (says he) that you dare be so bold as to stop me on the road?" "Not I, (replied Jones very readily) I neither know nor care who you are: though before you spoke, I took you for a brewer, because you carry your cooler by your side: now, indeed, I am apt to imagine you are some great man, because you speak so big; but be as great as you will, Sir, I must have you to know, that there is no man upon this road so great as myself. Therefore, pray be quick in answering my demands; for delays are dangerous."

The prize which he obtained from his Lordship, consisted of two hundred pounds in money, three diamond rings, and two gold watches.

Tom received intelligence one day, that a certain gentleman was on the road, with two hundred pounds in his coach. This, to be sure, was an alluring temptation. He mounted a hill to wait for his customers, who spied him at a distance, without the least apprehension. But a steward of the gentleman's observing his behaviour at a distance, told his master, that he believed the man on the hill was a highwayman. "If you please, sir, (quoth he) to trust me with your money, I'll ride by him, which I may do unsuspected; for he certainly waits for you." The gentleman, pleased at his servant's proposal, gave him the bag, who rode on as fast as he could, and passed by Jones, without being examined, and got out of sight before the coach came up.

In short, the coach was stopped, and the money demanded, when the gentleman gave him about ten guineas, assuring him that he had no more. Jones boldly named the sum he wanted, and swore it was in the coach; while the traveller as often asserted that he was mistaken. At last, the real state of the case came into our adventurer's head; whereupon, without taking leave of the gentleman, he set spurs to his horse, and rode after the steward full speed, who was by this time got on at least a mile and a half. Jones was well mounted; and it being five miles from the next town, he actually came in sight of the steward before he could get into any inn; but the faithful servant saw him, mended his pace, and saved the money. This disappointment sorely vexed poor Tom: but there was no remedy.

After

After many adventures like the foregoing, Tom was apprehended in Cornwall, for robbing, and afterwards ravishing, a farmer's wife. For this fact he was tried, found guilty, and condemned, the Assizes following; and, about ten days afterwards, executed at Launceston, on Saturday the 25th of April, 1702; being thirty-two years of age.

CAPT. ZACHARY HOWARD:

A SINGULAR ANECDOTE OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

HOWARD was a gentleman born and bred: he came to an estate in Gloucestershire, of fourteen hundred pounds per annum, just about the breaking out of the civil war in 1641; his father dying that year. A sincere love of loyalty inspiring him to fight for his King, he mortgaged his estate for twenty thousand pounds, with which he raised a troop of horse for the service of Charles the First, who gave him the command of them. He remained thus in the army, till the republican party became conquerors; when he (with many other cavaliers) was obliged to retire into exile. He, however, returned to England, with King Charles the Second, on whom he attended at Worcester fight, where he performed wonders, and was even applauded by his Majesty. But, as is well known, the Parliamentarians triumphed.

Howard remained in England; but having lost his estate, and being out of all employment, he could devise no other way of supporting himself, than by robbing on the highway: a very precarious method indeed; but what many great gentlemen in those days were either obliged to adopt, or to want sustenance.

'Tis said of Howard, that when he resolved on this course of life, he swore like others of his contemporaries, that he would be revenged, as far as lay in his power, of all persons who were against the interests of his royal master. Accordingly, he attacked all whom he met, and knew to be of that party.

The first whom he thus assaulted was the Earl of Essex, who had been General in Chief of the Parliament's forces. His Lordship was riding over Bagshot Heath, with five or six in retinue; nevertheless, Zachary made boldly up to the coach-door, commanded the driver to stand, and my Lord to deliver; adding, "That if he did not comply with his demand

demand without ceremony, neither he, nor any of his servants, should be spared." It is unaccountable, how a General, always used to success, and having so many attendants, should be terrified at the menaces of a single highwayman! But so it was; and his honour gave him twelve hundred pounds, which he had in the coach, and which had been squeezed out of forfeited estates, church-lands, and sequestrations; being unwilling to venture his life for such a trifle, at a time when the party had such a plentiful harvest to reap. Zachary was so well contented with this booty, that he let this Nobleman pass on, with desiring him to get such another sum ready against the next convenient meeting.

Another time he overtook, on Newmarket-Heath, the Earl of P——, so famous for his ludicrous speeches in the House of Commons; attended only by one footman. Zachary held his Lordship in discomfiture for about half a mile; when, coming to a place proper, he pulled out a pistol, and, with a whole volley of oaths, ordered him to surrender that minute: "You seem, (says the Earl) by your swearing, to be a ranting cavalier: Have you taken a lease of your life, Sir, that you dare venture it thus against two men?" Howard answered, "I would venture it against two more, with your idol *Cromwell* at their head." "O, (says P——) he's a precious man, and has fought the Lord's battles with success!" — Zachary replied, by calling Oliver, and all his crew, A company of dastardly cowards; putting his Lordship in mind also, "That talking bred delays, and that delays were dangerous: therefore (says he) out with your purse this moment, or I shall out with your soul—if you have any!"

The Earl, however, still delaying, Howard dismounted him, by shooting his horse, and then took from his Grace a purse full of broad pieces of gold, and a rich diamond ring: then, making him mount behind his man, he tied them back to back, and in that condition left them.

Fairfax, who was also General of the Parliament army after Essex, being with some forces in Northumberlandshire, happened to take up his own quarters at Newcastle upon Tyne, at a time that Howard was in the same town. It came to the Captain's ear that Fairfax was about sending a man to his lady with some plate, which had been presented to him by the Mayor and Aldermen of that Corporation; so that when the day came that the fellow set out with the prize, our highwayman also took his leave of Newcastle, and rode after the round-head servant. He overtook him on
the

the road, and fell into deep discourse with him, about the present times, which Howard seemed as well pleased with as the other; who took him really for an honest fellow, as he seemed, and offered still to bear him company. They baited, dined, supped, and lay together, and so continued in this friendly manner, till the messenger came within a day's journey of the seat where his lady resided. Next morning being the last day they were to be together, Howard thought it high time to execute his design, which he did with a great deal of difficulty. Being come to a proper place, Zachary pulled out his commission, and commanded the fellow to deliver the portmanteau, in which was the plate, to the value of two hundred and fifty pounds. The other being as resolute to preserve, as Howard was to take it from him, refused to comply; whereupon a sharp combat ensued, in which the Captain had his horse shot under him, after a discharge of two or three pistols on either side. The encounter still lasted; for our highwayman continued to fire on foot, till he shot his adversary through the head, which occasioned him to fall, and breathe his last in a moment.

When Howard saw the man dead, he thought it his best way to get off the ground as fast as possible; so nimbly mounting the horse which carried the treasure, he rode about five miles from the place where the fact was committed, and then deposited the portmanteau in a hollow tree, and tranquilly went to dinner at the next town. From thence he made the best of his way to Farringdon in Berkshire, where Madam Fairfax was, and whither the fellow he had killed was destined. He reached thither that evening, and delivered the following letter to the lady, which he had found in the pockets of the deceased:—

" Newcastle upon Tyne, Aug. 12, 1650.

" My dear,

" Hoping that you and my daughter Elizabeth are in good health, this comes to acquaint you that my presence is so agreeable to the inhabitants of this place, that their Mayor and Aldermen have presented me with a large quantity of plate, which I have sent to you by my man Thomas, a new servant; whom I would have you treat very kindly, he being recommended to me by several gentlemen, as a very honest, worthy man. The Lord be praised, I am very well, and earnestly long for the happiness of enjoying your company, which I hope to do within this month or five weeks at farthest. In the mean time, I subscribe myself,

" Your loving husband, till death,

" FAIRFAX."

The

The lady, learning by the contents, that a parcel of plate had been sent by the bearer, enquired of him where it was. Her supposed man readily told her, "That he was in danger of being robbed on such a heath, by suspicious persons; and that therefore, lest he should meet with the same men again, or others like them, he had lodged his charge in the hands of a substantial inn-keeper at such a town; from whence he could fetch it in two days." This affectation of carefulness pleased his new mistress very much, and confirmed the character which her husband had given him; so that she treated him tenderly, and desired he would go to bed betimes, that he might rest after the fatigue of travelling.

The whole family, at this time, consisted only of the lady, her daughter, two maids, and two men-servants. No sooner were all these gone to repose, than Howard arose, dressed himself, and with sword and pistol in hand, went into the servants apartments, whom he threatened with instant death if they made the least noise. He tied all four with the bed-cords, and then gagged them. He next repaired to Mrs. Fairfax's chamber, and served her and her daughter as he had done the servants; after which he ravished them both, but beginning with the daughter. Having thus satisfied his lusts, and taken political revenge, he proceeded to make a strict scrutiny into the trunks, boxes, and chests of drawers; in all which he found two thousand broad pieces of gold, and some silver; when he rode off for his portmanteau in the tree, which he also found, and carried off.

Shortly after this, a Proclamation was issued out by the Commonwealth, promising five hundred pounds to any one who should apprehend the offender; whereupon, to avoid being taken, Zachary fled into Ireland, where he pursued his former courses; till being grown as notorious there, as in England, he thought it adviseable to return. He landed at Highlake; and came to the city of Chester at a time that Oliver Cromwell lay there with a party of horse, and even put up in the same inn; where he passed for a gentleman going to travel into foreign countries for improvement.

He, moreover, counterfeited himself a round-head, and frequently spoke against the royal family, highly applauding the murder of King Charles the First. By this means, he got familiar with Cromwell, who was so pleased with his conversation, that he would seldom dine or sup without this daring adventurer.

About a fortnight after this acquaintance between them had commenced, Howard went, one morning early, to pay old *Nol** a visit in his bed-chamber, which happened to be on the same floor with his own. He found easy admittance; when Cromwell desired that he would join in prayers with him. Zachary most cheerfully consented; but no sooner was Cromwell on his marrow-bones, than he knocked him still lower with the but-end of a pistol, presenting it afterwards to his breast, and swearing, "That if he did but attempt to make the least noise, he would shoot him through the heart, though he were sure to be hanged for it the next minute on the landlord's sign-post."

These terrifying words so panic-struck the Republican, that he permitted his assaulter to do what he pleased; who, in good truth, gagged and bound him hand and foot; after which, he rifled two trunks, from whence he took about eleven hundred Jacobuses; and then, to satisfy his burning revenge, took the well-filled pan of a close-stool that stood in the room, which he placed top-sy-turvy on the Protector's head, saying—"As, no doubt, thou aspirest to be KING, thus do I crown thee, tyrant as thou art!"

Having finished, he went hastily down stairs, and mounted his horse, which he had before ordered to be ready, under pretence of some urgent business a few miles out of town.

By this means Howard got clear off, before Oliver could make any body hear his knocking.

At last, several of the family went up stairs, and were guided by their noses to the poor General, in the miserable pickle before described, who was unable to stir. Some of them, at the first sight, thought he had put his head-piece on; till the nauseous filth, which ran down his face and shoulders, convinced them of their mistake, and induced them speedily to unbind him.

As soon as he was loose, and had been purified, he fell on his knees, and gave thanks for so signal a deliverance from the fury of a wicked Cavalier; for such he believed Howard.

Our Captain enjoyed his liberty but a very little time after this exploit; for venturing, one day, to attack half a dozen Republican Officers together, as they were riding over Blackheath, he was overpowered; and, though he vigorously defended himself, so as to kill one, and wound two more, he was at last taken by the remaining three. These were soon assisted by several passengers, who joined

* A nick-name bestowed, at that period, on the Protector.

in carrying this bold robber before a magistrate; and he was forthwith committed to Maidstone goal. Thither Oliver went to see and to insult him; but to all which Howard replied with his usual bravery and wit, to the utter confusion of *Nol.*

On his trial, at the ensuing Assizes, evidences enough appeared to convict him, although he had possessed twenty lives. Not only the Officers who took him, but even Cromwell, and General Fairfax's wife and daughter gave in their depositions, besides a vast number of others whom he had robbed. So that he was sentenced, for two rapes, two murders, and numberless robberies, to be hanged till he was dead.

At the place of execution, apparelled in white, he confessed himself guilty of every thing laid to his charge; but declared he was sorry for nothing but the murders he had committed: "Yet even these, (he said) appeared to him the less criminal, when he considered the persons on whom they were acted." He professed farther, "That if he were pardoned, and at liberty again, he would never leave off robbing the round-heads, so long as there were any of them left in England."

What was most remarkable at Howard's death, was, his smiling contemptuously on Oliver, who came into the country on purpose to see the last of him; saying, "That if he (Oliver) had met his reward, he had been in the same circumstances several years ago."

Howard made his final exit in 1651-2; being no more than thirty-two years of age.

WILLIAM JOYCE.

THIS unhappy criminal was the son of an honest farmer of Nantwich in Cheshire, and brought up to his father's occupation; but when about twenty years of age, being very desirous to see London, his father, who was more wealthy than wise, put twenty-five guineas into his pocket, with permission to visit the great metropolis.

The first day of his entrance into London, he took a walk after dinner into Moorfields, to see his brother lunatics in Bedlam; when a couple of Cyprians perceiving by his garb and mien, that he was *no small* country fool, picked him up, as the phrase is, and carrying him to a *Vaulting School*, they there had a very pretty collation both of eating and drinking; after which, sweet William, as

being a brisk young fellow, had a game at *Hey Gammar-Cook* with them both, in which he lost all the money he had in his breeches. He became uneasy at his loss; but coaxing him with hopes that his money would be found again, they drank the bumpkin to a state of *non compos mentis*; when falling asleep, they left him to pay a reckoning of four pounds.

He no sooner awaked, than he found himself conveyed from the frying-pan into the fire: four pounds were demanded for his reckoning with the gentlewomen! He had not one farthing to pay it, he said; whereupon he was threatened with goal; which threw him into a violent consternation. But the cock-bawd and his wife, understanding by the strumpets, that he had good friends in the country, they resolved to have a pluck at his feathers. In order thereto, they pretended to pity and compassionate him, in consideration of his youth; and *supposing* he might have friends who would assist him in time of need, they would lend him ready money to make up the reckoning thirty pounds; with proviso that he went not out of their house, till he had sent a letter to his father; wherein he should signify, that he had, by some unknown mischance, lost all his money in London, but that he had found a friend who had lent him thirty pounds; which having also lost by being drawn into gaming, the aforesaid friend was so angry at his folly, that he had arrested, and would throw him into goal, if the sum was not returned by the next post.

Joyce accepted the proposition, and received the thirty pounds, which he almost as soon lost with a couple of sharpers, whom his kind landlord had introduced, to bear him company under his voluntary confinement. Next day the letter was dispatched to his father; who, being then sick, could not visit London on this occasion: nevertheless, taking compassion on his son's misfortunes, by the return of the next post, he sent an answer to the letter, inclosing a bank note for Will of forty pounds upon sight, with orders also to return home as soon as he had discharged his debts.

The bill came to hand, and the landlord was paid; but, instead of returning home, Will was now so captivated with wine, women, and company, that, in three days, he had not one farthing left. Being thus at a *ne plus ultra*, and without credit, he bids adieu to his kind landlord, and walked about the town to seek his fortune.

At last he roved to the water-side, where seeing a waterman with a heavy trunk in his boat, bound to Fulham, he
told

told the waterman that he had business at Fulham too, and asked what he must have to carry him thither. The waterman demanded a shilling; to which he consented, although pennyless. It being night before they arrived within a mile of the place, Joyce, with a stout oaken towel, gave the waterman a blow under the ear, that brought him on his back. Joyce followed it with another on the head; and then tied the poor man's hands and feet with his garters, crammed a handkerchief into his mouth, and rowing the boat to Barn-Elms, there broke open the trunk, in which he found a hundred pounds worth of silver in a bag, forty guineas in a green purse, a gold watch, and a silver box, in which were four rich diamond rings.

With this booty he went ashore, and lived riotously in various parts of the country, till it was almost consumed. At Chatham he fell into company with one James Corbet, a youth, just come ashore from on board the Royal Oak. Understanding that he had about fifty or sixty guineas about him, and that he was to ride post to London next morning, Joyce resolved to make himself master of this money that very night. In order thereto, pretending that he was invited to one Captain Mosely's house, about a mile off, to supper, where they should have also a most noble bowl of punch, he told the poor sailor that he should be glad of his good company, and would undertake for his being as welcome as himself. Corbet knowing there was such a Captain, and Joyce appearing to be a gentleman, (for he was well cloathed, had a good watch in his fob, a diamond ring on his finger, and five or six guineas in his pockets, out of which he paid all the reckoning) the generous tar consented to go along with him. But they were not got above half a mile out of Chatham, ere a convenient place offered; when Joyce pulling out a couple of pistols, demanded Corbet's money, who, knowing it was impossible to parry bullets with a sword, complied with the demands of his treacherous companion, and also submitted to be tied neck and heels.

Not long after this exploit, Joyce met with one William Webster, an attorney, walking over Blackheath, and commanded him to stand and deliver. Webster, though he had on a sword, was frightened out of his wits, and begged and prayed heartily that he would not rob a poor lawyer, especially in Vacation time. Quoth Joyce, "What the plague is that for a time?" "Ah, dear Sir, (replied Webster) the worst time in all the year, for those of our profession! Was it but Term all the year round, it would

be glorious days for us! and then, Sir, one could afford to make you a present of a brace or two of guineas." "You complain, (said Joyce) so much of this d——nation, I would say Vacation time, pray tell me what it is, and be quick, because I have a great way to ride." Webster consented, and begun as follows:—

"Why, Sir, as in Term time (ah! it makes me almost weep to think on't) you might, without offence, shoulder a Lord in Westminster-Hall to get through the crowd, you may now, this Vacation time, walk in the same posture as a Justice of Peace does in his own great hall at the examination of a delinquent; play with your neckcloth, and swing your cane about with the same air, and not an elbow rub or disturb you. The bars that were wont to swell with a five-fold row of lifted gowns, where the favourites in the front imburfed more fees than would supply an army, and where the rest had good doings too, such as a motion to make, or a short cause to open; these bars are now so empty, that boys may peep over them. The lawyers have left the Hall, and are gone into the country, where they spend their time in reading plays and romances, thereby to keep their tongues in use, lest the faculties of bawling should be dried up by so long a silence.

"At *Heaven* they say, there's not a lawyer nor clerk comes near 'em. And at *Hell*, where they were wont to flock like swallows to a reed-bush, there is now no more to do than in *Heaven*.

"The coaches which used to lie in the Palace-Yard, and before the Inns of Court Gates, like so many bushes, or like fleets of fishing-boats in harbour, stretching over the Haven Keys, now seem like western barges on the Thames, at the high tide, only here and there one. You shall now be no sooner out of the Hall-yard, and entering into King-street, but you will find the cooks leaning against the door-posts, ruminating upon those Halcyon days of Term time, when whole herds of clerks, solicitors, and their clients, were wont to come with their sharp set stomachs from the Hall, and devour the puddings and minced pyes by dozens, as swiftly as a kennel of hounds would worry up a dead horse; but now for want of employment, they are ready to eat up one another. The taverns, where an iron-mill would hardly have drowned the noise of the yawling boys, the bar bell, and the fiddling and roaring above stairs, are now so silent, that you may rock a child to sleep in them. The spruce mistress that was wont to sit in the bar, domineering over the drawers, and not to be spoken to, if you would

would kiss her backside for the favour, is now so familiar, that she bids you heartily welcome, and will come and join her half pint with you, let you salute her, thank you, and think it very well if all that courtesy will invite you to mount the reckoning to a couple of bottles. The ale-houses, and tobacco-shops, are grown so sweet for want of customers, that you may walk by them without danger of being choaked. All along the Strand, lodgings being empty, you find the housekeepers generally projecting where to borrow, and what to pawn.

“But I have worse news to tell still, Sir. If you but step aside into the Hundreds of Drury, where those precious doves of *Venus*, those birds of youth and beauty (I mean the wanton ladies) build their nests, you will find their beauties decayed for lack of *pomatum*, and *fucus* for their eyes; which are now shadowed with clouds of grief. Their golden tresses, which were wont to fly about their shoulders, like so many Ensigns in *Cupid's* regiment, and every hair whereof had a servant or visitant, now for want of curling and ordering, are grown into the likeness of an *Irish* rug. And what a misery it is to see the fine gowns, hooped petticoats, and other curious rigging; nay, the enticing smocks; sent to the pawnbrokers. Is it not a pity to see those, who were wont to shine like so many constellations; who were, in Term time, coached and hurried to taverns, where ten or twenty pound suppers were but trifles; now go to the chandler's-shops in slip-shoes for cheese and onions, and small beer!”

Here Joyce cried, “Hold Sir: no more! But dive into your pockets, and see what you can give me, for attending to this long tale of a tub: come, make haste, or this pistol will prevent you from ever seeing another Term.” Poor Webster falling on his knees, begged heartily for his life, and gave up all his money, which was about eighteen pence!—The smallness of the sum so incensed Joyce, that he gave the lawyer a sound drubbing.

Another time, Joyce meeting with one John Hicks, on Putney Heath, commanded him to stand and deliver; but he being as stout also as the highwayman, a battle ensued, in which they discharged several shot, but without doing any damage. Joyce admiring the courage of Hicks, said, “That if he thought him worthy of confidence, he should be glad to drink a glass of wine with him at Putney.” Hicks, being a generous spirited man, promised, upon honour, he would not discover him. To the tavern there-fore

fore they went; and, among other discourse, Joyce asked Hicks what employment he followed?

Hicks. I have formerly been a Boatswain of the *Never-wag*.

Joyce. I have heard, I believe, the names of all the men of war; but never heard of that.

Hicks. Ah! dear! that's a wonder; for she is older than any ship in the royal navy!

Joyce. Where does she lie?

Hicks. In *Newgate-street*.

Joyce. Ay, plague! I know your meaning now! She'll lie there long enough, before she wags out of dock.

Hicks. You never served on board her, did you, Sir?

Joyce. Not yet, but I have been impressed on board most other of his Majesty's immoveable ships in England; and have been in very sharp engagements.

Hicks. Why then you must certainly have a great deal of arrears due?

Joyce. Yes, but I never look after them; and I hope you have no employment in any such ship now.

Hicks. Yes, I have, Sir; and in a very large one too, which lies at anchor in *Southwark*.

Joyce. Who's her Captain?

Hicks. A very honest gentleman, named *Darby*.

Joyce. What post then, may you have under his command?

Hicks. None under his command; but by an authority of Judge *Bennet* and the *Knight Marshal*, I impress a great many men, and women too, for her service.

Joyce. Oh! Sir, I presume you are a bailiff!

Hicks. Yes, Sir.

Joyce. Why then, truly, that's a very dangerous and troublesome calling.

Hicks. Ay, dangerous enough sometimes; but yet not so often dangerous as troublesome; for sometimes I shall be more plagued and fatigued to arrest a man for twenty or thirty shillings, than to take a gentleman for a hundred pounds.

I believe I was lately above three weeks in taking a damned shoemaker for an alehouse score of fifteen-pence. His name was Samuel Sprackling; I tried several stratagems to knap him, yet he was such a cursed shy cock, that I could not surprise him; till one day going softly up to his garret door, at which was placed on shelves a great deal of earthen dishes, plates, porringers, and other things of that sort,

fort, I swept all the brittle ware down upon the floor. It made a damnable noise, which *Crispin* hearing, and thinking the cat had made this promiscuous slaughter among his goods and chattels, he cries out, *Cat-whore!* opens the door in great haste, and runs out with his stirrup full drive to lick pufs; when immediately I caught him in my arms, and my follower being with me, I carried him clean off the premises.

Joyce. I suppose poor *Crispin* looked rather dull upon the matter: Egad, it was a pretty stratagem though. Pray, Sir, can you oblige me with such another comical story?

Hicks. Why Sir, another time I was as much plagued to take one William Ryland, a glazier, for much such another small sum, owing at the Rbyal Oak skittle-ground, in the Strand. I was dangling after his arse a fortnight, without any success. For working up two pair of stairs, he would open his door to none but such as he knew. But knowing that bread was brought home to him twice or thrice a week, by the baker's man, I disguised myself in that likeness, with a basket, and two or three quartern loaves on my shoulders, and running up to the room opposite to him, quoth I to the people, There, there's a loaf for you. Said they, We always fetch our bread ourselves; we never have any brought home to us; you are mistaken, 'tis for the people in the next room. Up I took my basket, down I threw it again at Mr. Ryland's door, and cried to the aforesaid people, The bread must be delivered here you say? Ryland hearing the *panum* was come, out whips he to take it; but before I delivered it, I made bold to take him, and brought him along with me, though very much against his will.

Joyce. Very good indeed: but did you never come badly off in some of these adventures?

Hicks. I was prettily met with once by one Hinton, a taylor, after whom I had been above six weeks, day by day, for fifty shillings, and never could take him: so one morning, dressing in a footman's livery, with a good suit of cloaths over my arm, as if they had been my master's, up stairs I went to his garret door and knocked. He asking who was there? quoth I, My master such a one (naming Sir, a gentleman for whom I knew he did work) has sent his coat to be altered. Mr. *Cabbage*, a mischievous son of a b—tch! peeped through the key-hole, and not liking his messenger, said, Put your finger through the hole that you see in the door, and lift up the latch. I, like a simple son of a whore, must, in hopes of my prey, do as he bade me; when

when coming suddenly with his hot iron, he claps it presently on it, and presses it almost flat to the door. I damned his iron, and him too, and ran down stairs roaring like a mad bull, to get a surgeon; who had not less than a couple of guineas for the cure; and for all that, you see Sir, I shall not have the use of it as long as I live.

Joyce. A sad dog! to be so *down* upon your *tibby*!—

Hicks and Joyce having passed the time away for an hour or two in such sort of chat, the highwayman paid the reckoning, presented Hicks with five guineas, and then they parted; both in pursuit of fresh adventures.

Afterwards Joyce went to Bristol, where he married a citizen's daughter, with whom he had about five hundred pounds. Now pretending he was a linen-draper by trade, and had fifteen hundred pounds to receive of his own father, he bargained for the lease of a great house, next to an eminent goldsmith in the High-street. The key being delivered to him, he took some of his accomplices the same night into this empty house, and with iron instruments forcing a hole through the party-wall of the goldsmith's shop, they cleared, without going into it, all the plate off the shelves quite along that side where the entrance had been made.

They were carrying off their prize in hampers, on a couple of horses, when, being stopped by the watch at Laifford's Gate, Joyce and two others were apprehended and sent to prison; and in some short time after, tried, condemned, and sentenced to be hanged. Accordingly they were executed (though great intercession in particular was made for Joyce) in July, 1696; dying all very resolute, and saying, "If they had known the event, they would have entered the prosecutor's house, and have cut the throats of him, his wife, and children, that they might not have been spectators of their untimely end."

So ended young Master Joyce's pleasurable excursion to London!

W H I T N E Y.

THIS notorious criminal was born at Stevenage in Hertfordshire, where he was put apprentice to a butcher, as soon as he was fit for servitude. He served his time, as far as we have heard, very faithfully; but was not long his own master before he took to the irregular courses that brought destruction on him, and branded his name with infamy.

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He was pleasantly disappointed, as he himself frequently confessed afterwards, in the first piece of knavery that ever he contrived. Going with another butcher to Romford in Essex, in order to buy calves, they met with one to which they had a particular fancy; but the owner demanding what they thought an extravagant price, the bargain could not be struck: however, as the man kept a public-house, our companions agreed to go in and drink with him. They were very much vexed in their minds, to think that they could not reasonably deal; and were contriving how to be revenged of the landlord, when Whitney suddenly whispered these words to his comrade: "What business have we to give so much money out of our pockets, for what we may, bye and bye, get for nothing? We know where the calf is; and what should hinder our taking him, when we have an opportunity?" The other coming directly into his measure, they sat boozing till night.

The same evening came a fellow into the town with a great she bear, which he carried about for a show; and it was his fortune to put up at the house where our two butchers were drinking in an inner room. The man of the house was some time before he could conclude where to put the bear; at last he resolved to move the calf into another out-house, and tie madam *Bruin* up in his place; which was accordingly done, without the knowledge of Whitney, or his friend, who continued drinking till they were told it was time to break up.

Upon this warning they paid their reckoning, and went out, staying in the fields near the town, till they imagined the time favoured their design. The night was very dark, and they came to the stall without making any noise or disturbance. Whitney was to go in and fetch out their prey, while the other watched without. When he was entered, he groped about for the calf till he got hold of the bear, which, lying after the sluggish manner peculiar to these creatures, he began to tickle it to make it rise. At last, being awaked, the poor beast, muzzled and blind, rose up on her hind legs, not knowing but it was her master going to exhibit her. Whitney still continued feeling about, wondering at the length of the calf's hair, and that he should stand in such a posture; till, indulging too long in these thoughts, the bear caught hold of him, and hugged him fast between her fore feet.

In this posture he remained, unable to move, and afraid to cry out; till the other butcher, wondering at the long stay of his friend, put his head in at the door, and said,
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with a low voice, "What-a pox, will you be all the night stealing a calf?" "A calf! (quoth Whitney) I believe it's the devil, that I am going to steal; for he hugs me as closely as he does the witch in the statue." "Let it be the devil, (says the other) bring him out, however, that we may see what he is like." Whitney, too serious to be pleased with the jesting of his companion, replied with some choler: "Come and fetch him yourself; for may I be d——d, if I half like him." Hereupon the other entered; and, after a little examination, found that they were bit. By his assistance Whitney got loose; both swearing they would never more attempt to steal calves for this trick.

Whitney, after this, took the George Inn at Cheshunt in Hertfordshire, where he entertained all sorts of bad company; but not thriving in this way, he was in a little time obliged to shut up his doors, and entirely give over the occupation. He then repaired to London, where he lived very irregularly, and at last wholly gave himself up to villainous pursuits.

It was still some time before he took to the highway, following only the common tricks practised by sharpers, in which he was the more successful by always going dressed like a gentleman.

One morning, Whitney stood on Ludgate-hill, close by a mercer's door, waiting for an acquaintance whom he expected; when two Misses of the town, well habited, came up. These ladies took our gentleman for the master of the shop; and supposing by his looks, that he was an amorous young bachelor; one of them, in order to begin a little conversation, asked him if he had any fine silks, of the newest fashion; Whitney readily replied, "He had none that would suit them at present; but, in a day or two, he should have a variety. Then, ladies, (says he) I shall be glad to supply you. No man in England can use you better. Please only to leave your names, and address, that I may do myself the honour of waiting on you." Here the Madams were put to it for an answer; but looking a little on one another, she that spoke first, told him, "That being newly come to town, they did not remember the name of the street where they lodged: but it was not far off; and, if he pleased to go with them, they would shew him their habitation, such as it was."

Whitney, of course, consented; and, to gloss over the deception, he stepped into the shop as if to give orders. Away trudged the ladies and their 'squire; and, being come to the door, he very civilly offered to take his leave:

"Nay,

"Nay, Sir, (says one of them) but you *shall* walk in, and take a glass of wine with us, since you have been kind enough to give yourself all this trouble." Whitney thanking them, complaisantly accepted their proffer.

Hitherto, both parties were deceived. Whitney really taking them for gentlewomen of fortune, went home with them only to learn something that might forward his designs; and they as confidently believed him to be the mercer. Their views were to get his money, and, if possible, a suit or two of silks into the bargain.

The ladies introduced their supposed cully into an apartment splendidly furnished, where a table was instantly spread with a fine cold collation. This being over, the maid and one of the mistresses withdrew, leaving the other to manage Whitney. She immediately fell into amorous discourse, and soon proceeded to greater freedoms; telling him, he was bashful. Whitney now began to understand his company; yet, as he hoped to get a little love by the bargain, he was willing to keep on the mask; and therefore professed himself her slave: promising withal, after a great many mutual endearments, to give her as much silk as would make a dress. This was all she required, before she granted him the last favour; and upon this single promise, she suffered him to play over the *Jeu d'amour* as often as he pleased; entertaining him, after all, with two or three additional bottles, at free-cost.

Whitney was so well pleased with his reception, that he resolved, if possible, to have a little more of the same diversion; and, that end he went to a mercer, and told him, that such a lady had sent him to desire he would let one of his men carry two or three pieces of the richest silk in his shop, that she might choose a gown and petticoat. The mercer knew the person of quality whom he named, she having been his customer before; and without mistrust, sent a new apprentice, telling him the prices in Whitney's hearing. Our adventurer led the lad through many by-lanes and alleys, till observing a house in Suffolk-street, which had a thoroughfare into Hedge-lane, he desired the young man to stay at the door, while he carried in the silks to the lady, who lodged there. The youth very readily obeying, Whitney went into the house, asked the people for somebody whom they did not know, and, on their telling him no such person lived in that neighbourhood, he begged and obtained leave to go through.

In fine, Whitney went to his mistresses, and distributed the prize between them. After which he revelled in all

manner of excess for several days, till, satiated, he was glad to retire.

He resolved, however, that nobody but himself should enjoy the fruit of his industry; and, since he could not profit further by this transaction, he thought it would be a piece of honesty to restore the mercer his goods. To this end he wrote a letter, saying where the women lived who had it; and the shopkeeper getting a warrant, and a constable, went and found the silks in their custody. How were the Cyprians frightened, to see themselves apprehended for what they thought had been given them by the right owner: but vain were all their excuses; they were hurried before a magistrate, and committed to Tothil-Fields-Bridewell, where their backs were covered with stripes of the cat and nine-tails, instead of the eleemosynary silks.

Whitney, when grown a confirmed highwayman, one day met a gentleman on Bagshot Heath, whom he commanded to stand and deliver. To which the other replied, "Sir, 'tis well you spoke first; for I was just going to say the same thing to you." "Why, are you a gentleman of the road then," quoth Whitney? "Yes, (said the stranger) but I have had very bad success to day." Whitney, on this, wished him better luck, and took his leave.

At night it was however the fortune of Whitney, and this self-same highwayman to put up at one inn; when the latter told some other travellers by what a stratagem he had escaped being robbed. Whitney having so altered his habit and speech, the gentleman did not recognize him; so that he heard all the story without being noticed. Among other things, he heard him tell one of the company, softly, that he had saved an hundred pounds by his contrivance. The person to whom he whispered this, was next morning going the same way, and said he had also a considerable sum about him; and, if he pleased, should be glad to travel with him for security. It being thus agreed between them, Whitney resolved to make the third.

In the morning, our fellow-travellers accordingly set out; and Whitney followed about a quarter of an hour afterward. All the discourse of the gentlemen was confined to the cheating of highwaymen, if they should meet with any; and all Whitney's thoughts were upon being revenged for the abuse which had been put on him the day before.

At a convenient place he got before, and bid them stand. The *cunning* gentleman, not knowing him in his then disguise, briskly cried out, "We were going to say the
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the same to you, Sir." "Were you so? (quoth Whitney). And are you of my profession, then?" "Yes," said they both. "If you are, (replied Whitney) I suppose you remember the old proverb, *Two of a trade can never agree*; so that you must not expect any favour on that score. But, to be plain, Gentlemen, the trick will do no longer. I must have—*your hundred pounds, Sir! And—your considerable sum, Sir!* (turning to the other) or I shall make bold to send a brace of bullets through each of your wife heads. Deliver, or die!"—These terrible words threw them into a sad consternation: they were loth to lose their money, but more so their lives; so of two evils, they chose the least; the tell-tale coxcomb disburfing his hundred pounds, and the other a somewhat larger sum.

Another time, Whitney met one Mr. Hull, an old usurer of the Strand, on Hounslow Heath. Hardly could he have encountered a wretch more in love with money, and consequently one more unwilling to part with it.

When the dreadful words were pronounced, he trembled like a paralytic; and fell to expostulations and excuses; saying he was a very poor man, had a large family of children, and should be utterly ruined, if he was so hard-hearted as to take his money. He added, moreover, a great deal concerning the injustice of such an action, and how very dangerous it was to engage in those evil courses. Whitney, who knew his character, cried out in a great passion: "Sirrah, do you pretend to preach morality to an honest man than yourself? Is it not much more generous to take a man's money from him bravely, than to grind him to death with eight or ten per cent. under a colour of serving him? You make a prey of all mankind, and an honest man's necessity is often the means of his falling into your clutches, where he is certainly quite undone. I am a man of more honour than to shew regard to one whom I esteem an enemy to the human species. This once, Sir, I shall oblige you to lend me what you have, without *bond*, and consequently without *interest*; so———" Old Hull, hereupon, pulled out about eighteen pounds, which he very reluctantly gave up; telling our hero, that he should see him one time or another, ride up Holborn-hill *backwards!*

Whitney hearing these words, returned; and pulling the old gentleman off his horse, put him on again with his face towards the horse's tail, and tied his legs: "Now, (says he) you old rogue! let me have the pleasure, at least, of beholding you first in that posture which you wish me."

And giving the horse three or four good blows, he ran on to Hounslow town without stopping, where the people liberated the miser, after making themselves a little merrily at his expence.

Whitney, like a great many others of the same profession, affected always to appear generous and noble. Meeting one day with a gentleman on Newmarket Heath, whose name was Long, he robbed him of an hundred pounds in silver, which was in his portmanteau, tied up in a great bag. The gentleman told him, he had a great way to travel, and, as he was not known on the road, should meet with many difficulties, if he did not restore as much as would at least bear his expences. Whitney, on this, opened the mouth of the bag, and holding it to Mr. Long, "Here, (says he) take what you have occasion for." Mr. Long put in his hand, and drew out as much as he could grasp: to which Whitney made no opposition; saying only, with a smile, "I thought, though, you would have had more conscience, Sir!"

This dexterous butcher went once to Doncaster in Yorkshire, where he put up at the Red Lion Inn, and made a very great figure, having a pretty round sum in his possession. While he resided here, he heard that the landlord of the house was reputed rich; but who was, withal, so covetous, that he would do nothing to help a poor relation or neighbour in distress; and so very sharp and mistrustful, that it was next to impossible for any one living to impose on him in the least particular. Nothing could be so pleasing to Whitney, as the idea of out-witting one of this stamp.

He now therefore gave out, that he possessed a good estate; and travelled merely for pleasure; pretending, now and then, to receive cash from his steward. He continued for some time to pay his score punctually; till, supposing his host sufficiently satisfied that he was really what he pretended, he one day took an opportunity of telling him that his money ran short, and he should be obliged to him for credit, till he could have a remittance. "O dear sir, (says the landlord) you need not give yourself the least uneasiness. Every thing that I have is at your service; and I shall think myself honoured, if you will use me as a friend." Whitney politely returned this compliment, and eat and drank from day to day at the good man's table. His horse too, all the while, was fed plentifully with the best of corn and hay.

It happened that the annual fair occurred at this period. On the fair-day morning a small box, carefully sealed, and very

very weighty, came directed to Whitney. He opened it, took out a letter, read, locked it up, and gave it to his landlady, desiring she would keep it in her custody for the present, because it would be safer than in his own hands; ordering the landlord, at the same time, to write out his bill, that he might pay him. After this he went out, as though to see the customary sports.

In the afternoon, however, he came home again in a great hurry, and desired that his horse might be dressed and saddled, he having a mind to shew him in the fair, and, if possible, to exchange him for one which he had seen, and which he thought the finest he had ever fixed his eyes on. "I will have him, (says he) if possible, whether the owner will buy mine or not, and though he cost me forty guineas." He then asked for his landlady to help him to his box; but being told that she was gone to the fair, he swore like a madman. He *supposed* she had locked up what he gave her, and taken out the keys: "If she has, (quoth he) I am undone! for I have no money but what is in her possession!" Enquiry being made, it was found to be so; on which he waxed into a still greater *passion*.

The landlord had quickly notice of what was passing; and therefore, to soften his *friend's* rage, he offered to lend him the sum he wanted, till his wife should come home. Whitney affected to resent it highly, That he must be obliged to borrow money when he had enough of his own: however, as there was no other way, he *condescended*, with *abundance of reluctance*, to accept the proposal; adding, That he desired his account as soon as possible; for it was not his custom to run into debt.

-Having, then, received the forty guineas, he mounted his horse, and rode towards the fair; but instead of dealing for another horse, he spurred his own through the crowd, as fast as he could conveniently, and made the best of his way towards London. That night the people of the inn sat up very late for his coming home, nor did they suspect him the first, or even the second night; he having been out, before, a day or two in his progress round the country, which they concluded was now the case. But at the end of three or four days, the landlord became a little uneasy; and having waited a week to no purpose, it came into his head that he would break open the box, in order to examine it. With this view, he went to the Magistrate, procured his warrant for so doing, and a Constable, with other proper witnesses present. We need not say he was cheated, nor that he was ready to hang himself, on finding only sand and stones in the box!

This, however, was the last of Whitney's adventures in the country: for not long after his arrival in town, he was apprehended in White Friars, upon the information of one Mother Cofens, who kept a bawdy-house in Milford-lane, opposite St. Clement's church. The Magistrate who took the information, committed him to Newgate, where he remained till the next Sessions at the Old Bailey; when, being convicted, he was, on Wednesday the 19th of December, 1694, carried to the place of execution, at Porter's Block, near Smithfield, where he ended a short career of thirty-four years, including the whole passage from *infancy to death*.

EDWARD AND JOAN BRACEY.

THESE two criminals flourished from the year 1680 to 1684; during which time they committed a greater number of robberies and frauds than it is in our power to record. Their natural inclinations to such a manner of living first brought them together, and kept up the union between them till they were separated by Justice.

Edward Bracey had been a highwayman before he met with his pretended wife, who was the daughter of a wealthy farmer in Northamptonshire, named John Phillips. Bracey made love to her, in the hope of getting a large marriage-portion, intending then to leave both wife and father-in-law: but Joan was as deep as himself; for suffering herself to be debauched, she proposed to rob her father, and go along with him on the pad; all which was accordingly accomplished. They passed for husband and wife where-soever they went; frequently robbed in concert on the highway, and as often united in picking pockets, and shop-lifting, at country fairs and markets.

Having several times narrowly escaped detection, dread of the gallows produced a temporary reformation: in order to this, by means of a considerable sum of money which this singular pair had collected, they took an inn in the suburbs of Bristol, where the beauty of our landlady greatly contributed to a large consumption of wine. Indeed, it is no uncommon thing for a husband to get money by a handsome wife; especially if they have *both* art enough to manage an intrigue. All the neighbouring gay young fellows came to drink with Madam Bracey, purely for the sake of imparting their love: she gave them encouragement while they bled freely: but the strings of her heart moving
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in unison with the purse-strings of these numerous adorers, the motion of the one ceased with the motion of the other. Nor would she, on any account, come to the point: so true is it, that honour may exist among rogues.

An instance of this must suffice.—A certain Mr. Day, an eminent citizen of Bristol, was among the number of her humble servants. He made her many fine proposals, which she received with abundance of complaisance; consenting at last that he should enjoy his final reward!—Mr. Day being shortly afterwards informed that Bracey was to be abroad such a night, he thought that nothing could happen more favourable to his wishes. He went, with all the ardour of a youthful lover, and was received by a maid-servant, who told him that her mistress was gone to bed, and impatiently waited for him; she desiring him, however, to pull off his cloaths, and leave them in an outer room, where he might be concealed, and have time to re-dress himself, in case of surprise or accident.

Mrs. *Abigail* led this dupe, in the dark, to the room appointed, and staid at the door, to save her blushes! while Mr. Day undressed. Now, then, our tractable maid conducted the gallant to a door, which she told him opened into her mistress's chamber; and bidding him enter softly, she immediately turned the key upon him. Here Mr. Day groped about for the bed, and calling on Mrs. Bracey, as loud as he dared, for directions; but no Mrs. Bracey answered. He was sufficiently amazed at the oddness of the scene, but yet more so on tumbling down a pair of stairs against the back-door of the house. The contrivance was now self-evident: he saw that mistress and maid were agreed not only to baulk his passion, but to strip him of his cloaths also, in order to render him ridiculous to his own family. 'Twas in vain to call, and make protestations; he received no other answer, than that the back-door was only bolted, and he might open it, if he pleased, and go about his business.

This door led into a narrow dirty lane, down which the common sewer ran; and there was no decently escaping from thence, without a coach, or a horse, directly off the steps; which was the only use made of it, and that not often, especially in winter-time, as it was then. Mr. Day was aware of all these inconveniences; but a terrible pinching cold night, and the shame of a discovery, inspired him with courage to wade through the mud knee-deep, and make the best of his way home: but what could exceed the astonishment of his servant-girl, as she opened the door to her

her master, who seemed to have on no one article of dress but a pair of muddy *boots*!—He bribed her to keep the secret from his wife; but the lass told her sweetheart the adventure next day, and thus it became a general subject of merriment.

A dissipated young gentleman had used their house all the time they kept it; and thus got considerably into their debt. They knew he was heir to an estate which produced about an hundred pounds a year, which was kept from him only by the life of an old distempered uncle; and they had a mighty itching to get this reversion into their hands. In order to this, Joan threatened him seriously with prison for what he owed them; till she perceived he was heartily frightened, and would do any thing to preserve his liberty: she knew, besides, that he was viciously inclined, and only wanted a little instruction to be made any thing they could wish. She therefore told him what she and her husband were going upon, and prevailed with him to join them. A day or two afterwards, she informed him that a rich tradesman was coming to Bristol, at such a time, with a large quantity of money, and that he must accompany her husband to rob him. Accordingly Bracey and the young man set out, stopped a person on the road, and took from him above an hundred pounds, with which they returned home together. The robbed man had been sent out with the money in his pocket—for that very purpose!

When the deed was done, and they had got their inexperienced dupe safe, Madam told him plainly, that he must make over the reversion of his estate to them, or her husband should immediately swear the robbery upon him, and get him hanged for it. The terror the youth was under, and the promise of liberty upon complying, induced him to comply with all they desired. After which, they still kept him in their house till they had disposed of it again; obliging him to assure the purchaser, that he had received a valuable consideration of Mr. Bracey; which was readily enough believed, because every body knew the young gentleman's extravagant courses. This villainous pair got fourteen hundred pounds by this bargain, with which they immediately made off, leaving the unfortunate spark to lament and to curse his folly.

Joan, after this, usually dressed herself in men's apparel; and she, and her fellow adventurer, committed a great many robberies together on the highway. At last, however, Fortune put an end to their progress in iniquity; for as they were robbing a coach in Nottinghamshire, Madam was

appre-

apprehended, and carried to Nottingham goal. At the next Assizes she was condemned by the name of Joan Bracey, and executed in April, 1685, aged no more than twenty-nine years!

Her pretended husband escaped at that time, and concealed himself in other parts of the country. One day, however, being at an inn, he was seen by somebody whom he had robbed, and who immediately got assistance, and approached the stair-foot with armed men before Bracey knew, or even suspected, any thing of the matter. It happened, that in the room where he was, one of the drawers had left his cap and apron, which Bracey, on catching the alarm, in a moment snatched up, and put on, running down stairs, with no inconsiderable expedition, crying out as he ran, "*Coming, Gentlemen! Coming!*" as if he was waiting upon company above. This stratagem then preserved his life; for the gentleman who came to secure him, not being aware of the trick, let him pass by as a drawer, though he had taken so much notice of his face before; so that Bracey got his horse out of the stable and rode off, while the others were searching the house.

About three or four days after, however, stopping at a little house to drink, and leaving a white mare, on which he usually robbed, at the door, another gentleman whom he had previously robbed came by, alarmed the neighbourhood, on recognizing the beast, a large party of whom beset the house. As soon as Bracey heard a noise of men at the door, he ran out, and attempted to mount; but two or three pieces were instantly discharged at him, one of them killing his mare, and another taking off several of his fingers. He then endeavoured to leap over some pales, and get off by the backside of the house; when another discharge was made at him from a fowling-piece, which lodged several great goose-shot in his intestines, and so wounded him, that he dropped down in the place; and died in three days afterwards; unpitied, and unlamented; in agonies of pain, and convulsions of the conscience; hoping, yet fearing, to quit an offended world.

JACOB HALSEY.

JACOB HALSEY was born at Bedford, of very wealthy parents, who being Quakers, accordingly bred him up in that persuasion. His father was by profession a farmer; and his mother, it seems, was so very fond of Jacob, that she

she suckled him full two years and an half; and when, at length, weaned, he was such an excessive lover of pap, that it became his daily food for almost three years more; at the end of which time the following odd passage occurred:—

The servant-maid having one morning set his victuals upon the chamber-fire, and just begun to feed, previous to dressing him, was suddenly called away into the yard; on which she left young Halsey on the bed, and the pannikin on the hearth. A large, overgrown monkey, belonging to one of the neighbours, having broke loose, got into Halsey's chamber, and lay, all this time, hid under the bed. This four-footed mimic now came forth; and, imitating the wench, seized upon the pannikin, took the pap, and bespattered young Halsey's face all over. That done, he brought his cloaths, and began to put them on after a new mode, thrusting his legs into the coat sleeves, and his arms into the stockings; all which made little *Yea and Nay* roar out to some tune, the ugliness of his new nurse terrifying him also most prodigiously. But the maid did not hear the alarm; and his father and mother being at Meeting, Mr. Monkey had time enough to finish his work; when he leaped out of the window on a tree, and from thence easily gained his master's house.

The maid, finding our little Quaker in this ludicrous posture, blessed herself an hundred times over and over, and squawled out louder than Jacob had done before; being perfectly amazed and astonished at seeing the child in such a condition! At last, having appeased the little urchin, she asked him, Who had dressed him out so finely? Jacob, remembering he had often heard that the devil was ugly, told her, very innocently, It was a little boy, as ill-favoured and frightful as the devil!

Nor was little Jacob more mistaken than a Welchman once; who, seeing a monkey in the shop of a goldsmith in Lombard-street, gave him half-a-crown, and desired two shillings and six-pence in exchange; but perceiving that the supposed shopman put the half-crown into the till of the counter, and then made mouths and chattered at him, poor Taffy kept continually calling out, "Speak, little gentleman, wilt thou not return hur the shange of hur moneey?" The noise which he thus made, at length, drew a mob together; when the master of the shop being informed of the case, and seeing the fellow's simplicity, took pity on him, and returned him his money.

Poor Taffy, however, was not the only one thus cozened by a monkey: for a countryman being once sent with a basket of pears, apricots, and other fruit, to a nobleman, was met, at coming into the house, by two great monkies, at the bottom of the stairs, who immediately seized on the basket, and shared best part of the contents between them. Now these monkies being dressed in fine coats, and having swords by their sides, the clown took them to be very famous gentlemen, and accordingly made them a very formal scrape, never offering to molest them; but when they left off, he enquired for the Nobleman.

Being at last introduced, and having delivered his present, the Nobleman asked why he had not brought the basket full? To which the rustic very innocently answered, "So it was, Sir; but the little gentlemen, your sons, took out the better half!" This unexpected reply convulsed every one present with laughter, except the Nobleman—whose uncouth features gave a remote semblance of probability to the countryman's assertion!

When Halfey arrived at man's estate, he pretended to be wonderfully gifted; and the spirit abounded so powerfully, that he frequently held forth at Meeting twice or thrice a week. He affirmed, with all the gravity imaginable, that he nightly dreamed Dreams, and saw Visions, and had sundry comfortable and enlightening Revelations.—Hereupon, one of his neighbours, an arch unlucky rogue, resolved to put Halfey's faith, or rather folly, to the test. For this purpose, getting upon the house, one night when it was very late, he called out twice or thrice, with a loud voice—"Jacob, where art thou?" Halfey, at last hearing the voice, started out of bed naked, and running to the window whence the voice seemed to proceed, cried out, "Here am I!—O! What is thy will?" Quoth the wag in the same voice, who could hardly forbear laughing, "Arise presently, Jacob, my beloved! my chosen one! and go to the church, or rather steeple-house, and break all the windows!" Immediately Halfey, in reality the dupe to his ridiculous whimsies, hurried on his cloaths, got a long pole, ran to the church, and demolished all the windows, even to the lead; Zeal being never so well pleased, as when doing mischief. But poor Yea and Nay suffered severely in the flesh for this zealous fit: for being taken in the fact, he was committed to Bedford goal; and before the matter could be made up, it cost him above four hundred pounds, between the charges of the Spiritual Court and the Common Law.

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He was above three months confined; during which time, being a facetious fellow, and what is generally called a *Wet Quaker*, he drank and kept company with the felons in Bedford goal, asking them several questions relative to the art and mystery of thieving.

When released, Halsey being sensible how he had been imposed on in the affair of the voice, which commanded him to break the church windows, was very much ashamed of his ridiculous folly, and would willingly have consigned it to oblivion. But the world, not being so charitably disposed, he was jeered continually throughout the whole town of Bedford: nay, he could never appear in the streets, or go about his business, without having a whole tribe of boys and girls at his tail, hallooing and hooting after him. This exasperated poor Jacob so much at last, that, being weary of life, he resolved to quit the country, and be revenged of all the churchmen that fell into his clutches, though at the hazard of hanging.

Reflecting on what the thieves had told him in Bedford goal, he became inclined to patronize vice, by cloathing it with the livery of some similar virtue: for instance, Prodigality and Profuseness he would term Generosity; and brutish Valour and Rashness, Fortitude: pursuant to which maxims, he gloried in an unwarrantable victory gained over persons, by assaulting them unawares.

He resolved upon following the road; and in order thereto, metamorphosed his cropped hair into a peruke, and his formal hat to one pinched and cocked; his diminutive cravat to a ranting neckcloth; and his precise coat, without plaits, to one more fashionable, designing to hide his knavery as much as he could. Nevertheless, even in this disguise, he would always rob in the language of the lambs!

Halsey one day meeting with an old wicked usurer of Bedford, between Barnet and St. Alban's, rode on with him very peaceably for three or four miles; when coming to a convenient place: "Look thee, friend, (says he) I am not like one of those prophane ones, who spoil men in the terrifying words of *Stand and deliver*: no, I say again, I am not one of that wicked stamp, but an *Israelite* that spoils an *Egyptian* with all the good humour, peace and quietness in the world: so open thy purse-strings strait, and lend what thou hast, without grumbling; for who can but be in love, yea mightily in love, with this mild way of taking from a man what he hath, without offering, in the least, any assault or violence to his person.

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The old usurer, not liking this mild way of parting with his *Mammon*, any more than that of being more roughly handled, made great resistance; on which Halsey shot his horse, and took from him about sixty pounds. Resolving to punish him yet farther, for moving his righteous spirit to wrath, he made him cast his arms about a large elm-tree, and then bound them fast together with a strong cord. This done, he left him to stretch out his neck like the cock of a conduit.

Another time, Jacob overtaking a country curate between Abingdon and Oxford, accosted him in this manner: "Friend, imagining thee to be some *Philistine*, going to spoil an honest *Israelite* for tythes, I must make bold to spoil thee first: wherefore thou wicked one, deliver thy *Mammon* to the righteous, that he may convert it to a better use, than to exhaust it in gluttony and pride; otherwise I shall send thee to the bottomless pit before thy natural time." The parson gave several hums; but finding the resolute Quaker would not attend to Nay, gave him a bag containing thirty-two pounds, after which they parted; the former with a sorrowful heart, and the latter full of the spirit.

Not long after this exploit, he met with one Monger, a Beadle of St. Clement Danes, whom he accosted him in these words: "Dearly beloved, be not surprised at what I am going to say to thee; for 'tis no harm; 'tis only to borrow what money thou hast about thee, and then thou may'st depart in peace." Monger, who was a stout fellow, replied: "If you are really a *Quaker*, as you seem to be by the precise formality of your discourse, I must needs say that you have taken me at a disadvantage, as being on foot: but, Mr. *Yea and Nay*, had you nevertheless no other weapon than such quarter-staffs as I carry, I should venture to attack you on horseback." "Say'st thou so? (quoth Jacob); why, then, I will try thy manhood presently!" So the spirit moving him furiously, he dismounted; and, taking one of Monger's quarter-staffs, a trial of skill ensued instantly between them.

Jacob, however, was handsomely threshed, and suffered most severely in the flesh; but nevertheless gaining the victory; "I see, (quoth he) thou canst exercise thy long staff pretty well, but I'll prevent thee from using thy short one to night!" So tying his hands behind him, he cut the waistband of his breeches, and then nailed the unfortunate man's fore-skin to a tree, in spite of his cries; to which he was also stimulated by the trifling booty of fourteen shil-

lings, which he by no means considered as an adequate compensation for the drubbing he had received.

Another time, Jacob meeting a very pretty gentlewoman on horseback, on the road between Manningtree in Essex, and Harwich, the conveniency of the place giving him encouragement, and tempting him to be carnally minded: "My pretty lamb, (said he) I must alight, and come in unto you!" Accordingly he carried the gentlewoman into an adjacent corn-field, where the lofty product of Ceres hid his lascivious embraces. Being, at length, satiated with unlawful pleasure, he set the lady again on her horse, without so much as searching her pockets, or taking the gold watch, which she had by her side.

However, he was at last apprehended in attempting to rob the Earl of Westmorland, not far from his seat near Wattingbury in Kent; and, being committed to Maidstone gaol, was condemned at the Assizes held there, in April 1691.

Being brought to the place of execution, he made the following remarkable speech:—

"Beloved brethren! I mean those of my persuasion, of whom I see here are no small number, to behold the light totally extinguished in this fleshly tabernacle of my body, which formerly was wont to shine very bright, and comfortably illuminated all those precious ones who came to suck the milk of my doctrine. There was once a time, that if a man, though an alien, a mere stranger, an *Egyptian*, or *Philistine*, smote me on one cheek, I would turn the other also, to receive his rebuke. But now the case is altered; for when I undertook to spoil the wicked ones of this nation, if they were in the least rebellious and held up their hands against *Jacob*, I would punish them with the temporal weapons of sword and pistol; but yet I never slew any man. Oh! the frailty of the *Flesh*, which hath too too often prevailed against the *Spirit*, though I had a great portion thereof; nay, a double portion, whilst I constantly remained amongst the chosen people; but after I fell and became carnal minded, I then forsook the many pretty maidens with whom I often solaced in private, and went in unto strange women, who were not of the chosen ones, but mere Ranters, contrary to the laudable custom of our forefathers, who would choose none for carnal help-mates, but from among their Sisters. But since I have fallen and tried others, let me tell ye, I must needs confess the truth, it is a pleasant thing, yea a very pleasant thing, to converse carnally with the daughters of our mother *Eve*,
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let their persuasion be what it will. Ah! brethren, we have an unruly member, which possesses no forecast at all; but let that stand there. I shall proceed to acquaint you, that a man born of a woman, hath but a short time allotted, at the best, to dive into the secrets of Nature; and indeed my time is so short in this world, that I shall never taste of carnal enjoyment again, unless our sweet King should resolve to save me from the peril wherewith I am threatened by this piece of choke-weed, vulgarly called hemp. But I know I may hold forth long enough, before he sendeth me a reprieve; therefore, not to dilly-dally any longer, I bid you all heartily farewell, till we meet again in the *Land of Nod!*"

This irreligious offender suffered during the reigns of William and Mary.

FRANCIS SALISBURY AND THOMAS HOUGHTON.

FRANCIS SALISBURY was born in Worcester, received a good education, was a student in divinity, and a man of excellent acquired knowledge, as well as a quick natural understanding. Thomas Houghton, his brother offender, was a tallow-chandler of St. Margaret's, Westminster. These two were indicted at the Sessions-house in the Old Bailey, the 15th day of October, 1697, for felony, in forging a counterfeit sixpenny stamp, to stamp vellum, paper, and parchment; and that, after the 12th of September, they did stamp five hundred sheets of paper with the said stamp, and did utter and sell a hundred sheets of the said paper, knowing it to be false and counterfeit.

After the evidence had been gone through, Salisbury altogether denied the fact, and Houghton said, he had taken the paper for a debt; but the fact being plainly proved, the jury found them both guilty of the indictment.

After condemnation, Mr. Salisbury was very penitent, and said, "That he had sinned against the convictions of his own conscience, and had brought a reproach upon his function, which he could not expiate but by special degrees of a more than ordinary repentance." On the day of his execution at Tyburn, after the other criminals who then suffered (on the 3d of November, 1697) had been tied up, Mr. Salisbury came in a mourning coach, attended by two ministers, and being brought into the cart, he fell upon his knees, and praying a considerable time by himself, he afterwards joined with the Ordinary in the usual offices per-

formed on such melancholy occasions, and then was turned off.

At the place of execution, Houghton said, in answer to a report which had been circulated in his disfavour, that he kept company with lewd women only before he was married; yet is it not unjustly thought, he was too familiar after matrimony with one Madam Mary Butler, alias Strickland, mistress to George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; who, on the 13th of October, the year after his death, was indicted at Justice Hall in the Old Bailey for a misdemeanour, in forging a bond in the name of the Worshipful Sir Robert Clayton, Knight, and Alderman of the City of London, for forty thousand pounds, with a condition to pay twelve hundred pounds per annum with interest; and that, after the decease of the said Sir Robert Clayton, there should be twenty thousand pounds paid her within six months; which bond had a seal, and was witnessed by four persons.—This lady, however, died in the common side of Newgate.

We shall now add to the life of Houghton some prior circumstances, which principally stimulated us to introduce him to the notice of our readers.—Long before he took to the counterfeiting of stamp-paper, being in very bad circumstances, through irregular courses, he was obliged to fly into the country, where necessity compelling him to live by his wits, he once acted the part of a Mountebank at Sherborne in Dorsetshire; where having set up a stage, he saw himself the first day environed with a multitude of country folks, and observing that his auditors were inclined to give a favourable attention to his discourse, he thus made this oration:—

“ My good people, take notice that I am none of those impostors who run up and down the country, to sell your two-penny packets that will cure all distempers, whether external or internal, and nevertheless help not one. I will furnish you with divers. I call myself a Physician, and am rather a professor than a maker of medicines; according to the diseases which I find, I do either prescribe physic, or make it myself. Moreover, my dear friends! there is another kind of merchandize which I bear in my brain: I have so much understanding and spirit, that I can sell some of it to others. I distribute to all men, apprehension, subtilty, and wisdom. Mark me well! He that looks upon me, let him know, that I am descended of a race where all the male children are constantly Prophets; so were my father and grandfather: But alas! they understood nothing at all,
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in comparison of me. I have my own knowledge by Nature, besides what they have taught me. If I would I might always be at the elbows of Kings: But I prefer liberty to riches. It is more meritorious for me, and I serve my country better by going from town to town charitably to assist all manner of persons, than to continue still in one court or city. I will not trouble myself to relate some odd stories to you, according to the ancient custom, to stir up your attention by laughter; it becomes not my learning to be so great a buffoon. Let those who have need of my counsel in their affairs repair to me, one by one, to my lodgings at the Red Lion Inn! I can inform young bachelors, if their sweethearts be maids or not; I can inform husbands, if their wives have ever made them cuckolds. For the ordinary diseases of your bodies, I will discourse farther of them to-morrow, when I shall mount my stage again."

He had such success, that by his drugs and fortune-telling he picked up a great deal of money from the credulous country fools that resorted to him. We will give an instance of skill which he discovered, in the case of a wealthy old farmer who solicited his advice, and by which he got abundance of reputation.

The old gentleman, after compliments proper to a person of Houghton's learning, thus began: "Sir, I am very much perplexed. My daughter has acquainted her mother that she is big with child, and she doth not know by whom!—If we knew who it was, we would cause him to marry her, if rich; and, if poor, we would punish him as the law provides in such cases. My wife and I were a week, some time ago, at a relation's house about ten miles off; in the mean while our daughter lay alone in our chamber, and she cannot tell who it was that came to ravish her maidenhead from her; for the culprit spoke not a word." Houghton made answer, "Very likely 'tis one of your servants." "I conceive so too, (said the farmer) but there are four of them; three ploughmen, and one shepherd. Now to which of these shall I address myself? Tell me, Sir, I beseech you?" Houghton replied, "Do you and your wife sleep this night from home, and let your daughter have the same bed on which she lost her maidenhead; the door remaining open, as it was at that time: he who has already been familiar with her, will renew his visit, without doubt; and if he will not then speak, she shall mark him on the forehead with a certain ingredient which I shall give her: the mark will not suddenly go out, but the next

morning you may discover it very plainly, and by this means find out the ravisher."

After that Houghton had spoken these words, he entreated the farmer to leave him for a little time, that he might prepare his mixture. He took lamp-black, which he mingled with oil, and afterwards brought it to him, saying, "That his daughter with that must mark the forehead of the man who came to lie with her." The farmer returned home, and communicated the affair to his wife, who agreed to all which he desired. After that, he departed with her from his own house, and repaired to that of a friend in the neighbouring village for the night.

Accordingly, the good man's daughter went to her parent's bed, and left the door open. Her father's four servants slept in the chamber directly opposite. At length, they all snored soundly, except the shepherd, who was in fact the aggressor. Being enamoured of his master's daughter, and seeing an occasion as inviting and propitious as ever, he determined within himself to go *in unto her*; so, rising from his own bed, he softly opened the door, and stole to the bed of this suffering damsel.

The expectation, and design, had hindered her from sleeping; so that hearing him approach, she prepared to perform that which she had been commanded. As he endeavoured to kiss and embrace her, she thrust him back, and with one of the fingers of her other hand, which was dipt in the mixture, she touched his forehead. Afterwards, however, she was not over careful in defending herself. When the first transports had somewhat subsided, she desired him to confess who he was; assuring him that the Mountebank, who knew every thing that was done, would, next morning, make a full discovery. "Why do you not speak? How would you have me love you, when I do not know who you are?" He then confessed that he was the shepherd, and represented how entirely he loved her. "O! Lord, (said she) would that you had spoken to me a little sooner; I would not have served you as I have done. You have a mark on your forehead which cannot suddenly be wiped away; and to-morrow my father will know by it that you have been in my bed: you are sensible he does not love you, and will never consent to our marriage. He will cause you to be punished; for which I shall be extremely sorry, as I always loved you, although I never expressed so much before."

"I thank you for your good will, (said the shepherd) and I must beseech you to continue it; but give me the ingredient,

dient, I pray, with which you rubbed my forehead; and I will so order it, that your father shall not be much the wiser." The girl therefore put into his hand the little pot of black; when the shepherd anointed one of his fingers with it, and going into the chamber where his companions lay, he marked all their foreheads, and then again returned to his mistress, with whom he passed the night.

Day-light no sooner appeared, than the farmer returned home; and, eager to discover the villain who had lain with his daughter, he caused all his servants to appear before him: but, having looked upon every one, was not a little amazed to see that all their foreheads was marked with the said lamp-black. On this, in great choler, he went to his daughter, saying to her, "If all those who have their foreheads coloured with black have lain with thee this night, the daughter of no other country farmer was ever made so common!" She protested, however, that there came but one to her; and she knew not how the rest came to be so marked.

The honest farmer, therefore, again had recourse to the Mountebank, and acquainted him with all that had passed; begging his further advice. Houghton, having a little while consulted, said to him, "Return home with all the speed you can, and cause all your servants to come before you again, and observe if there be any amongst them who has one of his fingers black. He it is, without doubt, who has debauched your daughter."

The farmer accordingly having looked on all their hands, found that no one had a black finger except the shepherd. "Ha! (said he) 'tis thou hast dishonoured my house! I will cause thee to be apprehended, and brought to justice. What audacity! to violate the daughter of thy master while she was asleep!"

Having spoke these words, he seized the shepherd by the collar, commanding the rest of his servants to aid in carrying him to prison; but the shepherd said unto him, "Ah! good master, 'tis true that I am in some sort guilty. Your daughter was asleep when I first went into her bed: but her subsequent *patience* must acquit me of ravishment; and, as to seduction, why I am willing to make her all the reparation in my power.—What can ye desire more?"

The mother, the uncle, and the aunt, now came in; and persuaded the furious father to be pacified; representing to him that marriages *were first made in heaven*; and that, doubtless, heaven had ordained that this shepherd should marry his daughter. They declared, moreover, that he
was

was a thriving young man; and that, of necessity, he must permit them to marry. The business was so well disputed, that on the very same day the match was made, to the great contentment of both parties; and the father owning the admirable inventions which the Mountebank had taught him, to discover the deflowerer of his daughter, the whole family went in a body to give Houghton their unanimous thanks, besides a good reward.

OLD MOBB.

MOBB was born at Ramsey in Hampshire; where he chiefly resided—when not out on expeditions—till the period of his death; at which time he had a wife, and five children.

This celebrated villain once met a proctor on the road, who had managed against him for calling a woman Whore, and who had drawn not a little money out of his pocket. He quickly recognized his old friend; but being very much disguised himself, was not at all apprehensive of being known. “Sir, (quoth he) stand and deliver this moment, or I shall have no more mercy on you now than the devil will hereafter; or, if you please, you yourself would have on an excommunicated person.” The proctor made some resistance, but was soon obliged to surrender, and pull out a fine embroidered purse, containing fifteen guineas. He was going to take out the guineas, and deliver them; but Old Mobb liking the purse, assured him, he must have that also. The proctor replied, it was given him by a particular friend, and that he had promised to keep it while he lived. “Suppose now, (said Old Mobb) that you had a process against me, and asked for your fees; if I had no money, nor any thing of value, but what was given me by a friend, would you not take it in payment, although I told you I had promised to keep it as long as I lived?—People should do as they would be done unto. What business had you to promise a thing that you were not sure of performing? Am I to be accountable for your vows?” It was in vain for the poor proctor to use any more arguments; for he plainly saw that, if he offered to separate the purse and money, his body and soul would also be in danger of separation; so he e’en gave both together, much against conscience and inclination.

Mr. John Gadbury, the astrologer, also fell into the hands of Old Mobb; who, notwithstanding his familiarity with the stars, was not wise enough to foresee the misfortune.

tune. This rencounter happened on the road between Winchester and London. Poor Gadbury trembled, and turned as white as a sheet, when Old Mobb told him what he wanted, professing he had no more money than just enough to bear his expences to London. "Are not you a lying son of a whore, (quoth Mobb) to pretend you want money, when you hold twelve large houses of the planets by lease parole, which you let out again to the Stationers Company at so much per ann. You must not sham poverty upon me, Sir, who know things as good as yourself, and who have a pistol that may prove as fatal as *Sirius* in the dog-days, if you stand trifling with me." Mr. Gadbury was at this time, indeed, more apprehensive of Old Mobb's pistol, than of any star in the firmament; for he was sensible its influence, if discharged, would be much more violent and sudden. He was now even afraid to deliver his money, lest he should suffer for telling a lie: however, as he saw there was no remedy, he delivered a bag, in which was about nine pounds in gold and silver. Old Mobb told him, he should take no exceptions at what he said; for it was but just that a man should lie in his own defence; so setting spurs to his horse, he left the star-gazer to curse the disastrous constellations.

One day Old Mobb overtook the stage-coach, going for Bath, with only one gentlewoman in it: when he had commanded the coachman to stop, and was come to the door to raise contribution after his usual manner, the passenger made a great many excuses, and wept very plentifully, in order to move him to pity. She told him she was a poor widow, who had lately lost her husband, and therefore she hoped he would have some compassion on her: "And is your losing your husband then, (says he) an argument that I must lose my booty? I know your sex too well, Madam, to suffer myself to be prevailed on by a woman's tears. Those crocodile drops are always at command; and no doubt but that dear cuckold whom you have lately buried, has frequently been persuaded out of his reason by their interposition in your domestic debates. Weeping is so common to you, that every body would be disappointed, if a woman was to bury her husband, and not weep for him; but you would be more disappointed, if nobody was to take notice of your crying; for, according to the old proverb, the end of an husband is a widow's tears; and the end of those tears is another husband."

The poor gentlewoman, on this, ran out into an extravagant detail of her deceased husband's virtues; solemnly protesting,

protesting, that she would never be married again to the best man that wore a head, for she should not expect a blessing to attend her afterwards; with a thousand other things of the like kind. Old Mobb, at last, interrupting her, said he would repeat a pleasant story in verse, which he had learned by heart; so, first looking round him to see that the coast was clear on every side, he began as follows:—

A widow prude had often sworn
No bracelet should approach her more;
Had often prov'd that second marriage
Was ten times worse than maid's miscarriage,
And always told them of their sin,
When widows would be wives again:
Women who'd thus themselves abuse,
Should die, she thought, like honest *Jews*:
Let her alone to throw the stones;
If 'twere but law, she'd make no bones.

Thus long she led a life demure;
But not with character secure:
For people said (what won't folks say?)
That she with *Edward* went astray:
(This *Edward* was her servant man)
The rumour through the parish ran,
She heard, she wept, she called up *Ned*,
Wip'd her eyes dry, sigh'd, sobb'd, and said;

Alas! what scandal'rous times are these!
What shall we come to by degrees!
This wicked world! I quite abhor it!
The Lord give me a better for it!
On me this scandal do they fix?
On me? who, God knows, hates such tricks!
Have mercy, heav'n, upon mankind!
And grant us all a better mind!
My husband!—Ah! that dearest man!
Forget his love I never can;
He took such care of my good name,
And put all scandal'rous tongues to shame.—
But ah! he's dead—Here grief amain,
Came bubbling up, and stopp'd the strain,

Ned was no fool, he saw his cue,
And how to use good fortune knew:
Old Opportunity at hand,
He seiz'd the lock, and bid him stand;
Urg'd of what use a husband was
To vindicate a woman's cause,
Exclaim'd against the scandal'rous age;
And swore he could his soul engage,

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That Madam was so free from fault,
 She ne'er so much as sinn'd in thought;
 Vowing he'd lose each drop of blood,
 To make that just assertion good.

This logic, which well pleas'd the dame,
 At the same time eludes her shame:
 A husband, for a husband's sake,
 Was what she'd ne'er consent to take:
 Yet, as the age was so censorious,
 And Ned's proposals were so glorious,
 She thought 'twas best to take upon her,
 A second Guardian of her Honour.

"This, (said Old Mobb) is an exact picture of woman-kind, and as such I committed it to memory: you are very much obliged to me for the recital, which has taken me up more time than I usually spend in taking a purse. Let us now pass from the dead to the living; for it is these that I live by: I am in a pretty good humour, and so will not deal rudely by you. Be so kind therefore, as to search yourself, and use me as honestly as you are able: you know I can examine afterwards, if I am not satisfied with what you give me." The gentlewoman found he was resolute, and so thought it the best way to keep him in temper, which she did by pulling out forty guineas.

Scarcely was Old Mobb parted from this gentlewoman, before he saw the appearance of another prize at some distance. Who should it be, but the famous Lincoln's-Inn-Fields Mountebank, Cornelius a Tilburgh, who was going to set up a stage at Wells. Our adventurer knew him well, as indeed did almost every one at that time. The poor *Quack-Salver* was willing to preserve his property; and to that end, used a great many fruitless expostulations, pretending that he was himself in necessity. But Old Mobb soon gave him to understand, that he would not be put off with fine words; and that he had more sense than to believe a Mountebank, whose profession was lying. "You get your money, (says he) as easily as I do! and 'tis only fulfilling an old proverb, if you give me all you have: 'Lightly come, Lightly go!' Next market-day, Doctor, will make up all, if you have any luck. 'Twill excite people to buy your pacquets, if, as an instance of your great desire to serve them, you relate what you suffered upon your journey; which, nevertheless, could not hinder your coming to exercise your bowels of compassion among them, and restore such as may be in a languishing condition."

The

The empiric could scarcely forbear laughing, to hear Old Mobb lay open the craft of his occupation with so much dexterity. He was, however, very unwilling to part with his money; and began a lecture upon the unlawfulness of robbing; telling Mobb, that what he did might frequently be the ruin of poor families. "This is the devil correcting sin with a witness, (quoth Old Mobb). Can I ruin more people than you, dear Mr. *Theophrastus Bombastus*? You are a scrupulous, conscientious son of a whore indeed, to tell me of ruining people. I only take their money; but you frequently take away their lives; and, what makes it still worse, you do it safely, under pretence of restoring them to health; whereas I should be hanged for killing a man, or even robbing him, if I were taken.—You have put out more eyes than the small-pox; made more deaf than the Cataracts of *Nile*; in a word, destroyed more than the pestilence. 'Tis in vain to trifle with me, Doctor, unless you have a remedy against the force of gunpowder and lead. If you have, make use of it instantly; or deliver your money!"

The itinerant quack still delaying, Old Mobb made bold to take a portmanteau from his horse, with which he rode off. Upon examining the inside, he found five and-twenty pounds in money, and a large gold medal, which King Charles the Second had given the doctor for poisoning himself in his Majesty's presence; together with all his instruments, and implements of quackery.

Another time Old Mobb met the Duchess of Portsmouth, on the road between Newmarket and London, attended by a very small retinue. He made bold to stop the coach, and ask her Grace for her money; but Madam, who had long been used to command a Monarch, did not understand the meaning of being spoken to in this manner by a common man. Whereupon she briskly demanded, If he knew who she was? "Yes, Madam, (replied Old Mobb) I know you to be the greatest whore in the kingdom; and that you are maintained at the public charge!—I know that all the courtiers depend on your smiles, and that even the King himself is your slave. But what of that? A gentleman collector is a greater man upon the road, and much more absolute, than his Majesty at Court. You may now say, Madam, that a single highwayman has exercised his authority, where *Charles II. of England* has often begged a favour, and thought himself happy to obtain it, at the expence of his treasure and his breath."

Her

Her Grace continued to look on him with a superior, lofty air; and told him, he was a very insolent fellow; that she would give him nothing, and that he should severely suffer for this affront:—"Madam, (said Old Mobb) that haughty *French* spirit will do no good here. I am an *English* freebooter; and insist upon it as my native privilege, to seize all foreign commodities. Your money indeed is *English*, and the prodigious sums that have been lavished on you will be a lasting proof of *English* folly. I am King here, Madam; and I have a whore to keep on the public contributions, as well as King *Charles*: 'tis for this that I collect; and why, in the name of goodness, should you be exempted?" As soon as he had ended, he fell on her in a very boisterous manner; so that her Grace cried out for quarter; telling him, she would deliver all she had. She accordingly surrendered two hundred pounds in money; besides a very rich necklace, which her royal cully had lately given her; a gold watch, and two diamond rings.

Being once at Abingdon, on a market-day, when there is always a great quantity of corn bought and sold, Old Mobb happened to fall into company with a person at the Crown Inn, whom he knew to be a great ingrosser of corn; and that he had just bought as much of that commodity as came to fifty pounds. Having money in his pocket at this time, he put on the appearance of a man of business, pretended that he was come from London to buy, and desired to see the countryman's purchase.

Seeming to like it mightily, the price was soon agreed on; Old Mobb presently paid down the money, and sent the corn away.

This was all that could be done that day; for the ingrosser did not go out of town till the next morning. Old Mobb took care to be at his heels before he got two miles from the town; and clapping a pistol to his breast, told him he must have the money again which he had *lent* him yesterday, and all he had besides, by way of interest! The countryman was surprised to see himself addressed by his late companion in such a manner as this; and asked him, trembling, if it was justice, in him, to take away both goods and money? "Hast thou the impudence to talk of justice?" (said Old Mobb). Can any man in the world act more unjustly than an ingrosser of corn, who buys up the produce of his country, robs the poor of their bread, and pretends a scarcity in the time of plenty, only to increase his own substance, and leave behind him abundance of ill-gotten wealth?—You are for inclosing all the land in the kingdom;

dom; and call our forefathers fools, because they sold corn for twelve-pence a bushel. No picture pleases you so well as that of *Pharoah's* lean kine, who eat up the fat ones: this you hang up in your parlours, praying secretly to see the interpretation of it frequently fulfilled. Such vermin as you are unfit to live upon the earth; for you dread what all the world besides esteem a blessing; and dare not wish well to your country, lest her prosperity should disappoint your hopes, and oblige you to bring out your hoarded stock, and sell it at a fair price. Talk no more of justice, Sir; but deliver your money, or I shall do the world so much justice as to send you out of it." The countryman, sighing, delivered a bag containing Old Mobb's money, and about as much more, which he had received of less hostile customers.

Not long after this, Old Mobb met with the celebrated Sir George Jefferies, at that time Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, going to his country seat. My Lord Chief Justice upon the road was no more than another man; for our *hero* first disabled two servants that attended him, and then stopped the coach, demanding his Lordship's money. Jefferies had before this made himself famous, by his Western Assizes, and other very severe proceedings, so that he imagined his name carried terror enough in it to intimidate any common highwayman; but he was mistaken in Old Mobb; for when his Lordship told him his name, he only said, "He was glad he could be revenged on him, in any manner, for putting him in bodily fear at Hartford Assizes a few months before. According to law, my Lord, (says he) I might charge a Constable with you, and bind you over to the Quarter Sessions, for threatening to take away my life: however, if you please, as I am not spiteful, I will make up the matter for what money you have in the coach; which is more than you deserve."

Jefferies expostulated with him, upon the great hazard he ran, both of soul and body, by following such wicked courses; telling him, that he must expect Justice to follow his crimes, if he believed there was any such thing as a Providence that governed the world. "I don't doubt, (said Old Mobb) but that when Justice has overtaken us both, I shall stand, at least, as good a chance as your Lordship; who have already written your name in indelible characters of blood, by putting to death so many hundred innocent men, for only standing up in defence of our common liberties, that you might secure the favour of your Prince. 'Tis enough for you to preach morality upon the bench,

bench, where nobody dares to contradict your positions." Old Mobb followed this speech with fifty oaths and imprecations against the poor Judge; threatening him with immediate death, if he did not deliver his money. Jefferies seeing his authority would now stand in no stead, gave his rude assailant about fifty-six guineas.

From highway robbery, Mobb, having a considerable sum in his possession, turned his attention to swindling; and, in conjunction with the GOLDEN FARMER, a noted contemporary, he carried this plan into execution. Each of these took a large, handsome house, hired two or three servants, and set up for great dealers. The Golden Farmer's habitation was in Thames-street, where he passed for a corn-chandler. Old Mobb took up his residence somewhere near the Tower, and called himself a Holland trader; having been abroad when a boy, and knowing pretty well what commodities were imported from and exported to that country. They passed for relations, of the name of Bryan, and said they were North-Countrymen.

They now employed their time in enquiring after goods, buying whatever came to their hands, either paying ready money, or drawing upon each other, for one, two, or three days; at which time payment was always punctually made. This constant tide of money was kept up by continually selling privately what they bought (sometimes, perhaps, with great loss) to such persons as are glad to make use of their cash in this manner; and always wink at things which they cannot comprehend. As they dealt in different branches, the chapmen of the one had no knowledge of those of the other; so that though every one of them had been sent at one time or another, by his respective customer, to receive money of his kinsman, none of them had any notion that the correspondence was mutual, and consequently entertained no suspicion of a fraud at the bottom.

Thus they managed till both found their characters thoroughly established: perhaps, in this time, they might each have lost a hundred or two pounds; but they well knew that it paved the road to as many thousands. When they saw that their credit was firmly established, they ordered all their customers to bring them in goods on such a day, as much at least in quantity as they had ever before received at one time of the respective sorts; confining them all to particular hours for the delivery of what they brought, that they might not interfere with one another, and so occasion suspicion that some unfair design was on foot. At the same time they informed those who usually bought every

thing off their hands, that they should have such and such quantities of so many sorts to dispose of; naming the next day to that when they were to receive them; that they would sell them cheap, because they were obliged to make up a large sum of ready money; that therefore they desired them to be punctual, and bring only cash for what they designed to buy. The whole scheme succeeded: on one side there was no suspicion; and on the other, if there was any, it was not the interest of the parties to complain.

The goods were all delivered according to order, at the day and hour appointed, and notes were mutually drawn by the kinsman in Thames-street upon him by the Tower; and by the kinsman at the Tower upon him in Thames-street, for the several sums, to be paid at three days after date. Never were men better satisfied than these poor dupes; not one of them doubting but he should have all his money the moment he went for it, as usual.

The second day came the buyers, and entirely cleared both houses; paying down ready money for all that they carried off. These too were as well pleased as the creditors, and with much better reason. They imagined, indeed, that their chapmen were on the point of bankruptcy; but what was that to them?

There was now time enough, before the day of payment, for these two merchants to take care of themselves, and the money they had raised, which amounted to about sixteen hundred and thirty pounds: a pretty considerable sum for three months *fatigue* in trade!

One such trick as this is enough for a man's whole life, and as much as he can safely play in the same kingdom. Our two Bryans, therefore, resumed their old names and habits, taking to the highway again for some time, till fresh danger of being apprehended put them once more to their shifts. There was not less art in what they now did, than in what we have just related; only they acted in a lower sphere; not daring to aspire so high as to the character of merchant, after having brought so much scandal upon the calling.

Our adventurers knew two wealthy brothers of the name of Seals, Philip and Charles, both jewellers: Philip lived in London, and Charles resided at Bristol; where they were both born. The Golden Farmer and Old Mobb knew every circumstance relating to this family; and therefore resolved to turn their knowledge to some advantage. The brothers were sickly, consumptive men, which inclined these arch villains to undertake and perform what will be as diverting in the relation, as it was unparalleled in itself.

Having

Having contrived and ordered the whole affair, the first step they took towards executing it, was writing, and copying, the following letter; making only the alteration of the place and name, as they saw necessary for each brother.

" March 26, 1686.

" Dear brother,

" This comes to bring you the sorrowful news, that you have lost the best of brothers, and I the kindest of husbands, at a time when we were in hopes of his growing better, as the spring advanced, and continuing with us at least one summer longer. He died this morning, about eleven of the clock, after he had kept his bed only three days.

" I send so hastily to you, that you may be here before we prepare for the funeral, which was the desire of my dear husband, who informed me that he had made you joint executor with me. The will is in my hands, and I shall defer opening it till you arrive. I am too full of grief to add any more; the messenger, who is a very honest man, and a neighbour of mine, will inform you of such particulars as are needful from

" Your sorrowful sister

" ——— SEALS.

" P. S. I employed a friend to write for me, which I desire you to excuse; for I was not able to do it myself, nor indeed to dictate any more."

These letters being sealed, and properly directed, our two adventurers dressed themselves agreeably to the characters they were to sustain, and parted from each other; one riding towards London, and the other towards Bristol; having so ordered it before-hand, that they might both come to the end of their journey at the same time.

They arrived, delivered their credentials, and were kindly received. 'Tis not to our purpose to declare how many tears were shed upon opening the letters, and how many *eulogias* each of the living brothers bestowed upon him whom he supposed to be dead; much less shall we pretend to describe the secret joy which they both concealed under a sorrowful countenance; but which naturally arose in their breasts, on finding that an addition would now accrue to their fortunes. 'Tis true, they both loved one another; but, of all love, self-love is the strongest.

The evening, at each place, was spent in talking over several particulars of the family: subjects that, at such a time as this, always come in the way. Our messengers were both very expert; and each brother was convinced that the man whom his sister had sent, had been long con-

versant in the family, by the exact account which he gave of things. They moreover added, of their own heads, a great deal of stuff concerning the manner of the respective Mr. Seal's death, and what he said in his last moments; which was doubtless very moving. In a word, the best bed in both houses was made ready for these sharpers, who were to depart the next morning, and tell the sisters-in-law that their brothers would come two days after, which was as soon as their mourning could be made, and other things be prepared for the journey.

It may be proper to observe, that Old Mobb went to Bristol, and the Golden Farmer to London. The first of these found means in the evening to secure jewels to the value of two hundred pounds, which was all the booty he had any opportunity of making. But the Golden Farmer, having well observed the position of Mr. Philip Seal's shop, arose in the night, came silently down stairs, and took to a much greater value; as, among other things, a diamond necklace, which had been just made for a lady of the first quality, but was not to be delivered till some days after; three very large diamond rings, and five small ones.

In the morning, both our adventurers set out; one from Bristol, and the other from London. They met at a place before appointed, and congratulated each other on their success.

Such was the resulting hurry and confusion in the two families, that the robberies were not discovered time enough to prevent the masters setting out. Besides, the shops were well furnished, and what had been carried off, took up but little room.

The two brothers setting out the same morning, it happened that they both came the same evening to Newberry, where they took up their lodging also at one inn. He from London arrived first, and, being fatigued, went to bed before the other. The Bristol man came about two hours afterwards, passed through his brother's room (having a companion, whom he had engaged to attend him) in his way to the next apartment; there being only a thin partition between the two chambers. Philip, the Londoner, was asleep when his brother went by; but the discourse between Charles and his friend awaked, and not a little surprised him: he could not distinguish, luckily, the tenor of their discourse, but was certain that he heard that brother's voice whom he was going to see buried.

By and by, Charles having occasion to go to the necessary-house, attempted to repass through Philip's chamber, who

who having a glance of his person, by help of the moon-light, was still more convinced that he had not been deceived in the voice: upon this, he screamed out most frightfully; when Charles also, alarmed at the sound of *his* brother's voice, ran back to bed, half dead with fear and terror.

In short, they both continued sweating till morning, when they arose. Below stairs, for some time, they shunned one another, till they were noticed by the people of the house, who with some difficulty brought them together, after they had heard their respective stories. The brothers now clearly perceived the outlines of a plot; and, on their return home, found that it had been most admirably filled up; presenting a chain of villainy, which it was not easy to foresee, and therefore difficult to prevent.

Old Mobbs was at last apprehended in Tothill Street, Westminster, committed to Newgate, and tried at the Old Bailey on thirty-six indictments; of thirty-two of which he was found guilty.

On Friday the 30th of May, 1690, he was executed at Tyburn, without making any speech or confession; but continued to act with his usual intrepidity and hardiness, to the last moment of existence.

PATRICK O'BRYAN.

THE parents of Patrick O'Bryan lived at Loughrea, a market-town in the county of Galway and province of Connaught in Ireland. Patrick came over to England in the reign of Charles the Second; and enlisted himself into the Coldstream regiment of Guards. But the small allowance of a private centinel was far too little for him; and therefore, when he had got in debt at all the public-houses and shops that would trust him, he commenced footpad. Dr. Clewer, a famous parson of Croydon, was one of the first whom he stopped. This clergyman had, in his youth, been tried at the Old Bailey, and burnt in the hand, for stealing a silver cup! Patrick knew his character, and congratulated him upon their lucky meeting; telling him, "That he could not refuse helping one of his old profession." The Doctor assured him, "That he had no money about him: no, not so much as a single farthing!"—"Then (said Patrick) I must have your gown, Sir!"—"If you can win it, (quoth the Doctor) so you shall; but first let me have the chance of a game at cards for it." To this O'Bryan consenting, the reverend gentleman pulled out

out a pack of cards, when they actually played at All-Fours to decide who should have the black robe. Patrick had the fortune to win, and to get clear off; although the parson's aim, no doubt, was to wait genteelly for chance assistance, in order to secure his opponent.

There was, in Patrick's time, a famous posture-master in Pall Mall, named Clark. Our adventurer meeting him one day on Primrose Hill, saluted him with Stand and deliver. But he was mightily disappointed: for the nimble Harlequin instantly jumped over his head; and, instead of reviving his heart with a few guineas, made it sink into his shoes for fear; imagining that the devil meant to be merry with him before his time; as no human creature, he thought, could do the like.

Another time Patrick planted himself behind a hedge in the way to Hackney, late one evening, to wait for a booty. He had not been there long before he heard a very merry dialogue between a son of Apollo, and an old bawd, whom he had employed to introduce him to a young lady at a neighbouring boarding-school. The conversation ended so much to the poet's satisfaction, that he pronounced the following lines, in a kind of rapture:—

Oh! thou art wond'rous in thy art! Thy head
Was form'd for mighty things; like those who rule
The fate of Empires: but our kinder stars
Have sent thee to direct the realms of Love.

Just as this poetic transport was over, out stepped O'Bryan, and presented a pistol to the head that had conceived those fine ideas. It must be allowed, that such a surprise as this was enough to cool the poor bard's ardour: but neither he nor his iniquitous companion, having any ready-cash worthy of Patrick's acceptance, he resolved to extinguish more effectually the flames of raging desire; and for that purpose ordered the poet to strip himself to the skin; which he did with abundance of reluctance; for the fine embroidered suit he had on was only hired to dazzle the young lady's eyes while he stole her heart. Madam, the procuress, was also dressed in rich brocade, that her visit might be performed with the better grace: she too shared the same fate, and like the other was reduced to the condition of our first parents before the fall; Patrick telling them both, "That as he perceived they had no religion before, 'twas proper they should begin to have some; and therefore, out of charity to their souls, he had converted them to *Adamitism*!" —We may suppose they did not very well relish the new doctrine:

doctrine: but whether, in this situation, the *Serpent* also seduced the lady, our authentic records do not determine! — Certain it is, that Patrick left them to pursue whatever course the exigency of the case might point out.

O'Bryan, at length, entirely deserted from his regiment; and getting a horse, he robbed on the highway for a long time. One day in particular he met the celebrated Nell Gwyn in her coach on the road to Winchester, and addressed himself to her in the following manner:—"Madam, I am a gentleman; and, as you may see, a very able one: I have done a great many signal services to the fair-sex, and have, in return, been greatly assisted by them. Now, as I know you are a charitable w——e, and have a great value for men of ability, I make bold to ask you for a little money, though I never have had the honour of serving you in particular. However, if an opportunity should ever fall in my way, you may depend that I shall not be ungrateful." Nell, by no means disliking this conversation, made him a present of ten guineas.

Patrick was at last executed at Gloucester, for a fact committed within two miles of that city. When he had hung the usual time, his body was cut down and delivered to his acquaintances for burial. Being carried home to one of their houses, some person present imagined he perceived life in him; whereupon an able surgeon was privately procured to bleed him; who, by that and other means, brought Patrick again to his senses. The thing was kept an entire secret from the world, and it was hoped by those who had thus preserved him, that he would spend the remainder of his life to a much better purpose than hitherto.

He promised fairly, and for some time kept within due bounds, while the sense of what he had escaped remained fresh in his mind; but it was not long before, in spite of every admonition and assistance, he returned again to his villainous pursuits; and, stealing a fresh horse, he took once more to the highway, where he grew as audacious as ever.

About a year after his *execution*, he met the person who had convicted, and brought him to the gallows; and whom he again attacked. The poor gentleman was not so much surprised on being stopped, as at the person who did it; being certain it was the very man whom he had seen executed. His consternation was so great, that he could not help discovering it; by saying, "How comes this to pass? I thought you had been hanged a twelvemonth ago!" "So I was, (said Patrick); and therefore you ought to imagine that what you see now is only my ghost: however,
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left you should be so uncivil as to hang my ghost too, I will dispatch you to the shades!" On this he discharged a pistol through the gentleman's head; and, not content with that, dismounting his horse, he drew out a sharp hanger from his side, and cut the dead carcass into several pieces, to mark his revenge.

This piece of barbarity was followed by another, yet more horrible.—Patrick, with four more, having intelligence that Lancelot Wilmot, Esq. of Wiltshire, had a great deal of money and plate in his house, which stood in a lonely place, about a mile and a half from Truebridge, they beset it one night, and got in: When they were entered, they tied and gagged their three servants, and then proceeded to the old gentleman's room, where he was in bed with his lady. They secured both these in the same manner, and then went to the daughter's chamber. This young lady they severally forced after one another to their brutal pleasure; and when they had done, most inhumanly stabbed her, because she had endeavoured at resistance. They next killed the father and mother, *because they did not breed up their daughter to better manners!* They then rifled the house of every thing valuable which they could find, to the value in all of two thousand five hundred pounds; after which they set the building on fire, and left the unhappy servants to consume with it.

Patrick thrived above two years after this, before he was apprehended; and possibly might never have been suspected of this fact, if one of his bloody accomplices had not been hanged for another crime at Bedford. This wretch at the gallows confessed all the particulars, and discovered the persons concerned with him; a little while after which, O'Bryan was seized at his lodgings in Little Suffolk Street, near the Haymarket, and committed to Newgate; from whence, before the next Assizes, he was conveyed to Salisbury, where he owned that and other facts. He was now a second time executed; and great care was taken to do the business effectually. There was not, indeed, much danger of a second recovery; for his body was immediately hung in chains, near the place where the barbarous deed had been perpetrated. Patrick was in the thirty-first year of his age at the time of his second execution, which was on Tuesday the 30th of April, 1689.

WILLIAM MORELL.

WILLIAM MORELL was born at Banbury in Oxfordshire, of very reputable parents, about 1650; and was put apprentice to a surgeon, as soon as his father thought him fit for servitude. He went through the usual time with abundance of satisfaction to his master, and honour to himself; having acquired a knowledge beyond what is commonly found in young theorists. He understood anatomy very well, and would reason finely upon all the systems of the human œconomy. All this knowledge was afterwards confirmed and increased by practice, when he came to set up at Banbury, on the death of his master, where he continued some time in great reputation. What put an end to his living there, was running beyond his income, and exposing himself daily to vexatious suits and arrests; till, at last, he was obliged to leave the place, and seek his fortune elsewhere.

The first means that presented itself to his thought was, to turn quack, and travel the country as a Mountebank. He resolved, however, not to do any hurt with his medicines. To this end, he made up a quantity of very innocent pills, composed of a little fine flower and treacle. These pills were a sovereign remedy for all internal distempers whatsoever. They were the only specific under the sun, and took up, as he said, a great deal of time, as well as expence, in preparing. For all green wounds, bruises and pains, he had a plaister altogether as harmless; having no other quality than that of sticking to the skin. He had, moreover, a little spring water, tinged with something to change the colour; and this was to cure blind people. For agues, colds, and such diseases as are most common in the country, he had plenty of amulets, which were to be disposed of to those who had most faith and least reason.

Thus prepared, he set out without any retinue, designing to be only a Cavalier Doctor, which was far less expensive than the keeping a stage, and far more honourable than travelling on foot. He had still left two or three good suits of cloaths, in all which he occasionally swaggered at every place where he exhibited.

The harangue with which he commonly addressed the multitude was to this effect:—

“Gentlemen,

“If I was come hither to impose upon you, I should tell you a long story of my country and family; how that I was the

the Seventh Son of some great man in *Germany* or *France*, who was also a Seventh Son; and that I left a good estate, purely that I might be of service to mankind, by my great knowledge in the arcana of Nature. I might also cover the imposture, by talking the language of the country, which I pretended to be a native of; for there is scarcely a tongue in *Europe*, which I cannot speak to perfection. But as I am far from desiring to make you believe a word more than what is strictly true, I confess myself to be an *Englishman*. And why, my countrymen, should I deny it? Is it any honour to our nation for a foreigner to pretend he knows more than we? May not a native of *Great Britain*, by his long and unwearied application to the study of the occult sciences, attain to as wonderful an insight into the mysteries of the little world, as any *High-Dutch* man whatsoever? I am very certain no man in the world has taken more pains than myself; and I may, without vanity, boast of the success which has attended my endeavours in every thing I have undertaken. I could surprise you with a catalogue of the cures, which I have frequently performed in the space of only a month; but it would look empirical, a thing which I hate, as I am far above using any art to extend my fame. Give me leave, therefore, in a few words only to rehearse the qualities of my remedies.

“First, Gentlemen, here are my *Pillule Admirande*, or Wonder-working Pills, which I defy any man living to prepare, or even to tell me how they are prepared. They are the effect of a long course of study, and an intimate acquaintance with human nature; upon which they operate in the kindest yet strongest manner imaginable, where their force and sovereign virtue is requisite; otherwise, they pass innocently through the body without affecting it in the least. You need take nothing else, either to know whether your body be in a good condition, or to repair a constitution which is decayed.

“In the second place, here is my *Emplastrum Salutivum*, or Plaster of Health, which infinitely exceeds all the plaisters, salves, ointments, cere-cloths, &c. which have ever been invented, and has more virtues than I should have time to tell you, were I to talk till sun-set. There is no part of the body to which you may not apply it with safety, nor no indisposition that requires an external application, in which it will miss the desired effect. Burns, bruises, cuts, sprains, nay even the rheumatism, and the gout, those two troublesome companions, which are incurable by any other medicines, will be speedily removed by this excellent, and

I may

I may say, miraculous plaister. Have you ever broke a leg or an arm, and had the misfortune to apply to an unskilful surgeon, who has suffered the muscles and tendons to be contracted, and thereby made a cripple of you, this will extend them again to their pristine state.

"The next thing, good people, that I present you with, is my *Aqua Ophthalmica*. This little bottle is worth a King's ransom; 'tis indeed of greater value than I am able to say, according to what has been allowed by all who ever made use of it. In a few times using, it dissipates all the obstructions of sight, strengthens the visual nerves, and causes the glorious orbs of light, which are to the microcosm as the sun and stars are in the greater creation, to roll and shine in their full lustre, though they have been dim many years, and esteemed by less able physicians as past all remedy. In short, if the use of this tincture was to become universal, as I make no doubt but in a few years it will, the trade of spectacle-making would not be worth a groat.

"Why should I mention all my *Febrifuga Magna*, of different sorts, according to the age and condition of the persons who are to make use of them? There is no kind of that common, though indeed dreadful disease, the ague, whether quartan, tertian, or quotidian, but will all infallibly remove, in a few days, without discommoding the patient in the least. Their virtue remains in full strength longer than any man lives, and they may serve as well fifty years hence to ease any of you of that hurtful and troublesome distemper as they will at present; though I'll engage that no person who has been once cured by it, and shall afterwards continue to wear them, will ever have any return.

"Gentlemen and ladies, we are all mortal; I don't pretend to secure either you or myself from death at one time or another; yet give me leave to say, that the use of these remedies will preserve any constitution to the last day allotted it by Nature; which is as much as *Paracelsus*, *Albumazar*, *Galen*, *Hippocrates*, or even *Esculapius* himself could ever promise; and I must add, whatever my brethren of the faculty may say to the contrary, that those who pretend to more, are no better than quacks, empirics, and impostors.

"I say, my good country people, even I, who prepare these unparalleled medicines, must one day go the way of all flesh. Whether I shall depart before I have communicated my secrets to some other person, God only knows; but this I can assure you, that I shall keep these things in my own
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breast, till I meet with some person more worthy of them, than any I have yet seen. Consider, therefore, whether it be not every one's interest to provide themselves with these specifics, while they may be had, and before the world be deprived of them, as possibly it may when I am no longer in it."

By this kind of rhetoric, he prevailed on the poor ignorant country people to buy up his remedies as fast as he could wish. It was not, however, his interest to appear above two or three times in one place; and therefore he often shifted his ground, living all the time in splendour; admired, and even adored, by his deluded patients.

Being once got very far into the North of England, and having quacked it from town to town as long as he could with safety, he had, while at Carlisle, a mighty inclination to see London; but had not, at that time, money enough to pay the expence of such a journey, nor even to discharge the lodging where he then resided. How to get out of this scrape, he could not for some days tell; for it was impossible to come at his horse without money, unless he broke open the stable, which was a remedy worse than the disease. At last he took several sheets of clean paper, folded and sealed them up very carefully in the form of letters, directing one to my Lord Middleton, another to another Nobleman, and so on to all the Officers of King James's Court at St. Germain's. In the reign of King William it was high treason to hold any correspondence with the abdicated Monarch, and consequently with any in trust under him. These blank letters he laid carefully in one corner of a table in the room where he lay, and went out, as about business.

While he was absent, the maid went, according to custom, to make his bed; and, being able to read, she had the curiosity to look on our gentleman's letters; when she was surprised to see so many great names upon the outside of them. Down stairs she ran as soon as she had finished her work, and told her master what great men the doctor was acquainted with. Our host was like his servant, very inquisitive. He was, moreover, pretty well acquainted with the national affairs of that time, by hearing the conversation of travellers; all which Morrell had before noted, and concluded from it, that the consequence of what he had done would produce the desired effect.

The landlord ran up as fast as he could, and viewed the papers; but when he beheld the several superscriptions, "Treason without dispute!" cried he. O, Mr. Doctor, we see now what you are: you don't travel to heal the bodies

bodies of people only, but to corrupt their minds, and converse with the enemies of the nation. These shall all be opened above, my boy; and, I warrant, I shall lose nothing by my discovery. My Lord *Middleton*, and my Lord *Middleton's* master, may wait long enough before they have any news from you!"

The next thing was to apply to the Chief Magistrate for a warrant to secure the person of William Morell, as a dangerous man. This was readily granted, and a messenger sent to the Secretary of State with an account of the whole affair, who immediately dispatched a proper Officer, with orders to bring up both prisoner and papers to town, that they might be properly examined.

Now Morell had all that he desired: the allowance of a state prisoner, and a safe conduct to London; being kept, on his arrival, at the house of a messenger, till next day; when he was carried to the Secretary of State's Office. The examinants were as much surprised at the inside of the letters, as our landlord had been at the outside, when they saw nothing but blank paper. All possible ways were devised to make the writing appear; for they imagined, that he had found out some art to conceal his business, in case the letters should happen to be intercepted. At last, when every effort had been exerted in vain, a free pardon was offered him, on condition that he would discover all the secrets of his correspondence, and name the persons who were concerned with him in England.

Morell now frankly confessed the whole truth, begging pardon of their honours for giving them so much trouble; professing that he was as loyal a subject of King William, as any one in the three kingdoms: but that having been reduced to extreme necessity, he could think of no other way of accomplishing his purposed journey. There appeared something so masterly in the invention and execution of this scheme, that the Council could not help forgiving him, laughing at the affair among themselves.

This man was also a great gallant; for he had no less than six wives living at one time in different parts of the kingdom; it being his custom to marry for the sake of enjoying his desires, when he could no otherwise prevail upon the object of his wishes. Among these, it once happened that he married a widow, who, nevertheless, proved to be a virgin!

Indeed, there was scarcely a character, in which Morell did not, at one time or other, appear, and always, too, with success. Sometimes he was a fortune-teller and

astrologer; sometimes a decayed gentleman; sometimes a clergyman; and sometimes a foreigner, who left his own country for the sake of religion. There was no shape, no pretence calculated to excite pity, but he put on, and never failed of gaining belief. Often was he a man of great fortune, making love to rich young ladies, having his servants at his heels, like our modern Irish fortune-hunters; there being always men wicked enough to assist in such enterprizes from a view of sharing in the booty. He married and ruined two or three virtuous women by these means; besides making numberless cuckolds, and winning many women to his desires, who never submitted to common solicitations; most of whom he wheedled out of considerable sums of money, and afterwards blasted their characters; taking care to let their husbands know their foibles; or, if single, to send an account of his success to their friends, or sweethearts.

He continued these and other infamous practices so long in every part of the country, that it, at length, became dangerous for him to continue them longer. Several gentlemen made enquiry after him, in order to have him punished, for personating them in places where they had credit and interest, and were not personally known, by which means he imposed upon many tradesmen. In short, he had no hopes left, at last, of hiding himself any where but in London.

Being now therefore in the metropolis, and having got such information as was necessary for his purpose, he applied for lodging to a rich baker in the Strand, telling him that his name was Humphry Wickham, Esq. of ———, in Buckinghamshire.

The baker knew the family of the Wickham's perfectly well, being their countryman; though he was not acquainted with the gentleman who at present enjoyed the estate, as he had resided in London a great many years. However, he made no scruple of entertaining our sham Esquire. Nay, he caressed and returned him a thousand thanks for doing him so signal an honour. Morell told the credulous tradesman that he had a private affair in town, which would detain him for some time; and that he came in such an obscure manner, because he was not willing to be known: his own family, all but his steward and footman, being ignorant of the place of his residence. He added, that when the business was over, he should know the particulars; and he would take him down to his country seat for a month or two.

Several

Several days passed, and still our baker remained satisfied; never mentioning a word to any of his friends concerning Mr. Wickham, lest he should injure him in the business of which he had spoken. A fellow in a livery came every morning, cap in hand, to receive his worship's commands, and was very diligent in dispatching every thing he set him about. In about a week the good-natured host overheard Mr. Wickham talking to his man concerning the steward's neglect in not sending up the linen and money which he had written for: Proud of this occasion, he took the first opportunity of telling Squire Wickham, in a very submissive manner, what he had overheard; desiring him to make use of what apparel he had till his own box came; complaining that he did not honour him so far as to let him, at first, know his necessity. Morell protested he was ashamed to abuse his generosity; but, as things were, he would accept of his kind offer. On this, the baker fetched down half a dozen of his best Holland shirts, and also prevailed on Mr. Wickham to accept of fifty guineas till his money should arrive.

The day after this Morell fell sick; playing such a farce, to the last, as was never heard of before. As soon as his illness was known, a doctor was sent for, who finding him in a high fever, writ a prescription to an apothecary, in conjunction with whom he waited on him every day. The baker asked, if he should write into the country; but Mr. Wickham said No; for he had no wife, and servants would but disturb him.

The fever continued to increase; and, in a few days, his life was thought to be in danger: the doctor spoke his sentiments freely, and desired Mr. Baker to send for an attorney to make the gentleman's will; which was done accordingly, and the writings lodged in the hands of our landlord, whom he enjoined to open it as soon as he should be dead; and it happened that he died the following day.

The neighbours were summoned, and the will unsealed. The baker was constituted one of the executors, with the legacy of a considerable estate, besides abundance of plate, linen, and jewels, which were bequeathed to his wife, and large sums to all his children. He was to be interred in town; the whole management of the funeral being left to the care of his good friend the baker, who is repeatedly mentioned with respect. To complete all, the lawyer was named who had all the writings of his estates, and who was to produce the several sums of money at the time that had been specified.

The baker knew this said attorney, and was certain that he used to do business for the family. He would not, therefore, apply to him directly, as he had money in the house to defray the necessary expences. To shew as much respect as possible to the deceased, he hung his house with mourning; a leaden coffin was ordered; and the body embowelled, and laid in state. The best of cloth and silk was bought for himself and family, besides rings, and other items. An undertaker was engaged, and, in short, every thing was got ready for solemnising the obsequies on such a day; till when, wax tapers were continually burning in the room where the corpse thus lay.

The day before interment, our baker sent the lawyer an invitation; telling him the particulars of Mr. Wickham's will, and desiring he would disburse some money in a few days, to pay such and such things, because he had exhausted all his ready cash. The lawyer startled at hearing him talk of Mr. Wickham's death, having received a letter from him but the day before, on some special business. It was a long while before they came to a right understanding; but, at last, all was found to be an imposture, by a letter transmitted by the fellow who had waited upon Morell, and who was willing to make some merit of discovering a cheat, which he could no longer carry on. The body was therefore indignantly stripped of all its finery, and thrown unceremoniously into a grave in St. Clement's church-yard.

Thus signally ended the life of Morell, in the year 1691. An account of the whole affair was sent to the real Mr. Wickham, who, being a man of honour and generosity, made up the baker's loss. The undertaker, and others concerned, also took the case into consideration, and accepted of their goods again by way of payment.

Like Samson, our hero rashly determined to be as conspicuous in his death, as his life had ever been, from the moment when his first public depredations commenced. To the last gasp did he successfully exert his villainous talents; unfortunately, for society, making his exit, without taking the then usual excursion from Newgate to Tyburn Turnpike.

WILLIAM BEW.

THIS fellow was brother of Captain Bew, a notorious highwayman, killed at Knightsbridge, by one Figg, and some thief-takers; but his reign was short, he being apprehended

hended at Brainford before he had pursued the course many years, brought from thence to Newgate, and at the next execution made his exit at Tyburn, on Wednesday the 17th of April, 1689.

Being at Bristol once, he took a lodging in the house of a Mr. Stone, who kept the Dolphin Inn in Dolphin Lane. This landlord, who was reputed a very covetous fellow, had no children. Bew slept in the next room to his host and hostess; by which means he heard his wife tell him, one night, that she believed she was with child. The old man, on this, began to be very uneasy, and reckoned up all the charges that a bantling would cost, not forgetting the extraordinary expences of lying-in, &c. He then considered whether a boy or a girl would be most expensive; and concluded, that upon the whole, a son was likely to be soonest got off his hands, and put into a capacity to maintain himself. Hereupon he told his spouse, very abruptly, "That she must bring him a boy." Madam replied, "That it was not in the power of her, or of any woman living, to be delivered of which sex she pleased." To this the old man answered, with a severe snub, "That it was in vain for her to talk, for a boy he must have, if he had any child at all; and that if Nature sent a girl into the world, he would metamorphose it into the other sex; for he would put only boy's cloaths upon it, and insist on her never letting any body into the secret, at least till she was able to shift for herself as a male." This dialogue, doubtless, was pleasant enough to Bew, who did not stay to see the event of his landlady's great belly. But making himself merry was not the only advantage he found in this convenient apartment; for he overheard the miserable old wretch tell his wife, every night, whither he was to go the next day, and upon what business. By this means he got intelligence of his going, one day, a good distance from town, to receive one hundred and thirty pounds; and Bew took especial care to lighten him of his burden before he came home again, riding off with it into another part of the kingdom; "it being worth while (as he often jocosely said) to change quarters for such a lump as that."

Another time he overtook a young lady on the road, with a footman behind her. He made bold to keep them company; praising the lady's extraordinary beauty, and carrying his compliments to a fullsome height. Madam, however—so fond of flattery are women—was not at all displeased with what he said; for she looked upon herself to be every bit as handsome as he had described her. They
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went on in this manner; Bew still protesting, that she was the most agreeable lady he had ever seen, and she declaring, that he was the most complaisant gentleman she had ever met with. This was the discourse; he asserting, and she denying, that her beauty was exquisite, her stature dignified, her smiles alluring, and even irresistible; till they came to a convenient place, when Bew took an opportunity of knocking the footman off his horse; and then addressed himself to the lady: "Madam, I have been a great while disputing about the beauty of your person; but you insist so strongly on my being mistaken, that I dare not contradict you longer. However, I am not yet satisfied that you have nothing handsome about you, and therefore I must beg leave to examine!" Having said this, he made no further ceremony, but thrust his hand into her pocket, and pulled out a purse with fifty guineas in it. The lady, of course, thought he meant to despoil those charms which he had so highly commended. But Bew, perceiving her apprehensions, exclaimed—"These are the beauties, Madam, which I mean;" and away he rode, leaving her to meditate a little upon the nature of FLATTERY, which often picks the pocket in a much gentler manner: for, so sovereign is its influence, that we voluntarily give the *highwayman* his demands, and sometimes, indeed, more than he could reasonably expect.

CAPTAIN AND WILLIAM DUDLEY.

RICHARD DUDLEY, commonly called Capt. Dudley, was born at Swepton in Leicestershire. His father once enjoyed a good estate, but living beyond his income, was obliged to mortgage and sell the greatest part to satisfy his creditors; and having, after all, about threescore pounds a-year left, repaired to London with his family.

Richard Dudley, the son, was educated at St. Paul's School. However, when but nine years old, he robbed one of his sister's closets of thirty shillings, and marched off with it; but being some days after discovered, and brought home again, he was sent back to school. Not liking that sort of confinement, he afterwards robbed his father's house of a considerable sum of money, and ran away again: but his parent had the luck to discover him, with a couple of lewd women, a little way out of the city.

After this, his father procured him the King's Letter to be a Reformed on board a Man of War; in which station he went up the Streights, and behaved gallantly in several actions.

actions. Being on shore at Cadiz, in order to refresh himself, and walking quietly along, he was abused and attacked by a Spaniard; but Dudley ran the Don quite through, left him dead on the spot, and got safe on ship-board. On his arrival in England, he quitted the ship, and associated himself with a notorious gang of thieves, whom he assisted in breaking open and robbing the house of Admiral Carter in the country; and, getting off undetected, came to London; and from that time commenced professed thief. The first remarkable robbery he was concerned in, was that of a lady's house at Blackheath, from whence he and his accomplices stole a very considerable quantity of plate, which they brought to town, and sold to a refiner. For this robbery he was apprehended; and when in Newgate he sent for the refiner, and complained how hard a thing it was to find an honest man, and a fair dealer. "For, you cursed rogue! (said he) among the plate you bought, there was a cup with a cover, which you modestly told us was but silver gilt, and bought it at the same price with the rest; but it plainly appears by the advertisement in the *Gazette*, that it was a gold cup and cover; but I see you are a rogue; and that there's no trusting any body!" For this robbery he was tried at Maidstone, convicted, and condemned; but his youth, and the interest of his friends, first procured him a reprieve, and then a pardon; which, for about two years, had a good effect upon him. His father, therefore, bought him a Commission in the Army; in which station he behaved very well, and had the good fortune to marry a young lady of a respectable family, with whom he had an estate of seven-score pounds a year; upon which, and his Commission, they for some time lived comfortably. But the Captain loving company too much, and having contracted a large acquaintance, engaged himself for some money, which one of his companions owed, who was afterwards arrested for the debt, in which arrest a Bailiff was killed, and the Captain (being present) was suspected to have done it, he always declaring his detestation and abhorrence of that sort of men.

The Captain absented himself from his house; and lurking about in bye-places, he thus got acquainted with a gang of highwaymen. He was not long in learning his trade, but in a little time became perfect master of it; for there was scarcely a notable robbery committed, in which he had not a hand; and finding it easy and profitable, he drew in his brother William to be one of the gang. He had not, however, long practised this new trade, before
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he was apprehended in the country, for robbing a gentleman of a watch, a sword, a whip, and nine shillings in money; but the evidence not being very clear, he escaped.

No sooner had he obtained his liberty, but he again robbed on the highway, broke open houses, and picked pockets; in which several ways he for a time went on with impunity; but was at length detected in breaking into and robbing Sir John Friend's house, and for that fact received sentence of death: but his friends again got him a reprieve, on condition of transportation; pursuant to which, Dudley, with several other convicts, were put on board a ship, in order for Barbadoes: but they were hardly got as far as the Isle of Wight, before he drew in the other rogues to a conspiracy, in order to escape, and having concerted their measures accordingly, the ship's company being under hatches, they went off with the long-boat.

Being now on shore, he left his comrades, and travelled alone through woods and by-ways; and, being now in a very mean habit, when he had no opportunity to steal, he begged; till, coming to Hounslow Heath, he attacked a country farmer, robbed and unhorsed him, and mounting himself, set forward towards London; where, repairing to his old companions, they all submitted to his conduct, and dubbed him Captain. Thus got at the head of a hardened gang, no part of the country was secure from his rapine, nor any house strong enough to keep him out, so that he every where became notorious.

To avoid the continual searches made for him, and to divert enquiries, he paid a visit to the North, where he committed a great number of daring robberies; till, returning to London, he joined his companions in the robbery and murder of an old woman in Spitalfields; for which, by a singular intervention of Providence, they were apprehended, and many of them executed. But our Captain, by an artful string of perjured evidences, established an alibi; and thus deceiving the Court and Jury, which he termed his master-piece, he once more escaped the hands of Justice. Making, however, a bad use of his liberation, he pursued his old courses with redoubled activity; and, in the company of some others, shortly afterwards robbed a Nobleman on Hounslow Heath of fifteen hundred pounds. And, near Hartley Row in Hampshire, they robbed a parson, whom they commanded to preach a sermon in praise of thieving, swearing his destruction if he refused.

The parson complied, rather than lose his life; and adduced so many arguments in favour of their calling, that

that they, in a transport of gratitude, returned his money, adding to it four shillings for a bottle or two of wine, to recompense his labours!

After this diversion, they made the best of their way for London; and while their booty lasted, left infesting the highways: during which time the Captain's brother shewed his dexterity about the town, by way of amusement. He, one day, dressed himself like a countryman, with a pair of dirty boots, and a whip in his hand; and, going into Bartholomew Fair, he met a countryman, to whom he said: "Honest friend, have a care of your pockets; for you are going into a cursed place, where are none but whores, rogues, and pickpockets. I am almost ruined by them; and am glad they have not picked the tee h out of my head. Let one take ever so much care of one's pockets, they'll be sure of your money. I am sure the devil helps them." "I defy all the devils in hell (said the countryman) to rob me of any thing. I have a broad piece; that I'll secure." So clapping it into his mouth, he went confidently into the fair. Will desired no more than to know if he had any money, and where it lay. He therefore gave a sign to a hopeful boy of his, and telling him out some six-pences and groats, told him what he should do. The boy immediately ran, and fell down just before the countryman; and, scattering the money, started up and roared like a Bedlamite, crying he was undone! he must run away from his apprenticeship! his master was a furious fellow, he would certainly kill him. The countryman, with other people, gathered about, helping the boy to take up the money. Said one of them, Have you found all? "Yes, all the silver, (said the boy); but, what does that signify? there is a broad-piece of gold, that I was carrying to my master for a token, sent from the country, and I, like a fool, must come through this unlucky place to lose it. I shall be killed! Oh! what will become of me!" Will coming up, told some of the by-standers who were pitying the boy, that he had observed that country fellow there to stoop, and put something into his mouth: on which they flew upon him; and one wresting open his chaps, made him spit out the gold, and some blood along with it; and, endeavouring to speak for himself, they kicked, punched, and tossed him about most unmercifully. The boy, in the mean time, slipped into the crowd, and went to Will with the gold, to the appointed place of rendezvous.

Will and his boy changing cloaths, and going into the crowd heard that the country fellow had got into a house, and

and sent for some responsible people that knew him, and also his master, a Knight of vast estate in the North, who was come to town on urgent business. Will knew the gentleman; and, guessing that his concerns would call him to the Royal Exchange, went immediately thither, and picked his pocket of a great many guineas; leaving one only for the gentleman's dinner, or other charges. The Knight, going to the tavern, laughed heartily when his tenant came and told him how he had been served at the fair: but calling for the reckoning, and finding his cash also flown, he told the company he was robbed too. 'Twas then comical to see how the countryman laughed. "'Sbud, Sir, (said he) let us make our escape from this roguish place. 'Slidking, Sir, they'll steal our small guts to make fiddle-strings of them!'"

The gentleman lined his pockets again, and went out the next day to the Change, and notwithstanding all the care he took, again was robbed by Will. The Knight admired how it was possible for the wit of man to rob one that had been so forewarned as he had been. At last, looking hastily about, he perceived Will standing by him, and recollecting he had seen him near him several times before, he had a strong suspicion that he was the man; and coming up to him, took hold of his buttons, saying he had good ground to think he was the person that had robbed him several times; but being a gentleman of a great estate, his loss did not trouble him; and if he would be so generous as to tell him by what means he had accomplished his purpose, he would not only forgive, but treat him well at the tavern, and help him to a better way of living. "And this, (said he) I promise upon my honour." "Sir, (said Will) your word of honour is sufficient: I know the greatness of your estate: I am the man. I'll wait on your Worship to the tavern, and there shew you some of my art." As they went towards the tavern, the gentleman told him, that he would make a frolic of it; and, to that end, would send for some gentlemen of his acquaintance, for whose secrecy he also undertook to engage. "Call as many as you please, Sir. I'll take their word: I know I am safe."

When the gentlemen came, Will told them many things to their surprise and satisfaction; and when he pulled out the piece of gold, and told them how he had served Roger, the gentleman's tenant, Roger was immediately sent for: when he came 'twas good sport to see how he scraped to the ground. "What would you say, (cried the Knight) if you saw your gold again?" "Oh! (said he) I would I could!

could! But, if my mouth can't keep it, where should I put it? 'Sbud I'd rather see the rogue; I'd make a jelly of his bones." "There he is, (said the Knight) and there's your broad-piece." As Roger began to heave and bulk, his master commanded him to take his gold, and sit down by him. Roger seeing which way things went, drank to Will. One of the gentlemen pulling out a curious watch, another said he wondered how it was possible for them to pick a watch out of a fob; and that it was certainly carelessness. "No, (said Will) if the gentleman will take a turn or two in Moorfields, I'll wager a guinea I'll have the watch before he returns, let him take what care he pleases, and I shan't stir out of this room." "Done!" said the gentleman. However, every gentleman in the room laying down a guinea, Roger laid down his broad-piece, and went Will's half. The gentleman departed with his watch; and, as he walked was very careful not to suffer man, woman, or child, to come within arm's length of him; thinking the devil was in it, if any body could rob him at a distance. When it was almost time to return, a boy ran past him, yet not so near as to give the gentleman suspicion: in passing, however, he told the gentleman that his back was covered with lice; which he now also perceiving, loathed the sight, and wondering where he had been to catch such loathsome vermin: "Good boy, (said he) take them off, and I'll give you a shilling." The boy did so, and took his watch at the same time. The gentleman returned to the tavern, wondering all the way at this lousy adventure, yet carefully avoiding every one that came near him.

When he returned, Will asked him what a-clock it was by his watch? Which attempting to pull out, was not a little amazed to find it gone. Will presented it, asking the gentleman if that was his property? The gentleman stood as dumb as a fish, turning up the whites of his eyes. Roger laughed so loud and outrageously, that after the gentleman had borne him company a good while, the Knight was forced to command his man to be silent; for otherwise he would have laughed the whole night. The gentleman, full of amazement, said, certainly he must have had the assistance of the devil. "Of a boy, (said Will): Did not a boy pick you clean?"—"There's the devil, (said the gentleman); and he threw them on too, I suppose?"—"Ay, through a quill," said the other.

"Gentlemen, (said Will) this trick is not worth talking of. There's a Nobleman goes now by the window, with a

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very rich coat on. - I'll wager, as before, that I'll steal it off his back before all his followers, and bring it hither on my own." The gentlemen staked each their guinea, and Will and Roger covered them. "Now, (said Will) I'm to shew you a master-piece of my art. I must not send a boy about it, but crave leave to go myself; neither can I set a time for my return; but hope to do it sooner than you may imagine." Out he ran; and dogging the Nobleman from street to street, at last followed him into a tavern. The Nobleman was conducted up stairs. Will repaired to the bar-keeper, and desired her to lend him an apron; "for the Nobleman, my master, wherever he comes, will be served by none but myself: he is a very good customer, and expects the best of wine. I must go down into the cellar, and taste it for him." He accordingly received the apron, went into the cellar, and soon found out the best of every sort. He ran nimbly up and down stairs, and was quick at his work. The company looked upon him to be a servant of the house, and were mightily pleased with his quickness and diligence, the goodness of the wine, and, in fact, every thing he brought them. When Will saw his project ripe for execution, he resolved to trifle no longer: as he passed by my Lord with some wine, he laid hold on the opportunity, and with an incision knife, made for the purpose of pocket-picking, he nicely, and with admirable dexterity, made a slit in the seam of my Lord's coat, and ran down stairs for more liquor. When he returned with a bottle in one hand, and the other full of glasses, Will starts, on approaching the Lord, saying, "What cobbling fellows are they that made this coat? Could they not sew a coat to hold one day? This cabbage-monger deserved the pillory before for filching; but now, grudging to allow another stitch, has committed a *scandalum magnatum*, and caused my Lord to go in a rent coat the first day of wearing, perhaps." Some of the company rising, and seeing the great flash, told my Lord the taylor had affronted him. "I gave the fellows sufficient vails, (said my Lord) and both they and their master shall hear of it." "My Lord, (said Will) 'tis only the end of a thread has split: such things will happen sometimes; the coat may be faithfully sewed in other places; it's not a farthing the worse. There's a curious fine-drawer of my acquaintance lives in the next lane; be pleased to let me carry it to him, he will make it as good as at first. I'll carry it secretly under my master's cloak, and return with it before you want more wine." The Nobleman borrowed a great coat of one of the
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the company, and let him have his own. Will came down to the vintner, told him what had happened to his Lord's coat; and, to prevent its being seen in the street, desired him to let him have a cloak, and he would return immediately. The vintner gave him the cloak, which Will put on, placing also the vintner's beaver on his head, which hung on the next pin. Thus he marched off triumphantly; and coming to the tavern where the gentlemen were, he went into a room; and, having put on the Nobleman's coat, the cloak, and beaver, he appeared before the company, saluting them very civilly. "What, (said one of them) instead of a coat, you come with a cloak?"—"And not without reason, (said he); for there's a deal of knavery under it." So opening the cloak, they were all amazed to see the rich embroidered coat, besides the cloak and beaver, which he told them he had got into the bargain. But when he related the mode of performance, they all laughed heartily; and Roger, with his bass, made up the concert.

My Lord and his company waited so long, that they were quite out of patience: the people of the house likewise wondering they sat so long without calling, ordered the man that should have waited on that room, to go up stairs and force a trade. The fellow came in, saying, "Call here? call here, Gentlemen?" "Yes, (said one of them) where is your fellow-servant that waited on us?" "My fellow-servant, (said the other); he said he was my Lord's servant, and that my Lord would be attended by none but himself, and I should have good vails, notwithstanding." "How can that be? (said my Lord): I have but one Gentleman here of my own retinue; the rest are with my Lady. He that served us, came in with an apron, and is a servant of the house. Call up our landlord." The vintner appearing, a gentleman of the company asked him if he kept sharpers in the house to affront and rob gentlemen? "It is you, rather, (said the vintner, who was a very passionate man) that bring sharpers along with you to affront me, and rob my house! I'm sure I have lost a fine new cloak, and beaver; and, for aught I know, though you look like gentlemen, you may be sharpers yourselves; and of you I expect to be paid for my losses, and reckoning to boot." Immediately one of the company drew upon him; but the vintner ran down stairs, and called all the house together, bidding them get what they could, and not suffer one to come below; and, snatching his sword in a fury, ran up stairs again, followed by the servants, who armed themselves with spits, fire-forks, and such weapons as they

could find. The uproar became very great; and my Lord coming out first, to force a way down, made a pass at the landlord, but which was put by with a fire-shovel; when his Lordship narrowly escaped being thrust in the guts with a long spit, which Margery, the cook wench, pushed at him; so that my Lord seeing the door so well guarded with stout fellows, and sturdy wenches, retired into the room, and told his company what imminent danger he had just escaped. They seeing it neither safe nor honourable to sally out, shut the door; and while standing on the defensive, they held a consultation.

Meanwhile, the gentlemen foreseeing a quarrel betwixt my Lord and the vintner, immediately dispatched their own landlord to unravel the mystery.

The messenger, as had been wisely foreseen, found the house in an uproar. The servants knowing him, let him up stairs, where he no sooner came, than he told his brother vintner, That they were all in a mistake; that the rogue was caught, and in his house; whereupon, calling to my Lord, he informed him of the whole business. Immediately a cessation of arms took place; the swords were sheathed, the spits, fire-forks, and fire-shovels disbanded, and an end happily made of this terrible fray. The Nobleman and his company drinking now with the vintner, promised to be a friend to his house in future; but resolved to go along with their peace-maker to the tavern where Will was. The vintner being well pleased with the conceit, went along with them; where Will delivered up the coat, cloak, and beaver, pocketing a considerable sum, as a return for his dangerous pleasantries.

After the commission of an almost infinite number of robberies, Justice at length overtook this celebrated Mr. William Dudley, and his brother the Captain. They were tried at the Old Bailey, convicted on the clearest evidence, and sentenced to be hanged. And, if Roger had been present at this awful ceremony, he doubtful would have enjoyed another laugh; though at the expence of his old friend. After hanging the usual time, these unfortunate brothers were cut down, and their bodies put into separate coffins, to be carried to a disconsolate father; who, at sight of them, was so much overwhelmed with grief, that he fell down upon the remains, and never spoke more; but was buried at the same time, and in the same grave, with his two wretched sons.

JACK WITHERS.

THIS malefactor was the son of a butcher, born at Litchfield in Staffordshire, where he served an apprenticeship to his own father. Want of business, when out of his time, induced him to visit London; and his evil genius soon threw him into the way of destruction; for engaging himself with a society of thieves, he got into Newgate, from whence he was sent to Flanders for a soldier, as was then the custom of dealing with offenders, who were not judged worthy of death.

While abroad, he could but indifferently put up with a foot soldier's pay, which bore no proportion to his late expences. This put him on a great many shifts, to make up deficiencies.

In particular, going into a church at Ghent, where the people were all at High Mass; and seeing most of them cast money into a box that stood under an image of the Virgin Mary, his fingers itched for the coin; so watching a fair opportunity, with a crooked nail he picked the lock, and crammed as much of the treasure as he could into his pockets; but doing it over hastily, and dropping some of the pieces, they made such a jingling on the marble pavement, that, as ill-luck would have it, he was discovered, seized, and dragged before a great Cardinal then in that town.

This arch Priest examining the witnesses as to the fact, and finding it plain, he exclaimed prodigiously against Withers, calling him Rogue, Rascal, and sacrilegious Villain! and was just going to condemn him to a severe punishment, when Jack, falling on his knees, with uplifted hands, and tears in his eyes, begged his Eminency to hear him. This, after some difficulty, was granted; and silence being proclaimed, Jack, in a piteous tone, told him, "That he was a vile, wicked wretch, bred up a Protestant, and an Heretick; and being in great distress, he had made his prayers before the image of the Blessed Virgin, to relieve him in his hard necessity; promising, in consideration thereof, to turn Roman Catholick, and ever be her votary; when all on a sudden, the box under her image flew open, and she pointed with her finger to the money, making also a dumb shew with nodding her head, for him to supply his necessities out of it, which he had thankfully done, with a resolution of keeping his vow for ever."

This relation being heard with much patience and attention, the Cardinal cried out, "A Miracle! A Mi-

racle!" which all the rest rehearsed aloud, concluding that none had more right to dispose of that money, than the Virgin to whom it was offered. Instead of being punished, Jack Withers was now carried back to the church in solemn procession, on mens shoulders, and borne round it in triumph, whilst *Ave Maria* was sung by the Priests, and he placed before the high altar; after which he was dismissed with great applause.

Proving thus so fortunate, he was emboldened to commit another one of the same kind. Going also into a church at Antwerp, he perceived the Priest put a silver crucifix, of great value, into a Sepulchre, as their ceremony is, in representing the Resurrection, upon Ascension-Day; and whilst the spiritual juggler and the people were going round the church, in their superstitious way of devotion, Jack Withers was so dexterous as to convey the crucifix into his breeches, and shuffle among the crowd; so that when the Priest came back to it, saying these words in the gospel—*Non est hic, surrexit enim*; that is, "He is not here, for he is risen;" he found it so indeed; for, after much fumbling, he perceived his treasure gone; and Withers then made hastily off, for fear of a search.

Withers contrived to make his escape from the army; and arriving in England, he commenced highwayman.—Coming on foot over the fields by Marybone, at four o'clock one summer's morning, with two of his companions, they observed a gentleman walking alone, making all the gestures imaginable of passion, discontent, and fury; such as, casting up his eyes to the sky, displaying his arms abroad, and then wringing them together again. This person happened to be Mr. Vanbruggen, a celebrated player, who was studying his part; but they not knowing him, supposed he might be in despair for love, or some other cause; and supposed it was his intention to commit an act of suicide: they therefore watched his motions at a distance; but Mr. Vanbruggen, at length, espying them, for the more privacy, went through a hedge into another field, where the three sparks found him by the side of a pond, expressing, in a very passionate manner, these words of Varanes, in the tragedy of Theodosius:—

"When I am dead, take the attending slaves,
And bear me, with my blood distilling down,
Streight to the Temple."

Jack Withers being foremost, cried to his comrades, "Hallo! Make haste; by G—d 'tis e'en as we thought; the poor gentleman is just going to kill himself." So all making

making up to Vanbruggen, one taking him by one arm, and another by the other, they said, "Pray, Sir, consider what you are going to do! What a sad thing will it be to drown yourself here! Be advised, and entertain better thoughts." Vanbruggen not knowing their meaning, said, as they were pulling and hauling him about, "What a plague is all this for? I am not going to hang, stab, nor drown myself: I am only a player getting my part." "A player, are you?" (replied Withers). "If we had thought that, you should e'en have drowned yourself, and been d——d too, before we'd have taken all this pains to follow your arse up and down: but to make us amends, you can do no less than give us what money you have." Being in a bye place, they tied his hands and legs, and took from him about ten shillings, and a silver hilted sword.

Withers, after this, perpetrated several robberies; and, in particular, a most cruel and wanton murder. Justice, however, at length, cut off the monster from society, by unsheathing her sword at Thetford, in Norfolk, where the villain deservedly breathed his last, in April 1703.

JACK OVET.

THIS notorious malefactor, a shoe-maker by trade, was born at Nottingham, where he lived for four or five years after he had served his apprenticeship; but being always of a daring, audacious disposition, he kept very lewd and dissolute company; and depending on his manhood, he resolved to lay aside his mechanical employment, and to maintain himself by robbing on the highway.

Immediately equipping himself with a good horse, hanger, and pistols, he rid towards London; and on the road took twenty pounds from a gentleman; who possessing great courage, told Ovet, that if he had not come upon him unawares, he should have given him some trouble before he would have parted with his money. Quoth Ovet, "Sir, I have ventured my life once already, in committing this robbery: however, if you have the vanity to think yourself a better man than me, I'll venture once more: for there's your money again; let it be betwixt us, and whoever is the best man, let him win it and enjoy it." The gentleman accepted the proposal; and, making use of their swords on foot, Jack Ovet had the fortune to kill his antagonist on the spot.

Not long after, he killed another man in a quarrel at Leicester; but flying from justice, he cheated the hangman of

of his due; and, without dread, pursued his unlawful courses to the highest pitch of villainy. One day, being drinking at the Star Inn in the Strand, he overheard a soap-boiler contriving with a carrier how he should send an hundred pounds to a friend in the country. At length it was concluded, to put the money into a barrel of soap; which project was mightily approved of by the carrier, who answered, "If any rogues should rob my waggon, (which they never did but once) the devil must be in them, if they look for any money in the soap-barrel!" Accordingly the money and soap were brought to the inn; and next morning the carrier going out of town, Jack Over overtook him in the afternoon; and commanded him to stop. "I must make bold, (said he) to borrow a little money of your waggon; therefore, if you have any, direct me to it, that I may not lose time, which you know is always precious." The carrier told him he had nothing but cumbersome goods in his waggon, as he knew of; however, if he would not believe him, he might search every box and bundle, if he pleased.

Over got into the waggon, and threw all the boxes and bundles about; till he came to the soap barrel, which feeling somewhat heavy, quoth he to the carrier, "What a pox do you with this nasty commodity in your waggon? I'll fling it away." So throwing it violently on the ground, the hoops burst, out flew the head, and the soap spreading abroad, the bag appeared: then jumping out of the waggon, and taking it up, cried, "Is not he that sells this soap a cheating son of a whore, to put a bag of lead into it, to make the barrel weigh heavy? If I knew where he lived, I'd go and tell him his own: however, that he may not succeed in his roguery, I'll take and sell it, at the next house I come to; for it will wet one's whistle to the tune of two or three shillings!"

As he was going to ride away, the carrier cried, "Hold! Hold! Sir! that is not lead in the bag: it is an hundred pounds, for which I must be accountable." "No! no! (replied Jack Over) this can't be money; but if it is, tell the owner that I'll be answerable for it, if he'll come to me." "Where, Sir, (said the carrier) may one find you?" "Why, truly, (replied Jack) that's a question soon asked, but not so soon resolved; the best direction I can give is, that you may perhaps find me in a gaol before night."

Another time, Jack Over meeting with the Worcester stage-coach, in which were several young gentlewomen, he robbed them all; but one of these being very handsome, he said, "Madam, cast not your eyes down, neither cover your

your face with those modest blushes. Your charms have softened my temper, and I am no more the man I was. What I have taken from you (through mere necessity at present) is only borrowed; for as no object on earth ever had such an effect on me as yourself, so be assured, that if you please to tell me where I may direct to you, I'll upon honour make good your loss to the very utmost." The young gentlewoman told him where he might send to her; and then parting, it was not above a week after that, before Jack sent a letter to the aforesaid gentlewoman, who had gained such an absolute conquest over him, that his mind ran now as much upon Love as Robbery.

Jack, however, forgetting to inclose the fair-one's money, according to promise, she returned him a very discouraging answer; hinting, among other observations, that, by becoming his *wife*, she might also shortly become a *widow*! for that she expected soon to hear his dying speech proclaimed in the usual manner!—Nor was the lady disappointed: Overt committing a robbery in Leicestershire, soon afterwards, his companion was killed in the conflict, and himself pursued, taken prisoner, condemned, and executed May 1708.

TOM KELSEY.

THOMAS KELSEY was born in Leather Lane, Holborn; but his mother being a Welch woman, and having an estate of about 4cl. per annum, left her by an uncle at Wrexham in Denbighshire, the whole family went thither to live on it.

Tom, their only son, was, from his infancy, a stubborn, untoward brat; and this temper encreased as he grew up: so that at fourteen years of age he was prevailed on by one Jones, afterwards a victualler in London, to leave his father, in order to seek their fortunes in concert. Neither of them having any money, they were obliged to beg their way in broken English. Going one day to a gentleman's house with their complaint, he took a liking to these boys, and received them both into his house; Kelsey in the quality of horsekeeper, and Jones as falconer. It may be supposed they were both awkward enough in their respective callings; but Tom's place was the least difficult, so that he kept it longest; the gentleman being soon weary of his falconer.

Kelsey used to tell the following pleasant story, as the reason of Jones's discharge. One day, master and man went out hawking together, and as soon as the master discovered the game, he gave the appointed sign, and Jones, who

who had the hawk on his fist, let her fly. The poor falcon, without pursuing the game, mounted directly upwards; upon which the gentleman began to be in a violent passion, not suspecting the cause of her so doing. At last, when he saw no sign of her coming down again, "I believe (said he) the hawk intends to lodge in the sky to-night." "I believe so too, (quoth Jones); for she took her night-cap along with her!" The gentleman soon found out what this night-cap was; for in a few minutes the bird dropped down dead with her hood on, having flown upwards till she was quite spent. This not only occasioned Jones's discharge, but a handsome caning into the bargain.

Shortly after this, Kelsey was detected in some little pilfering tricks; and being, in consequence, turned away, he took the route for London, whither his companion was gone. But being unable to discover Jones's residence, and having spent all his money, he fell into company with thieves, and was as bold and as dexterous in a little time as the best of them; so powerful is the force of natural inclination, whether directed to virtuous or vicious pursuits!

Going one day by the house of a silversmith in Burleigh Street, near Exeter Change, a couple of his companions came by as strangers, and one of them snatched off Kelsey's hat, and flung it into the goldsmith's chamber window, which stood open, running away as fast as they could. Tom, who had a look innocent enough to deceive almost the devil, made a sad complaint to the master, who stood at his door, and saw all that passed. It happened, at that time, that there was nobody at home but himself, of which Tom had got intelligence before. "Poor lad! (said he) you shall not lose your hat; go up stairs and fetch it yourself, for I cannot leave the shop." This was just what Tom wanted: he went up, and took his hat, and with it a dozen of silver spoons that lay in the way; coming down in a minute, and making a very submissive bow to the unsuspecting tradesman for his civility.

Tom was not, however, so successful in his villanies, as to escape condemnation for hanging before he was sixteen years of age. But he got off on account of his extreme youth, and the interest his father made at Court, through the mediation of some powerful friends.

To prevent a similar disaster, the old man put his son apprentice to a weaver; but before he had served half a year of his time, he ran away, and took to his old courses again. It was his pride to make every one as bad as himself; an instance of which appeared in what he did by one

David

David Hughes, his cousin by the mother's side. This youth going to Kingston Assizes along with Tom, a few days after he came to town, was prevailed on by him to pick a pocket in the Court; in which action being apprehended, he was immediately tried, and condemned to be hanged upon a gibbet within sight of the bench, as a terror to others. This was a fatal week to young Hughes: for he came to London on the Monday; on Tuesday and Wednesday spent and lost ten pounds, which was all the money he had, along with whores and sharpers; on Thursday, in the evening, picked a pocket; was condemned on Friday morning; and hanged on Saturday. This was the end of one of Kelsey's hopeful pupils; and he had the impudence to boast of it.

Another time he curiously robbed the Earl of Feversham's lodgings. This Nobleman was General of the Forces in the reign of King James the Second, and consequently had a sentinel always at his door. Tom dressed himself in a foot soldier's habit one evening, and went up to the fellow then on duty, asking him a great many questions, and offering, at last, to make him drink, if it were possible to get a couple of pots of good beer. The soldier told him there was very good a little beyond Catherine Street, but he durst not leave his post to fetch it. "Can't I take your place, brother soldier?" (quoth Tom). "I am sure if somebody be at the post, there can be no danger." The soldier thanked him, took the six-pence, and went his way. Meanwhile, Tom's associates got into the house, and fell lustily to work. They had not quite finished when the soldier came back; whereupon Tom gave him two-pence more, and desired that he would get a little tobacco also. While the poor fellow was absent for this, the villains marched off, and Tom went with them, carrying away not only above two hundred pounds worth of plate, but even the soldier's musket. Next day the sentinel was called to account, and committed to prison. At the ensuing Court Martial he was ordered to run the gantloop for losing his piece, and then sent to Newgate, and loaded with irons, on suspicion of being privy to the robbery, where, after nine months confinement, he miserably perished.

Kelsey, after this, broke open the house of the Lady Grace Pierpoint, at Thistleworth, and stole from thence a great many valuable things. But soon after one of his companions impeached him for this fact; whereupon, being informed that the Officers were searching after him, he fled to the camp of King William in Flanders. Here he got a considerable

considerable booty out of his Majesty's tent, and from other general Officers, with which he got to Amsterdam, and sold it to a Jew; whom he also afterwards robbed, and sold what he had thus obtained to another Jew at Rotterdam; from whence he re-embarked for England.

He had not been long in his native country, before he was detected in breaking open the house of a linen-draper in Cheapside, which put a final end to his liberty, though not to his villainy: for being sent to Newgate, and having no hopes of ever getting out more, unless for the purpose of going to Tyburn, he grew desperate, and resolved to do all the mischief he could. Mr. Goodman, one of the turnkeys of that goal, being one day drinking in the common side cellar, Kelsey privately stabbed him in the belly with a knife, of which wound he instantly died. For this murder he received sentence of death at the next Sessions in the Old Bailey, and a gibbet being erected in Newgate Street, near the prison, he was thereon executed on the 13th of June 1690, being then no more than twenty years of age.

How can Astrologers assert, that men are destined, from infancy, by the Planets, to the commission of such vile crimes as meet our notice in this authentic Biography? Is it not transferring vice from the creature to the Creator; of whose goodness and mercy there cannot be the smallest doubt.

HARVEY HUTCHINS.

HARVEY HUTCHINS was born of honest parents, his father being a sword-blade-maker by trade; who, when this unhappy son came to be about fourteen years of age, put him apprentice to a silversmith in Shrewsbury; but pilfering very often from his master, he had him sent at last to Shrewsbury goal.

In this prison the young lad got acquainted with some London thieves, who, occupying their calling in the county of Salop, were also committed to the same goal; where Hutchins, hearing them tell of the several notable and ingenious robberies that were committed in and about London, by some of the chief masters of their profession, he was resolved to make the best of his way thither after he obtained his liberty.

About three or four months after his confinement came the Assizes; when after being tried, and whipt at the cart's tail, he got his enlargement, and came up to Islington, where he lurked about the town, taking up his lodging in

in a barn: But his mind still ran upon the ingenuity of the topping* thieves in London; particularly one Constantine, whose feats he admired above all the rest. At last, he moved into the great metropolis; where getting acquainted with some young pick-pockets, he enquired of them for this Constantine, who told him he might be found at one Snotty-Nose Hill's, who kept the Dog Tavern in Newgate Street.

The young Salopian, overjoyed that he had found Mr. Constantine's place of resort, went one evening to the Dog Tavern, saying at the bar, in his country dialect, "He had vary ennest busness wod him." The drawer went up stairs to Mr. Constantine, who was then drinking with a great many of his thieving fraternity, and acquainted him, That there was a young country lad below wanted earnestly to speak with him. Quoth Constantine, "With me? D——n me, I don't know any country lad. What is he? Perhaps he's sent for some trepan: prithee go down and ask him his business." The drawer returned to the lad, asking, What he would have with Mr. Constantine? Young Shropshire said, "No hearm; but his busness wes such, that mornt tol it to eny buddy bot hemself."

The drawer went back with this message; when Constantine wondering who this lad should be, ordered him to be brought to the stairs head, where coming out to him, quoth he, "Do you want me, lad?" He replied, "Yes, mester; vor I am come abive a hundered moiles to zee you." Said Constantine, "What is your business with me?" He answered, "Vy, mester, I have ben in Shrewsbury jail, vere haring a grot morny vine stories of you, by zum gentlemen that vare profners with me, I am come up to London on porpus to beand myzelf prontice to yow." Constantine could not forbear smiling at the lad's fancy; and taking him into the room, and repeating the story to his company, it caused a roar of laughter among them.

He gave the boy six-pence, and a glass or two of wine; bidding him be sure to come to him at the same place about seven the next night; when he would take him upon liking, and according as he found him tractable, diligent, and acute in his business, he would take him apprentice. The boy, overjoyed at this good fortune, (as he unhappily thought it) took his leave, and, according to order, was next night at the Dog Tavern punctually at the hour appointed, where his master Constantine was ready to go with him upon a trial of skill; which was this.—Constantine had stole a silver tankard, about three months before, out of an alehouse in Cheapside: he had, nevertheless, been there in

disguise several times after; and observing much plate still in use about the house, he told the boy the story going along the street, and promised him that, if he could carry off another clean, and bring it to him at a certain house in White-chapel, he would certainly take him apprentice, and make a man of him when he was out of his time.

The boy comprehended the story, but just as Constantine was come to the house, pulling him by the sleeve, quoth he, "Mester, mester, can yow ran well?" "Yes, (replied he) as well as most men in England. I have often out-ran hundreds together before now." "Weel then, (said the boy) if you can ran well, ne'er fear but we'll hove a tonkad."

Constantine went in first; and, calling for a room, the boy followed him to the bar, as his servant, and with a low voice asked the man of the house, "If he did not lose a silver tankard about three months ago!"—"Yes," replied he; which Constantine overhearing, took as fast as he could to his heels; the boy at the same time crying out, "That was the man that stole it!" On which the victualler, and the servants, ran presently out in pursuit of him; but to no purpose, for he was got out of sight in an instant; and in the mean time Shropshire took another silver tankard out of the bar, and got safely to the place appointed. Constantine no sooner saw him, than he fell cursing, damning, and sinking, like a madman, at being put into such bodily fear; withal, telling his pupil, "That if he had been taken, he should have been certainly hanged by the best neck he had. But, (quoth he) Sirrah, have you got a tankard?"—"Yes," replied the boy, and taking it from under his coat, gave it him; saying at the same time, "Mester, if yow hed not virst asor'd me thet yow cud ran well, I wud a gut et sum uddar vay."

In fine, Harvey very truly and *honestly* served out his time; when setting up for himself, he had very *pretty business in house-breaking*, and lived creditably and handsomely among those of his profession, for about nine years, in and about the cities of London and Westminster; during which time he often paid scot and lot to Newgate, and other goals; but at last being apprehended for breaking open a Jew's house at Duke's Place, and robbing it of above four hundred pounds in money and plate, he was hanged at Tyburn in 1704; aged twenty-six years.

FRANK OSBORN.

FRANCIS OSBORN was born of very respectable parents, at Colchester in Essex, who bound him to a goldsmith in Lombard Street, London, with whom he very faithfully and honestly served out the time of his apprenticeship, and then set up trade for himself in Cannon Street, where he followed it for seven years. The first two years he was successful, but the other five were a continued scene of shifting, and robbing on the highway. The occasion of his falling into these destructive courses, was getting drunk in the company of lewd women, who kept him from his business till all his ready money was gone, and he had contracted several debts. His creditors now pressed upon him; and as he was loth to lose his reputation in trade, he took to the highway; by which means he made good his payments from time to time, without ever being suspected of the means to which he resorted.

We shall mention two robberies only, of the many which he committed. The first was upon the Earl of Albermarle, in a coach and six horses, between Manningtree and Harwich. Osborn had no more than one assistant, to make head against the Earl, four footmen, and two gentlemen on horseback. The Nobleman's attendants immediately engaged, when they heard Osborn bid the coachman stand: they had all pistols in their pockets, which they discharged as fast as they were able; the Earl himself firing a blunderbuss out of the coach. Frank and his partner, however, kept their ground, without receiving any wound worth notice; discharging their pistols at the servants with different success. They shot two of the horses dead, and wounded two of the footmen and the postilion in a desperate manner. When all the arms on the other side were discharged, Osborn again rode up to the Earl, and threatened to shoot him through the head, unless he at once delivered. Albermarle, seeing there was no remedy, gave up a purse with one hundred and thirty guineas in it, a gold watch, a diamond ring, a pair of diamond buckles, and a gold snuff-box. They had no sooner left his honour, than six or seven Officers of the Army came up, who, upon information of the fact, rode after the offenders, and pursued them so closely, that they were forced to ride into Manningtree River. Frank's horse swam safely over, and he reached London; but his companion and his horse perished together in the middle of the current.

The other robbery was upon the Duke of Newcastle, at that time Earl of Clare only, from whom he took four hundred pounds, and rode off with it by himself. This action occurred on the Nottingham road, and was the more worth notice, this gentleman being a great admirer of gold. Osborn jested on his covetousness; for, going up to the coach, he told his Grace, "That he had been informed he was a Nobleman of most extensive *charity*, and therefore he hoped would please to give him something to make up a great loss which he had sustained in trade." All this was done in a submissive tone, cap in hand, and without the use of a pistol. The Duke refused at first, but Osborn continuing importunate, his Grace fell into a passion, told him he was troublesome, and bid him be gone about his business. "Nay, (said Osborn, pulling out a pistol) if you will oblige me to use force, I can't help it; for when people refuse to *give*, I always *take*; because money I must have, or else I should have no business here: so present *death*, my Lord, or present *delivery*; these are the two chances remaining!" His Grace preferring life to money, delivered the sum above-mentioned.

Osborn reigned, as before observed, about five years, without being mistrusted; but as there are few who continue so long undiscovered, so there are still fewer, who are not at last punished, according to their deserts. Frank, and three other highwaymen, one day set upon a Nobleman's coach on Hounslow Heath with a large retinue, who made a resolute resistance. The highwaymen were soon repulsed, and the three accomplices got off; but Osborn, being a little fool-hardy, stayed long enough to be taken. In Newgate he absolutely refused to discover the persons concerned with him; but, whilst under sentence of death, seemed very penitent, declared he was sorry for the disgrace he had brought both on his family and trade, and desired every body to be warned by his ignominious fate. He was executed in the year 1690, aged twenty-nine years.

MOLL RABY.

MOLL RABY's forte lay in bilking her lodging. We will give an account of her first exploit, by way of caution to the credulous and unsuspecting.

Passing, at a house in Great Russel Street, by Bloomsbury Square, for a great fortune, she was entertained with all the civility imaginable. This seeming honest creature, who

who was a saint without, but a devil within, continued there about a fortnight, to encrease her character, making a very good-appearance as to habit, for she had a tally-man in every quarter of the town. At last, understanding one day that all the family were to take their pleasure as on the morrow, to Richmond, she resolved to embrace that opportunity; and when all were absent, excepting the maid, she desired her to call a porter, and gave him a sham bill, drawn on a banker in Lombard Street, for one hundred and fifty pounds, which she desired him to receive all in gold; but fearing such a quantity of money might be a temptation to dishonesty, she privately requested the maid to go along with him, and she, in the mean time, would take care of the house. The poor girl, thinking no harm, went with the porter to Lombard Street, where they were stopped for a couple of cheats; but alledging their innocence, and proving from whence they came, a messenger was sent home with them, who found it to be a trick put upon the servant to rob the house; for before she came back, Moll Raby had gone off with above eighty pounds in money, one hundred and sixty pounds worth of plate, and several other things of considerable value!

For offences of this nature she was thrice burnt in the hand; and, at length, necessity compelled her to act in a lower sphere. Her first exploit is perhaps worth relating.

Going, by way of essay, upon the *Night-sneak*, (as the phrase is) she found a door half open, in Downing Street, Westminster, where she stole softly up stairs into a great chamber, and hid herself under the bed. She had not been there above an hour, before a couple of footmen brought candles into the room, whilst a maid, with great diligence, laid the cloth for supper. The table being furnished with two or three dishes of meat, five or six persons sat down, besides children. This incident so affrighted Moll, that she verily thought, if their voices and the noise of the children had not hindered them, they might have heard her very joints smite against each other, and the teeth chatter in her head. But, what was worse than all, there being a little spaniel running about, to gnaw the bones that fell from the table, and one of the children having thrown him something, a cat also on the watch, being more nimble, caught it, and ran with it under the bed, where Moll lay *incognito*; the dog snarling and striving for the bone, the cat so well used her claws to defend her prize, that having given the *Buffer* (the cant name for a dog) two or three scratches on the nose, there began so great a

skirmish betwixt them, that, to allay the hurly-burly, one of the servants took a fire-shovel out of the chimney, and flung it so furiously under the bed, that it gave Moll a blow on the nose and forehead, that stunned her for near half an hour. The cat rushed out as quick as lightning, but the dog staid behind, barking and grinning with such fury, that one of the servants flung a fire-fork, which chased him from under the bed, but gave Moll another unlucky blow across the jaws. At length, supper was ended; but the dog still growling, the fear of his betraying her operated so forcibly on her intestines, that a great stink arose, which offended the company, who, supposing it to be the dog, they turned him out, and not long after withdrew themselves; when Moll coming from her hiding place, wrapt the sheets up in a quilt, and sneaking down stairs, made off the ground as fast as possibility gave leave.

Mary Raby, alias Rogers, alias Jackson, alias Brown, was at last condemned for a burglary, committed in the house of the Lady Cavendish, in Soho Square, the 3d of March, 1702-3, upon the information of two villains, Arthur Chambers and Joseph Hatfield, who made themselves evidences against her. At the place of execution, at Tyburn, on the 3d of November, 1703, she said she was thirty years of age; that she had been well brought up at first, and knew good things, but did not practise them; having given up herself to all manner of wickedness and vice, such as whoredom, adultery, &c. That she had a husband, she thought in Ireland, if still alive, but she was not certain, because it was then six years since he left her; but she was very sorry she had defiled his bed, and wished he was present, that she might desire him to *forgive* her.

WILLIAM MACQUEER.

THIS notorious offender was the bastard son of an Irish Priest, and born at Athenrea, in the county of Galway, and province of Connaught in Ireland. Coming young to England, and not readily falling into any business, he took to ill courses, as it were, from necessity; from which, habit too frequently succeeds.

The first of William Macqueer's offences was a burglary, committed at Brentwood in Essex, in company with three more. There they entered a gentleman's house, stole four diamond rings, a very large quantity of plate, and six hundred pounds in money. Not long after this, he and
another

another broke open the Lord Chancellor Jefferies' house, in Duke Street, Westminster, from whence they carried off the purse and mace belonging to his office. Macqueer had been often heard to boast that he forced his companion to carry the two prizes before him through the Park, in the same manner as they were usually carried before the Chancellor; while he walked in state behind, and swelled as much as any country cobbler, when he rises to the dignity of Mayor. The next morning early there was a great hue and cry after these ensigns of dignity, which Macqueer had secured in a closet at his lodging; keeping out, all the day, to hear what would be the event of the said enquiry. The maid going up to clean his chamber, found a small jewel on the floor, which had been dropped from the purse. This she instantly carried down to her master, who having heard of the robbery, and not liking his lodger very well before, began to suspect what afterwards appeared to be the truth. Sending for a Constable, and breaking open the closet-door, they found both the mace and the purse, which were immediately restored to the Chancellor. Macqueer informed himself abroad of all that had happened, and never returned to his landlord's house, till he broke it open about a quarter of a year afterwards, and stole as many goods as were valued at eighty-pounds, merely by way of revenge!

Teague, at last, began to be ambitious, as most of his profession are, when they succeed. Nothing would now serve him but the highway; and he resolved to obtain accoutrements at the public expence. He therefore stole a good horse and saddle from the stable of a Counsellor Thursby, in Burleigh Street; and a pair of pistols from a gunsmith in George Yard, Westminster.

There was in being, at that time, a poet, whose name was Alexander Oldys, a man as deformed in person as Æsop, and as small as a dwarf: he was, notwithstanding, a little inclined to the fleshly desires, and often went to a bawdy-house, as he said, to avoid *bad company*! He was also a bon companion; and reeling home (on the first day of Macqueer's falling forth) from Sion House, whither he had been to present a novel, called, "The Extravagant; or, the Witty Fair-one," to which he had prefixed a new Dedication admirably finished, and wrought with all the good qualities of the best of men, in order to bedaub his patron.

It was therefore our bard's fate to meet Macqueer between Hammersmith and Brentford, when he was accosted with the customary salutation. Mr. Oldys had been all the

the way repeating his Dedication, and was even wrapt above the clouds at reflecting on its beauties; so that he replied in a magniloquent tone: "Who art thou that presumest to stop a Son of the Muses? Such an affront was never offered before to any person that ever wore the Bays: an affront not to me only, but to all the sacred Nine, who dwell on Parnassus.—O! grant me, great Apollo! strength equal to that which you exerted when you slew the dreadful Python, that I may crush this audacious highwayman to atoms!—Methinks I feel fresh force and vigour stealing on me; therefore descend from thy steed, thou proud invader of man's rights and property, and let us here, by dint of sword, try whom the Gods will deign to favour!"

This romantic speech was delivered with such vehemence, and accompanied by so many flourishes of an aged sword, that poor Teague stared almost as wildly as the poet. So many hard names, which he had never before heard, were enough to astonish him. "A Shon of the Mushest be you? By my shalvashon, I thought you wash the shon of no man, you be sho damned ugly. By Shaint Patrick, I don't care for you, nor Parnash, nor Pollo, nor Python, nor any rogue alive. Tish your money I want, and that I must have, be whosh shon you will; or elsh my pisthol shall shend you to the devil!"

Little Oldys found that he was now got into other company than that of the gentle Muses, and began to apprehend that his sword would little avail against a blunt Irishman's pistol; upon which he gave Teague all his money, amounting, in the whole, to no more than three-pence farthing!

Not long after this, Macquer met the Lady Auverquerque, coming from the bath in a coach and six: he stopped, and desired her to *lend* him what money she had about her, because he had at that time great occasion; promising to pay the whole again very honestly at their next rencounter, and offering to give his bond, if she demanded it. The lady perceiving his true intention, resolved to carry on the jest. "Here is never a scrivener, (said she) to make a bond." "Madam, (replied Teague) I will mauke one my self, though I can neither write nor read, that shall be ash good ash any one in England." "I believe, (answered the lady) you had as good tell me at once you are come to rob me; for this is an odd way of borrowing." "I am a stranger in this country, (said the Irishman) and sho if I dont know the differensh between robbing and borrowing, you must excuse me; for all I mean ish, to have your money." The lady gave him in *earnest* her gold watch,
two

two diamond rings, and some money. Teague then shot two of the coach-horses, and those of two footmen that attended, and rode off with his booty.

Macqueer took a particular delight in robbing Officers of the Army, because he imagined that in so doing he gave great proofs of his valour. We shall give two instances of robberies of this kind.

The first was committed on a Lieutenant of the Second Regiment of Foot Guards, whom he met between Uxbridge and Beaconsfield. The Lieutenant being stopped unexpectedly, gave our highwayman very good words; telling him, "That he never knew one of his profession meddle with Gentlemen of the Army, whom every man ought to respect, because they hazard their lives in their country's service." Teague told him, "That as to their services, he believed there was more of it rendered to the ladies and the bottle, than to their country; but be that as it would, he chose to stop such persons as could not reproach him with cowardice as well as dishonesty; which he apprehended was the case when he attacked a foldier, who, by profession, ought to be braver than other men." The Lieutenant perceiving that Teague was not to be talked out of his purpose, delivered him six pounds, out of which Macqueer gave him back ten shillings to bear his charges.

The other Officer whom he robbed was one Captain Shooter, a man of bravery and resolution, who would not tamely part with his property. Their meeting happened on Hampstead Heath, where they exchanged several pistols without effect on either side. They then closed, with drawn swords, and made a great many passes; and Macqueer had certainly been worsted, if he had not bethought himself of another pistol in his breeches pocket, which he pulled out, and discharged suddenly through the Captain's head; while he, unfortunately, apprehended nothing but the sword. Teague got at least fifty guineas, and a silver watch, by this murder.

The last robbery he committed was in company with William Selwood, alias Jenkins, another old offender. They took two hundred and fifty guineas from one Mr. Benjamin Watts on Hounslow Heath: and for this fact they were both taken, condemned, and on the 1st of May 1691, executed together at Tyburn; Macqueer being in the twenty-eighth year of his age, only

JONATHAN SIMPSON.

JONATHAN SIMPSON was the son of a very wealthy inhabitant of Launceston in Cornwall; and his father put him apprentice to a linen-draper in Bristol, at the age of fourteen. When he had served out his time, which he did with reputation, the same indulgent father gave him fifteen hundred pounds to set up with in the city where he was become free, and where he soon fell into great and lucrative business.

In less than a year after opening shop, he married a merchant's daughter of the same place, who brought him a fortune of two thousand pounds. This was a great addition to his wealth, it is true; but the union proved unhappy, because the young lady was before engaged in affection to a gentleman of less fortune in the neighbourhood, whom her father hindered her from marrying, and with whom she continued a familiarity that soon displeased her husband.

Jealousy doubtless occasioned the following pleasant adventure* :—

He formed a pretence of going into Cornwall to see his friends, and therefore took his leave of his wife for ten or twelve days; who, as soon as he was gone, gave her gallant notice, being unwilling to lie so long alone. He was to come the first evening; and a couple of fowls, with other delicacies, were got ready for his reception. Simpson staid abroad till he imagined the woodcock was got into his spring, and then he came to the door before the maid, who was privy to her mistress's affairs, had gone to bed. He ran immediately up into the chamber; and Madam could not conceal her lover in a great chest, that stood in the room, so suddenly but that her cuckold heard the cover of it move: however he took not the least notice; but told her he was glad she had got something for supper; making a feasible excuse for his quick return.

Mrs. Simpson's spark was now also married; and he had made a pretence of going abroad for some days, to spend that time in the company of one whom he liked better than his wife; designing, when he was once entered, to have continued in Simpson's house till near the time of his proposed return. Jonathan found an important errand also to some relations at the further end of Bristol, that must be done

* Our Modern Authors have served up this story, with invented exaggerations, as a Translation from the Spanish!

that

that night; on which he dispatched his dear rib in a hackney coach, and then sent immediately for the spouse of her gallant to sup with him, in his chamber, on the two fowls.

While they were at supper, Simpson told his fair guest that he had lost his wife that evening, and that she had been seen with her husband. This immediately inflamed the sweet creature with jealousy, because she knew of their former intimacy: so that there was no great difficulty in persuading her to revenge the affront, on the very chest wherein poor Pill-Garlick lay almost stifled. As soon as the ceremony was over, he lifted up the lid, and cried, "Come out, brother cuckold!" which the good man did, in evident confusion. The dear lady was ready to swoon at what she had done, when she saw her husband; but Simpson made him swear not only to forgive her, but even never to mention the thing, under penalty of losing his ears; and sent them both home apparently reconciled.

But though this was all that fell to his neighbour's share, his revenge on Mrs. Simpson went yet further; for when she came back, he refused her admittance; and the next day privately sold off his stock, shut up shop, and went off with all the money he could raise; resolving never more to live in Bristol. By this means, he had now above five thousand pounds of his own; but at the end of eighteen months he had not a penny left of all this large sum; nor of all the money he had, during that time, taken on the road.

While his money lasted, he played with the law; for though he was once or twice discovered, he made up the matter, and prevented prosecution. The law is chiefly for poor rogues, who can neither daub a plaintiff, hire a false evidence, or corrupt a great man.

No sooner had Simpson wasted all his substance than he was apprehended and condemned at the Old Bailey for a robbery on the highway; and he must certainly have swung for it, if some of his rich relations had not procured him a reprieve. It came while he was at Tyburn, the halter about his neck, and just ready to be turned off, in company with several others. As he was riding back to Newgate behind one of the Sheriff's Officers, the man asked him, if he thought any thing of a reprieve, when he came to the gallows:—"No more, (said Simpson) than I thought of my dying-day!"

When he was brought to the prison-door, the turnkey refused to receive him; telling the Officer, that as he had been

been sent for execution, they were discharged of him, unless there was a fresh warrant for his commitment; whereupon Simpson made this reflection: "What an unhappy cast-off dog am I! that both *Tyburn* and *Newgate* should in one day refuse me entertainment. Well, I'll mend my manners for the future, and try whether I can't merit a reception at both places the next time I am brought thither." He was as good as his word; for it was believed he committed above forty robberies in the county of Middlesex within six weeks after his discharge, in order to qualify himself for those distinctions at which he hinted.

Simpson was a very good skater; and made a practice of robbing people on the ice between Fulham and Kingston bridge, in the great frost, 1689, which held thirteen weeks. He used to kick up their heels, and then search their pockets.

One time a gentleman whom he stopped gave him a fine silk purse full of counters, which he took for gold; and, when he even found himself outwitted, he took it calmly; but kept the brass booty in his pocket, looking out frequently for his benefactor, whom he knew to be often on the road. At the end of about four months, he met this impostor again on Bagshot Heath; when, riding up to the coach, "Sir, (said he) I believe you made a mistake, the last time I had the happiness to see you, in giving me these pieces. I have been troubled ever since for fear you should want them at cards, and am glad of this opportunity to return them. I require for my care only, your breeches, to search at my leisure!" The gentleman was obliged to comply at the exhibition of a pistol; and Simpson found at night that the freight consisted of a gold watch, a gold snuff-box, and a purse, containing ninety-eight guineas and five Jacobussies.

Another time he robbed the Lord Delamere on Dunmoor Heath of three hundred and fifty guineas, by persuading his Lordship first to send away all his attendants, on a sham pretence that two highwaymen were just before, and had robbed him of forty pounds. This action induced his Lordship to swear never more to do a good-natured deed.

The robberies he committed on drovers, pedlars, market-people, &c. were almost innumerable. He stopped in one day nineteen of those people between London and Barnet, and took from them above two hundred pounds. He even ventured to attack the Duke of Berwick, natural son to King James the Second, and took from him his watch, rings, and money, amounting in all to a great value.

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This great malefactor was at last apprehended near Aston, by means of two Captains of the Foot-Guards, whom he attempted to rob both together. An obstinate battle took place between them; and Simpson behaved with so much bravery, that, in all probability, he had not been taken, if one of the Officers had not shot his horse, though he was before wounded in both arms and one of his legs. Nay, even when dismounted, he defended himself till other passengers came up and secured him, which his adversaries were scarcely able to do, they being also both very much hurt. When sent to Newgate, he found the keeper so much his friend as to receive him; neither did Tyburn this time refuse to bear his burden. He was hanged on the 3th of September, 1686, aged thirty-two years; equally distinguished for misfortune and wickedness.

TIM. BUCKLEY.

TIM. BUCKLEY once taking a walk towards Hyde Park Corner, it was his fortune to meet with a famous Merry Andrew and Mountebank, called Doctor Cately. He commanded that illiterately learned gentleman to *stand and deliver*; which words sounding as terribly in his ears, as *cut, slash, saw, and fear*, does to poor patients while their legs are cutting off in St. Bartholomew's, or St. Thomas's Hospital, he begged heartily of him to be merciful, and not to rob a poor man, who took a great deal of pains for an honest livelihood. Tim. knowing his occupation, laughed; withal saying, "Quacks pretend to honesty! There is not such another pack of cheating knaves in the nation; making people believe they are scholars, when they know no more of Greek or Latin, than a goose. Besides, their impudence is intolerable; for deceiving of ignorant folks with hard names, and cramp words, as jugglers do with the old cant of *Hiclius doctius, bi presso*, be gone, while their confederates pick their pockets. Moreover, making credulous fools believe, that there was not more men slain and wounded at the Battle of the Boyne, than they have recovered from the point of death, or death's door, by beckoning their souls back again, after they have been many leagues from their bodies. Therefore quickly deliver, or else this pistol shall prevent your going any more into France, Spain, Italy, Portugal, Denmark, Sweden, Poland, Germany, and the Devil's Arse in the Peak, as your usual cant is, though you was never out of England in your life."

life." The Doctor preferring his welfare to his cash, humbly presented Tim. with six guineas, and a very good watch.

An informing Constable, who was a baker in St. Giles's in the Fields, once took up Tim., and sent him for a soldier to Flanders. He had not been long there, however, before he deserted, and came to London again; and one day meeting this baker's wife coming alone from Hampstead, he forced her into a private place, and presenting a pistol to her breast, swore he would shoot her dead on the spot, if she refused laying with him. The baker's wife being no Lucretia, to value chastity at the loss of life, submitted to the ravisher's pleasure; who afterwards commanded her to deliver her money, and what other things of worth she had. Hereupon the honest woman cried out, "Is this Justice or Conscience, Sir?" Quoth Tim. "You b——h, don't tell me of Justice, for I hate her as much as your husband can, because her scales are even. And as for Conscience, I have as little of that as any baker in England, who cheats other peoples bellies to fill his own. Nay, a baker is a worse rogue than a taylor: for whereas the latter commonly pinches his cabbage from the rich; the former; by making his bread too light, robs all without distinction, but chiefly the poor; for which he deserves hanging more than me, or any of my honest fraternity." He took from her a couple of gold rings, and eleven shillings, and then sent her home to tell the melancholy adventure to her husband.

Tim. Buckley afterwards stealing a very good horse in Buckinghamshire, turned highwayman; and in riding up to London, met on the road a pawnbroker, whose shop he had frequently visited. The tradesman pleaded earnestly for favour; saying, "It is a very hard case that an honest man cannot go about his lawful occasions, but he must be robbed!" "D—m'me, (quoth Tim.) hast thou so much brazened impudence as to reckon thyself an honest man, when I know thou art an unconscionable pawnbroker, that lives and grows fat by fraud and oppression; as a toad on filth and venom?—Your practice outvies Usury, as much as robbing on the highway does a Petit-Larceny; so if one call you a tradesman, it must be by the same rhetorical figure which stiles the legerdemain of a pickpocket an Art and Mystery. Your shop, like the gates of hell, is always open, in which you sit at the receipt of custom; and having got the spoils of the needy, you hang them up in rank and file, like so many trophies of victory. To your shop all sorts of garments resort on a pilgrimage, whilst you, playing the

the pimp, lodge the tabby petticoat, and the russet breeches together, in the same bed of lavender. Thou art the treasurer of the thieves exchequer, and the common tender of all booth-heavers and shop-lifters in town; to which purpose you keep a private warehouse, whence you ship away all ill-gotten goods by wholesale. You do so fleece the poor, that you scarcely leave them so much as a primitive fig-leaf to cover their nakedness; and so often do they bring what they have into your lumber-house, that at last the articles know the way, and can almost go to pawn alone by themselves. Thus the needy are forced to purchase the same clothes half a score times over; and for want of a chest to keep them in at home, it costs thrice as much as they are worth for a lodging in your custody.

"Upon the whole, since you seldom or never lend above half the value on any thing, plate excepted, you get near forty pounds in every hundred, and considering how many thieves and pickpockets (your chiefest customers, that bring the lumping bargains) never intend to redeem, and how many poor people are not able; or that if they are redeemed the very next day, yet are you so extortioning as to be paid a month's interest, one may reasonably conclude, that you make at least cent. per cent. of your money in a year: and all this by a course tending only to the encouragement of thieves, and the ruin of those that are honest, but indigent. Come, come, Mr. Blood-sucker, open your purse-strings, or otherwise this pistol shall instantly send you to hell before the wind!" But the pawnbroker being loth to go to the devil before his time, ransomed his carcass for twenty-eight guineas, a gold watch, a silver tobacco-box, and a couple of gold rings.

Another time, Tim. Buckley meeting a stock-jobber on the road, who had formerly prosecuted him for felony, upon conviction whereof he was burnt in the hand, now resolved on revenge; and accordingly robbed him of forty-eight guineas. The stock-jobber desiring some small matter to carry him forward on his journey, quoth Tim. "I have no charity at all for rogues of *stock-jobbers*, who are animals that rise and fall like the ebbing and flowing of the sea; and their paths are as unsearchable. Thou art as changeable as the wind, and certain in nothing but uncertainty. I believe the grasshopper on the Royal Exchange is an emblem of you; for as that leaps from one place to another, so do you from one number to another: sometimes thirty per cent. advance is too little; at other times thirty per cent. discount is not enough. I'll hold a wager, that if

I should ask what religion you profess, you'll cry, 'You'll sell me as cheap as any-body;' or ask you of what value such an article of faith is, you'll tell me, 'You'll give me as much for Navy Bills as any chapman.' And so full of contradiction, as to lower the price of things on purpose to raise it."

After escaping a dangerous prosecution, and committing various shocking depredations, Tim. went to a fair at Derby, where he bought a good horse, and went on the highway again. Within two miles of Nottingham he attempted to stop a coach, in which were three gentlemen, besides a couple of footmen riding a little behind; but being resolved not to be robbed by a single villain, one of the travellers fired a blunderbuss from the coach, which killed Tim's horse; when all the gentlemen alighting, and the footmen being by this time also come up to their assistance, a bloody and obstinate engagement took place, wherein Tim. killed one of the gentlemen and a footman: but nevertheless, being overpowered, after discharging eight pistols, and was also grown faint through the loss of blood, having received eleven wounds in his arms, thighs, and legs, he was seized and committed to Nottingham gaol, and was executed in 1701, aged twenty-nine years; and afterwards hanged in chains at the place where he had perpetrated the two lamentable murders.

N A N H E R E F O R D.

ANN HEREFORD was more famous than almost any one of the male robbers, whose actions we have recorded. But one instance, out of many, will suffice to give an idea of her cunning; and one instance of this kind is as good as one thousand.—She was born at Ipswich in Suffolk, of very honest parents, who both died when she was about seventeen years of age. No sooner was Ann an orphan than she came up to London, where she got a service, and lived in it above half a year: it was then her misfortune to fall into bad company, who seduced her from her place, and brought her to be a partner with them in their evil courses, which she ever afterwards pursued; taking care to keep herself genteelly cloathed, and not to be seen among her associates; by which means she long escaped unsuspected, and during which time she acted the following farce.

Ann took very good lodgings in King Street, Westminster, where she entertained an experienced old-beldam as her
assistant.

assistant. It was the business of this old woman to enquire out a rich young novice in that neighbourhood, who might be a proper subject to work on. After a diligent search, she found there was a young apothecary, who was both rich and covetous.

Nan kept herself up close at home; while the old woman was sent for many an idle errand to the apothecary's shop; one time for pomatum, another time for mithridate, another for dialcordium, and so continually. These frequent demands induced the apothecary to take notice, and to talk to her in a more free and pleasant manner than at first. She took care to improve those opportunities, and at length asked him, in particular, "Why he did not marry?" His answer was such as might be expected from a miser, "That the Times were hard, Trade dead, and Housekeeping expensive." "That's true, (said she) but a rich wife, man, would make amends for all this." "A good one, and a rich one too, (quoth he) would be a brave thing indeed: I must confess, I should be glad to embrace such an opportunity of altering my condition." The old woman now insinuated, that she was certain such fortunes might be had; and added, "That there was a young gentlewoman of her acquaintance, who was niece to a very eminent citizen of London, and had two thousand pounds to her portion, lodged in her uncle's hands, which must be paid her upon the day of marriage, if demanded." "But how, (said the apothecary) shall I get into the young lady's company?" To this it was readily replied, "That indeed her uncle kept a very strict hand over her, and permitted her to go abroad but seldom; but that she had now and then the liberty of making her a visit, she having been formerly a nurse in her father's family: and every time the poor thing is at my house, (said the crafty old baggage) she complains of her uncle's severity, and wishes she could meet with a good opportunity of altering her condition with a man who would use her well, and take her entirely out of the old man's tutelage." The apothecary was charmed at the story, and engaged the old dame to do all she could in his interest.

Having taken down the names both of the uncle and damsel, he went the next day into the city, and made inquiry concerning them, with as much care as an old usurer examines securities. He found that there was such a man as had been described, and that he had a niece with two thousand pounds. The old woman had been very exact in these particulars, fearing he would give himself this trouble.

He had no business to enquire any further, than whether or not there were such persons, and such a sum of money; because he had been before cautioned against letting the uncle know any thing of the design. He was now very earnest to see his *good angel* again, as he afterwards called her, that they might concert further measures, and that he might engage her more strongly to his interest by a promissory note, to be paid as soon as he obtained the young lady's hand. The go-between was not long absent from his shop; but when he made his proposal to her, she seemed more cold than before, and told him, that she would not for the world be concerned in the match, if he had nothing in view but getting the money: "However, (said she) since I have promised you, I'll bring you together; and if you like her person, and she likes your's, then we will talk further of conditions; for as I am but a poor woman myself, a small gratuity would not be unacceptable."

In a few days after this, the apothecary was introduced to the company of Nan Hereford; who received him like a girl that had never seen a man before: such modesty, such silence, so many blushes, were enough to deceive almost the devil himself. The interview was but short; for the lady was afraid of staying long abroad, lest her uncle should be angry. Her coldness made Galen the warmer, till the old woman whispered him not to say too much at first, for fear he should spoil all. In a word, Miss went home, without so much as promising him positively that she would endeavour to come again; however, she gave him room to hope. The next time the old woman saw the gallant, he renewed his proposal to her; protested he liked her choice beyond any woman he had ever seen in his life, and begged of her to proceed as vigorously for him as she was able. After a few compliments, a bond was drawn up for an hundred pounds, payable to the old woman on the day of marriage, in case she effected what she had undertaken. He seemed to give this bond more willingly than she received it, and would almost have doubled it, when, a few days after she told him, "That she had seen Miss, and perceived she entertained a good opinion of him; for she had promised to come to her house again."

The next meeting was somewhat longer, and even long enough to finish the whole affair. He told Miss plainly that he loved her, could maintain her handsomely, and would make her his wife, if she pleased, without further ceremony.—The counterfeit fortune seemed to consent; but, withal, intimated, that she left her uncle only because

he

he did not use her well, and allow her any money; and that therefore she hoped he would not serve her in the same manner. "I have been hitherto, (said she) kept so short, as not to be allowed apparel suitable to my condition, and I shall think it hard to be used so by you too: my uncle will suspect some design, if I should now press him more than ordinary for a supply; and, as I am, I am unfit to appear as your wife. My fortune may be demanded when we are married, and it is best not to trouble the old man till all be secure." Thus she ran on, talking distantly, but plain enough for the apothecary to see what she meant; and it was now proper to try his mettle. If she found him bleed well, as the phrase among these people is, it would be worth while to tickle him a little longer; and even marry him, if it were necessary: but otherwise Madam had nothing else to do, than give him the *bag*, and look out for fresh sport. The stratagem succeeded beyond her most extravagant expectations; for he fetched two hundred and fifty guineas, to give the more signal proofs of his sincerity, and leave her no room to suspect his love. All this he threw into her lap; told her he had three times as much more at home; and she should enjoy whatever was in his power to procure.

In a word, they were soon after married; and bedded the same day, because Madam durst not be absent from her uncle's house all night! When he had enjoyed the darling of his soul, as she now began to be in earnest, he sent her home with a thousand sighs and expressions of fondness; promising to come in a few days, and demand both her and her fortune. In the mean while he continued very impatient, till Time would allow him in good manners to make his claim; and Nan and the procureurs made off the ground to fresh lodgings.

When three days were elapsed, the apothecary dressed himself in his best cloaths, (which were entirely new on the wedding-day, to answer what his spouse had bought with his money) took a coach, and drove into the city, up to the door of the supposed uncle. He expected a warm reception, and had fortified his mind to bear it; so that, when he had knocked, and was admitted to the old gentleman's presence, he peremptorily said, "He was come to demand his wife." "I know nothing of your wife, nor you neither, (quoth the old man) and desire therefore that you'd explain your meaning." Galen smartly replied, "I mean your niece, Sir, who is my lawful wife." "Your wife, man! (said the other); since how long, pray?" The apothecary here named the day and the circumstances, to convince

convince him of the truth of what he said; but the old man told him his niece was not out on the day specified, and that he could not comprehend his drift. In short, they came at last to high words; and the apothecary seemed so positive and sincere all the while, that the uncle began to think he had been imposed on; whereupon he asked him, "If he knew his wife when he saw her?" "I should be glad," (replied Mr. Gallipot) "if you would try me." The old man agreed to send for his niece, and she came accordingly. "This is none of my wife," said the disappointed young man. "But this is my niece though! (quoth the other) and all the nieces I have in the world too." The uncle and apothecary exhibited, each of them, the most evident signs of astonishment; while the young lady was equally surprised to hear herself spoken of as a wife, being certain she had never enjoyed the pleasure of being one. The old man, having fully weighed the case, "Friend, (said he) I am convinced that some trick has been played you. Be so kind as to relate the particulars of your courtship." This was no sooner demanded than consented to; and one particular cleared up another through the whole course of the affair, till the apothecary was himself fully convinced that he had met with a couple of sharpers. All he had now to do was, to think of *Job*, go peaceably home, tell over the money he had left, and advance one penny per shilling on his medicines.

After this adventure, Nan grew enamoured of one Kirkham, a player, who consented to live with her. To maintain their extravagancies, she practised shop-lifting; and he going on the highway, had the fortune to be taken in his first attempt, and hanged. But Nan continued her occupation six years longer; stealing from mercers, linen-drappers, and lace-men, as much goods as were supposed to be worth above four thousand pounds! However, she was detected, after all, at a linen-draper's shop in Cornhill, while endeavouring to secure a piece of muslin, having went to the shop in a chair, with two or three footmen at her heels. Before the Sessions, she offered an hundred guineas to prevent the prosecutor's appearance; but in vain. She also attempted to set Newgate on fire, for which she was very heavily fettered and hand-cuffed. Being condemned at the Old Bailey, she was executed before the prison she had endeavoured to destroy, December 22, 1690, aged twenty-eight years. Her body was given to the surgeons for dissection.

MOLL JONES.

MARY JONES, born in Chancery Lane, where her parents lived in credit, was brought up to the hood and scarf business, at the New Exchange in the Strand. Mary married an apprentice, whom she loved extremely, and whose extravagancies were thought to be the first occasion of her taking to dishonest courses: for as he was not in a capacity to get any money himself, she willingly resorted to unjustifiable means, that her juvenile husband might be enabled to ape the gentleman. The first species of thieving she chose was pocket-picking: but proving, upon the whole, rather unsuccessful, and having tasted of corporal punishment in Newgate, she deemed it high time to vary the mode of depredation; and therefore turned shop-lifter, in which she succeeded for three or four years; at the end of which, privately stealing half a dozen pair of silk stockings from one Mr. Wanfel, a hosier in Exeter Change, she was detected in the fact by one Smith a victualler, in the Strand. Smith being a Constable, seized and carried her before a Justice, who committed her to Newgate, after which she was a second time burnt in the hand.

Moll obtaining her liberty once more, resolved to be revenged on Smith the Constable, at whose house she had spent a pretty deal of money. Knowing this victualler to be vain-glorious, as well as covetous, usually boasting of his friends in the country, and his wealth at home, she found thereby that he had some relations about Ludlow, in the confines of Shropshire and Herefordshire, which inspired her with the idea of playing him a singular trick.

Late one summer evening, a rogue of her acquaintance, booted and spurred, with a horse in his hand, and covered with dust, came along the Strand, and very solicitously enquired for Mr. Smith, and by the neighbours was at length conducted to the house. The fellow's superlative ignorance raised astonishment; and one, more busy than the rest, prepared Mr. Smith for the reception of this uncouth stranger. Being come to the door, he with some earnestness and elevation of voice, demanded, Which is the house? Smith being in waiting, gravely answered, "I am the master, for want of a better: what would you please to have with me?"

The impostor told him, "That if he was the gentleman, he had some news out of the country, which most nearly concerned him, being come on purpose to be the first messenger

“fenger of glad tidings.” “Pray, Sir, come in, (quoth Smith); you are heartily welcome! Pray how do all our friends in the country?” “Very well, (quoth the clown) except your uncle, who is dead; and, we hope, is best of all. A little before his death, he made his will; and, Sir, has made you his heir, and left you all his personal estate besides, save a few legacies. To-day he is to be buried; but before I came away, knowing my deceased master your uncle’s mind, I took an inventory of all the goods, and locked up all his bonds and other writings, and the money and plate, in one of the great chests, and have brought the key along with me, which I here present to you.”

The perplexity of this ale-retailer, labouring to frame a countenance of grief, (under the prevalent joy which visibly appeared) was laughable. At length, after a deep sigh, and a few observations on the certainty of death, he unrid-dled his face, and very heartily welcomed the fellow, took him into his kitchen, and crammed his guts with good victuals and drink, commanding his wife to make him what cheer she could, since there was no recalling the dead; though he was truly a dear uncle, and the very best of friends!

The fellow, however, stood at some distance, with his hat off; and much ado there was to persuade him to be covered. He then desired his new master’s favour, that he might continue the bailiff and steward of his lands; to which Smith readily assented, praising his honesty and faithfulness. After supper, they resumed the discourse; with which Smith was highly delighted. Then they began to consider of their journey, the expedition whereof this fellow very much urged, in regard of those poor kindred of his uncle’s, who, no doubt, would make havock of those goods which were left about the house, and perchance might venture upon the locks, and seize the rest. But Smith would not disgrace himself among his kindred, and therefore proposed staying till he had provided himself and his wife with new mourning, and things suitable to his new fortunes, with a black suit and cloak for the man, who was to attend them into the country.

When all was ready, they set forward, the victualler having discharged his man’s horse-hire, and other expences, besides finding him diet and lodging. Upon the road he was very officiously waited upon by this new servant the first four days journey, lodging the last night within ten miles of the place whither they were to go: but early in the morning the spark arose, saddled his horse, with the post-mantrou

manteau and his mourning in it, and away he galloped by another road, leaving his master to find out the Utopian riches. Smith missing his guide and servant, who was lost beyond all doubt, began to suspect a cheat; yet covetousness prevailing against reason, he resolved to pursue the adventure: but, in the pursuit, found himself completely bamboozled; death, in this instance, not having proved quite so certain as he had been led to imagine.

Vexed, and yet ashamed to make a discovery of his folly, poor Nick and Froth and his doxy turned their horses heads, and sorrowfully departed, cursing their credulity. To add to this misfortune, money too ran very low, so that they were forced to make long journies and short meals in their way home; and, at last, were even forced to part with their horses at half price, which Smith had purchased to save expences. After this, on foot, wearied and wasted with vexation, they at last arrived at London; and, in the evening, crept into their house to avoid the public ridicule of their neighbours, among whom they had noised their sudden windfall. Nevertheless, the circumstance was generally known; and Smith ever afterwards acknowledged, That it were better "to bear those ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of."

Moll did not long outlive this piece of revenge; for still following the art and mystery of shoplifting, she was apprehended for privately stealing a piece of satin out of a mercer's shop on Ludgate Hill, whither she went in a very splendid equipage, and personated the Duchess of Norfolk, to avoid suspicion of dishonesty; but her graceless Grace being sent to Newgate, and condemned for her life at the Old Bailey, she was hanged at Tyburn in the twenty-fifth year of her age, in the year 1691.

TOM TAYLOR.

WITH Moll Jones was executed Tom Taylor, a Parson's son, born at Colchester in Essex. This youth, accustoming himself to gaming from twelve years of age, was so addicted to idleness, that he could not be brought to any honest employment. Rejecting the good counsel of his parents, and joining himself to bad company, he soon got into a gang of pickpockets. Going once, with three or four of these diving sparks, to Guildford in Surry, where there was next day a fair to be kept, they resolved to do their business that very evening, while the people were busy

in sitting up their stalls. Their first consultation was how to draw the folks together to make one job of it; which was agreed on, at length, in this manner. Tom Taylor pretending to be an ignorant clown, put his head into the pillory, which was elevated near the Market-house, as if he had only a mind to be laughed at. The report of this feat, bringing the whole town together, his companions so plied their work, while the people gazed, laughed, and stared, that they left but few of them any money in their pockets; including the very keeper of the pillory.

Taylor, after long filling a subordinate capacity, at length set up for himself. One day going to the play-house in Drury Lane, very well dressed, he seated himself by a gentleman in the pit, whose pocket he picked of about forty guineas, and got clean off. This good success tempted Tom to go thither the next day, in a different suit of cloaths; when perceiving the same gentleman in the pit, whose pocket had relieved his necessities but the day before, he took his seat by him again. The gentleman, however, recollected his face, notwithstanding the change of apparel; though he seemed to take no notice. Putting a great number of guineas slyly into the pocket next Tom, it was not long before he dived for them. The gentleman had previously sewed fishing-hooks all round the mouth of his pockets; and our gudgeon venturing too deep, by unconsciously plunging to the very bottom, his hand was caught, and held so fast, that he could no way disentangle it.

Tom angled up and down for near a quarter of an hour; the gentleman, all the while, pretending to be unconscious of the circumstance: at last, Tom very courteously pulling off his hat, said, as the last resource, "Sir, by a mistake, I have somehow or other put my hand into your pocket, instead of my own." The gentleman, without making any noise, arose and repaired to the Rose Tavern, at the corner of Bridges Street, and Tom along with him, of course; and, in spite of every argument, founded on Accident, the offending member remained in *sharp* custody, till some trusty companions came to his aid, and paid down eighty guineas for a discharge. The gentleman still being not altogether contented with this double satisfaction for his loss, most unmercifully caned the culprit; and then turning him over to the mob, they as unmercifully pumped and ducked him in a horse-pond, and afterwards broke one of his legs and an arm.

Tom, after a long residence in the hospital, directed his talents to house-breaking; and actually committed above

sixty

sixty felonies and burglaries, in the county of Middlesex only, in less than fourteen months. He reigned eight years in all; but, at length, setting a barn on fire betwixt Brentford and Aulstirly, while the servants came from the dwelling-house to quench it, he ran up into a chamber, under pretence of preserving the goods, but made off with a trunk, in which was a great deal of plate, and an hundred and forty pounds in money. He was, however, apprehended before he reached Hammersmith; committed to Newgate, and received sentence of death at the Old Bailey, when about twenty-nine years of age.

JACK COLLET, ALIAS COLE

THIS unfortunate youth was the son of a grocer in the Borough of Southwark, where he was born; and from whence, at fifteen years of age, was put out apprentice to an upholsterer in Cheapside. But he did not serve above four years of his time before he ran off from his master, and took to the highway. There is this remarkable particular recorded of this *hero*: That he frequently robbed in the habit of a *Bishop*, with four or five companions at his heels, in the quality of servants, who were ready to assist him on occasion.

Collet had once the ill fortune to lose his canonical habit at dice, so that he was forced to take a turn or two on the road, to supply present necessity, in unsanctified garments: but it was not long before he met with a good opportunity of taking orders again, and becoming as holy as ever. Riding from London into Surry, he met with Dr. Mew, Bishop of Winchester, and commanded his coachman to stop. The Bishop was not at all surprised at being asked for his money; because, when he saw his coach stopped, he expected that would follow as a natural consequence: but when Collet told him he must have his robes too, his Lordship deemed him a madman. There was, however, no resisting: the old Doctor, after delivering about fifty guineas, was obliged to strip to his waistcoat. Collet told him he had now a just right to his money, as having the sacerdotal habit in his possession: "For that, you know, Doctor, (quoth he) is a proof of my indelible character, and the property I have in the revenues of the church; and as good a proof, I believe, as many others can shew, who have just as much learning and honesty as I have, and yet are acknowledged to be good clergymen, and some of the receivers general of heaven."

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Collet

Collet followed this trade till he reached thirty-two years of age; when, as if determined to live always by the church, he was at last apprehended in breaking open the vestry of Great St. Bartholomew's, London, in company with one Christopher Ashley, alias Brown, and stealing from thence the pulpit-cloth, and all the communion-plate. For this fact he received sentence of death, and was executed at Tyburn, on the 5th of July, 1691.—This Brown and Collet had before, in conjunction, robbed St. Saviour's church in Southwark.

T O M S H A R P .

THOMAS SHARP was born of very honest parents at Ryegate in Surry, where he served his time to a glover: but had not been long out of his apprenticeship, ere, by the influence of bad company, he became so hardened in villainy, as not to be reclaimed either by wholesome advice, threats, or the fate of many of his companions, who were executed before him.

Dressing himself one day in an old suit of black cloaths, and an old tattered canonical gown, he went to a great tavern in the city, where being then a great feast of the clergy, he humbly begged a waiter to acquaint some of the ministers that a *poor scholar* was waiting below, who craved their charity. Accordingly, the waiter delivered the message to one of the divines. The gentleman going down, and commiserating his seeming poverty, introduced him into the company, who made him eat and drink very plentifully, and then gathered for him between four and five pounds, which he thankfully put into his pocket. One of the divines then desired to know at what University he was bred? Tom Sharp told them, he was never bred at any. "Can you speak Greek?" asked the divine. "No," replied Tom. "Nor Latin?" "No, Sir," said Tom. "Can you write then?" quoth the divine. "No, nor read neither!" replied Tom. At which they fell a laughing, and said, "He was a *poor scholar* indeed!" "Then I have not deceived you, Gentlemen!" quoth Tom; brushing off with their charitable donation.

This poor scholar afterwards using the Vine ale-house at Charing Cross, which was then kept by a rich old man, who was ignorant of his profession, he took several of his gang there once a week, to keep a sort of club up one pair of stairs, with the design of robbing the landlord. Accordingly, they had several times struck all the doors above
stairs

stairs with a *dub*; that is, a pick-lock; but could never light on his mammon; whereupon, one night, Tom Sharp applied the candle to some old rotten hangings that were in the club-room, and setting them in a blaze, he and his company cried out *Fire!* The alarm brought up the old man in a trice, who in a great fright ran to secure his money: Tom softly followed him at a distance, to espy the situation of his hoard; and in the mean time, his associates having quenched the flame with two or three pails of water, the old man being told the news, returned down with a great deal of joy, leaving his money untouched. The night following, Tom and two of his companions took the opportunity of carrying away five hundred pounds in money!

Another time Sharp and his accomplices followed a waggon along Tyburn Road to St. Giles's Pound; but they could not enter it, by reason that a man drove the team before, and the master and his son, a lad of about thirteen years of age, rid behind on one horse. Still, however, they followed the waggon till it came just under Newgate, when Tom Sharp, who was a lusty fellow, snatching the boy off the horse, ran down the Old Bailey with him under his arms, on which the father ordered his man to stop the waggon, for a rogue had stolen his son; so that whilst the master rid after the thief, and the man ran after his master, one of Tom's comrades slipped two pieces of woollen cloth out of the waggon.

For offences of this nature, Sharp had been consigned to Newgate no less than eighteen times before Justice finished her work. Take the following description of that prison, as this fellow delivered it to some of his friends, in a half-comic, half-tragic strain.

"It is a dwelling in more than Cimmerian darkness; an habitation of misery; a confused chaos, without any distinction; a bottomless pit of violence; and a tower of Babel, where all are speakers, and none hearers. There is mingled the noble with the ignoble; the rich with the poor; the wise with the ignorant; and the debtor with the worst malefactor. It is the grave of gentility, the banishment of courtesy, the poison of honour, the centre of infamy, the paradise of cozenage, the hell of tribulation, the treasure of despair, the refuge of vengeance, and den of foxes. There, he that yesterday was great, to-day is contemptible; he that was well fed abroad, there starves; he that was richly clad, is stark-naked; he that commanded, obeys; and he that lay in a good bed, is forced to rest himself on the hard boards, or on cold stones. There civility

is metamorphosed into insolence, courage into subtilty, modesty into boldness, knowledge into ignorance, and order into confusion. There one weeps, whilst another sings; one prays, whilst another swears: one goes out, another comes in: one is condemned, another absolved: and, in fine, one shall hardly find two persons of one mind and exercise. There, hunger is the principal viand; their times of meals, always when they get any thing to eat: their table, the floor; their sauce, the filthy stinks of their wards; and their music, nothing but snoring, sneezing, and belching. The hangings of their chambers are ever in mourning, adorned with large borders of cobwebs: their seats, the ground: and they live apostolically; that is, without scrip, without staff, and without shoes. Many of their collars are edged with a piece of peeping linen, to represent a neck-cloth; but indeed it is only the forlorn relics of their shirts crawling out at their necks: and some of the prisoners have their appointed hours, wherein they fight their bodily enemies, and evermore obtain the victory, by continually bearing in triumph the blood of the vermin they destroy on their nails. In a word, sighs are their chief air, coldness their comfort, despair their food, rattling of chains their music, and death and damnation their sole expectation."

Tom Sharp being once very well dressed, went to a Counsellor Manning's chambers in Gray's Inn, and demanded a hundred pounds which he had lent him on a bond. The barrister was surprised at his demand, as not knowing any thing of his person, or the alledged transaction; but looking on the bond, his hand was so exactly counterfeited, that he could not in a manner deny it to be his own writing: however, he told Tom that he would not pay a hundred pounds which he had never borrowed. Hereupon Tom, taking his leave, told him he must then expect further trouble.

Mr. Manning, in expectation of being arrested, sent for another barrister, to whom opening the matter, they concluded to repel force with force. For which purpose, Mr. Manning's counsel got a general release *forged* for the payment of this hundred pounds. When issue was joined, and the cause came to be tried before the Lord Chief Justice Holt, the witnesses to Tom Sharp's bond-swore so heartily to his lending the money to the defendant, that he was in a very fair way of being cast; till Mr. Manning's counsel moving the Court in behalf of his client, acquainted his Lordship, that they did not deny the having borrowed a hundred pounds of the plaintiff, but it had been paid above
three

three months. "Three months! (quoth his Lordship) and why did not the defendant take up his bond, or see it cancelled?" To this his counsel replied, "That when they paid the money, the bond could not be found; whereupon the defendant took a general release for payment thereof;" which being produced in Court, and two *Knights of the Post* swearing to it, the plaintiff was cast. This threw Sharp into a violent passion, so that he cried to his companions, in passing through Westminster Hall, "Were ever such rogues seen in this world before; to swear they paid that which they never borrowed?"

After counterfeiting shillings, for which some of his confederates took a journey to Tyburn, much against their inclinations, Tom turned his thoughts to a less dangerous avocation—pocket-picking. But in this, being at length detected, he was committed to New Prison; where a great many loose women visiting and supplying him with money, he had all the privilege imaginable in the gaol. One John Lee, then a turnkey, conducting our *hero* to Hicks's Hall, for the purpose of taking his trial, gave him the liberty of being shaved by the way in a barber's shop. The keeper having also a pretty long beard, quoth Sharp, "Come, we are time enough yet; sit down, and I'll pay for taking your beard off too." Tom held him all the time in deep discourse; till at last the barber cried, "Shut your eyes, Sir, or else my ball will offend them." The turnkey obeyed; and Tom took that occasion to slip out, and hide himself in an alehouse hard by. The turnkey, missing his prisoner, rose so hastily up, that he overthrew Cut-beard, bason, water, and all upon him, and ran into the street with the barber's cloth about his neck, and napkin on his head. The people seeing him thus, with the froth about his face, concluded it to be a madman, and therefore as he ran they gave him the way. The barber yet grasping the razor in his hand, ran after the turnkey, crying, "Stop thief! stop thief!" but in vain: for some durst not stop him, and others would not. The barber, however, seized him at last; and getting his cloth and napkin back, made him pay sixpence for being but half shaved; while Tom, in the time of this hurly-burly, got clear off.

A few weeks afterwards, equipping himself in a cloak, he went to the Portuguese chapel in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and privately threw a paper of lamp-black into the holy water, placed by the door, having first changed the silver bason for a pewter one, which he had under his cloak. Soon after the priest came out and crossed himself; and

having said a short private ejaculation, he looked towards his congregation, in order to bless them with a *Pax vobiscum*; but when he saw black crosses on all their foreheads, and they also saw one on his, such a staring scene took place, as even Bunbury perhaps could not describe. At length, finding they had been imposed on by some heretick, he was almost instantly cursed with their greatest *Anathema* of bell, book, and candle: but Tom being ready cursed to their hands, this mode of revenge took not the smallest effect.

Tom's last fact was shooting a watchman, who opposed him in breaking open a shoemaker's shop at the corner of Great Wild Street. For this murder he was apprehended and condemned; but such was his impiety, whilst under sentence of death, that instead of thanking those who bid him prepare for his latter end, he bade them not trouble his head with the idle whimsies of heaven and hell, for he was *more a man* than to dread or believe any such nonsense after this life. But when he came to the place of execution, and the halter was put about his neck, he changed his tone, and began to call out for mercy, with a sorrowful voice. Now were the voluminous registers of his ill-conscience; which formerly lay clasped in some-unsearched corner of his memory, laid open before him; and the devil, who had hitherto given him the lessening end of the perspective-glass to survey his licentious courses, turned the magnifying end to his eye, which induced him to implore heaven for a gracious pardon for his manifold transgressions. He was turned off the cart on the 22d of September, 1704, aged twenty-nine years.

JACK WITHRINGTON.

THIS fellow was the youngest of five brothers, who were all born at Blandford in Dorsetshire. The other four were all hanged in the country; but Jack was reserved for Tyburn. He was bound to a tanner in Shaftsbury, with whom he served about three years; when eloping, he entered into the Earl of Oxford's regiment of Horse, in which, when Monmouth's Rebellion was suppressed in the West of England, he came up to London, where he soon met with opportunities of discovering his valour as a duellist.

Withrington however carried his courage so far, as to get himself disgracefully turned out of the regiment, for challenging his Captain. He then became a perfect bully and gamester;

gamester; and, being fortunate, in a little time saw himself master of a considerable sum of money. Notwithstanding all this good luck at first, he found himself afterwards subjected to the common poverty of gamesters.

In the scale of knavery, the next step above a sharper is a downright thief. Withrington ascended this degree, and was resolved to take the most honourable station; that of highwayman. He had money enough to buy a good horse and accoutrements; so that the resolution and the real attempt were not long asunder. His first adventure was with a farmer, from whom he took forty pounds; giving him in return the following harangue, occasioned by the countryman's reproaching him with baseness:—

“ And prithee, friend, (said he) who is there now a-days that does not rob? The taylor steals by cutting out the cloth double for his customer's breeches; the surgeon by prolonging a cure; the apothecary by his *quid pro quo*, without any regard to constitution; the merchant by his 'Change Alley outcries, which enable him to raise and fall the Stocks at pleasure: the notary public gets a whole Lordship at once by an &c.: the lawyer robs us in every thing he does. In a word, the grocer uses false weights; the vintner adulterates his wine; the butcher blows up his meat; the victualler draws short measure; the cook roasts his meat twice; and, to sum up all, the bakers, and you farmers, (giving him a stroke across the shoulders with his whip) cheat us by mutually complaining against one another, and raising the price of bread in times of plenty. Now I profess travelling; and why should not I have the liberty of cheating also in my way?”

Withrington, and one of his companions, met with Mr. Thompson, a noted taylor, in a part of Herefordshire that was convenient for robbing. They took from him about thirty pounds in silver, and then dismounting him, they ordered him to stay where he was till they brought him more company. As soon as they were gone, however, he remounted his horse, and attempted to ride off as fast as he could. But our highwaymen perceiving what he was at, and having the best pacers, they fetched him back; and, mistrusting he had more money, by being so much in haste, they searched him afresh, he protesting all the while, that he had not so much as a farthing left, if it were to save his soul. In a literal sense, he might be right; but they made a shift to find forty guineas, which they thought better than farthings. Withrington, upon this, exclaimed, “ 'Twas a sad thing that one Christian could not believe another!”

After

After which, they shot his horse, to stop his speed; and then rode off.

In conjunction with the same accomplice, he stopped a gentleman and his wife, both on one horse, betwixt St. Alban's and Dunstable. They very submissively craved benevolence, which not being readily granted, they shot the horse, and swore, "That if they could have no money, they would have the woman." This they performed by taking Madam aside into an adjacent coppice, each acting his pleasure with her, while the other stood sentinel over the husband. When they had concluded, they rifled the gentleman of eleven guineas; telling him, "That was no more than their just wages, for performing his drudgery!"

The last robbery that Withrington committed was on a Nobleman on Hounslow Heath, attended by two footmen. There was a short dispute; but Withrington having the best of it, he took a portmanteau, in which was two hundred and eighty guineas, sixty pounds in silver, and a parcel of fine linen. A hue and cry was soon issued out after him, and he was apprehended in consequence at Malmesbury in Wiltshire, from whence being removed to London, he was condemned for this fact.

The awful sentence of death seemed to have no effect on his temper, for he was as gay and humorous under that circumstance as ever he had been before. When riding up Holborn Hill, he ordered the cart to stop; and calling up the Sheriff's Deputy, "Sir, (said he) I owe a small matter at the Three Cups, a little further, for which I am afraid of being arrested as I go by the door; therefore I shall be much obliged to you, if you will be pleased to carry me down Shoe Lane, and bring me up Drury Lane again into the road by which I am to travel this devilish long journey." The Deputy informed him, that if such a mischance were to happen, he should come to no damage; "For, (said he) I'll be bail for you myself, rather than let you go back to prison again." "Thank you heartily, Sir! (quoth Jack). I protest I could not have thought I had a friend in the world, who would have stood by me so in such a time of need!" After this, he rode contentedly to the place of execution, where he was tucked up with as little ceremony as he shewed indifference, on the 1st of April, 1691.

The night before his execution, he writ the following whimsical letter to a friend in Dorsetshire:—

"Dear Tom,

"As I very much question whether or no you may see any news-papers in the place where you live, I think it highly necessary

necessary to send you word by letter, that I am to be hanged to-morrow; otherwise you may lose your old correspondent, and never know the reason of it. I don't believe you'll be much surprised at these tidings, because you have often told me 'twas what I must come to.

"But I send you this as a secret, and as to my friend and confidant; for though 'tis my fate to be taken out of the world in good health, there's no need for all the country to know it. No, no, Tom, prithee take care of my reputation when I am gone, and don't let me be abused by slanderers; for as big a rogue as I have been, I believe there are some bigger, who have nevertheless left good names behind: and what need a man wish for more?

"I am apt to think they'll be so ill-natured in the other world, as never to let me send to thee from thence, because we have never had a line from any one of my brothers. But if a body can't do a thing, why one can't. I don't know what to say more, unless it be, that I should be very glad if I was along with you in Dorsetshire.

"Your's, &c.

"J. WITHRINGTON."

JACK HALL.

THIS most notorious villain was bred a thief from his mother's womb: at all sorts of theft he was expert; such as breaking open houses, going on the foot-pad, shop-lifting, or pilfering any small matter that lies in the street, though only mops and pails.

Jack Hall was singularly dextrous at picking a pocket. Once on a market day in Smithfield, a grazier having received some money for cattle, put it into his coat pocket in a bag; when this nimble spark, to whose fingers any thing stuck like birdlime, observing the circumstance, soon became master of the booty, and brought it to his comrades that were drinking at an alehouse hard by. However, to shew his farther dexterity in *filing a cly*; i. e. emptying the bag; he *untrussed a point* in it, and finding out the man, who was still in the market, he put it into his pocket again, unnoticed. A little after which, a person coming to the farmer for some money, he went with him to his inn; and pulling out the bag, and putting his hand therein to pay the creditor, he eagerly plucked it out in a sad stinking pickle, swearing, "That he had thirty pounds there but a little time ago; but, *woundekins*, it was now turned to a Sir-reverence!"

One time, Jack Hall being dressed like a gentleman, (though it may be supposed, like *Æsop's crow*, he was decked

decked in other people's plumes) and sitting on a bench in the Mall in St. James's Park, a Life-Guard man, and one Mr. Knight, an attorney, living in Chandos Street, meeting one another just by the same place, after some compliments were passed between them, the lawyer invited the Life-Guard man, whom he had not seen a long time before, to dine with him at his house the next day, for he should be very welcome, and any friend he might bring along with him. The Life-Guard man promised he would wait upon him; but asking his friend whether he lived in the same place still, "Yes, yes, (quoth the Lawyer) I still live within three doors of the Feathers alehouse in Chandos Street." They then parted; when Jack Hall's wits were on the tenters to make some advantage of this invitation. The next day, above an hour before the time, he lurked about the said street; and at last, setting his eyes on the Life-Guard man, he no sooner entered his friend's house, than Jack was also at his heels, entering with him as confidently as if he had been an acquaintance of the lawyer. There were present about half a score of gentlemen and ladies, among whom he sat down; and, soon after, dinner being set on the table, consisting of a great variety of dainties, the strange gentleman, Jack Hall, eat as heartily, and talked as boldly, as any one.

All this time the Life-Guard man took him to be the Lawyer's acquaintance; and the lawyer supposed him to be the Life-Guard man's friend; but in the end, he proved to be neither the one nor the other; for waiting his opportunity, he went to the sideboard, which stood in a convenient place, and putting a dozen of silver spoons, and as many silver forks, into his pockets, he walked off *incognito*. The Life-Guard man soon after missed Jack, and the lawyer missed his friend's friend, as he thought him; but it was not much longer, ere the spoons and forks were also missing; and although strict search was made, yet they were not to be found. None but the friend, or he that was thought so on both sides, being absent, the lawyer asked the Life-Guard man for him; but the Life-Guard man telling the lawyer he was none of his friend or acquaintance, it was concluded, *nemine contradicente*, that the absent person was the rogue that had *unlawfully* converted the lawyer's plate to his own use.

After this exploit, Jack Hall, Stephen Bunce, and Dick Low, going upon an enterprize at Hackney, about twelve at night, they, by the help of their Betties and short crows, made a forcible entry into the house of one Clare, a baker, whose

whose journeyman, being tied neck and heels, they threw him into the kneading-trough, and the apprentice with him. Jack Hall stood sentry over these, with a great old rusty back-sword, which he had found in the kitchen, and swore with great grace, that their heads went both off as round as a hoop, if they offered to stir or budge. In the mean time Low and Bunce went to Mr. Clare's room, whom, with his wife, then tied and gagged, without any consideration of their age, which had left them but few teeth, to barricade their gums from the injury they might receive from those ugly instruments that stretched their mouths asunder.

Not finding so much as had been expected, they ungagged the old man again, to bring him to a confession; but extorting nothing, Jack Hall, who now joined the gang, for fear they should *sink* upon him, took up in his arms the old man's grand-daughter, who was about six years old, and lying in a trundle-bed; saying, "D——n me, if I won't bake the child in a pye, and eat it, if the old rogue will not be civil!" These scaring words produced the desired effect: rather than see the pretty innocent thus destroyed, he directed them to a little iron-bound chest, in which they found eighty pounds; when obscuring their dark lanthorns, they bid the baker Good night, and commanded him to return them thanks for sparing his ears.

Another time, Jack Hall went to a Mr. Aspin, a robe-maker, in Portugal Street, by Lincoln's Inn back gate, pretending that he wanted a gown for his brother, who was a parson in the country; but he must have a very good one, though it cost the more money. "I can furnish you with all sorts and sizes," said Mr. Aspin; and shewed him several. Jack turned many over, but still desired to see better. At length, one was brought which he seemed to like; but, said he to the robe-maker, "I doubt it is too short?" The other said, "He did not doubt but it was long enough in all conscience;" and was for trying it upon Jack; who said, "Alas! there will be no certain measure by me; for my brother is taller than I am by the head and shoulders; but as he is a man about your pitch, I desire the favour of you to put it upon yourself, and then I shall be able to guess the better whether it is long enough or not."

Mr. Aspin, to satisfy his customer, did so; but before he had quite finished, Jack took up a barrister's gown, and shewed him a fair pair of heels. Mr. Aspin, without staying to put off the gown, pursued him. But in the mean time two of his companions, who laid perdue, acted their parts;

parts: for Stephen Bunce went into the shop, and taking the next parcel of goods which came to hand, he marched off: and Dick Low, fearing that if the shopkeeper kept his pace, he might overtake Jack Hall, having placed himself in the way on purpose, caught hold on Mr. Aspin; saying, "O! dear, Doctor Cross, who thought of seeing you? I am glad I have met you, with all my heart: but pray, Sir, what makes you run in this distracted manner about the streets?"—"Pish, (quoth Mr. Aspin) let me go: I am no parson! you are mistaken in the man; for I am running after a thief that has robbed me." Dick replied, but still holding him, "I beg your pardon, Sir, for my mistake; but you are as like my friend Doctor Cross, as ever I saw two men in my life like each other!" By this time several of the neighbours being gathered together, they marvelled strangely at seeing old Aspin in a canonical habit; some saying, "Surely he was not going to christen his own child himself, which his maid Betty lay in with!" Others persuaded him to go home, and put off the gown, and then make an enquiry after the thief; since he was at present got clear away. Mr. Aspin took this advice; but when he reached his shop, he found a second loss, which rendered him more angry than before; and he swore, That the fellow who met him, might well call him Doctor *Cross*; for d——n him, if he had not all the *Crosses* in the world come upon him at once!"

This most notorious malefactor, Hall, thought it no injustice to rob every body; and all his vices he looked upon as no less excellent than the most absolute of all virtues. But his villainy being unparalleled, Justice was obliged to unsheath her sword against him; and a shameful catastrophe put an end to his existence in the year 1707.

DICK MORRIS.

DICK MORRIS being once at Northampton, within half a mile of which place was a Meeting-house, and not above a quarter of a mile farther dwelt a rich Presbyterian parson, to whom it belonged. He was a single man; and Dick had once or twice attempted to rob him, but proved unsuccessful in his design. However, thinking he could not go to London with a safe conscience, unless he outwitted this devout preacher, he procured a waggoner's old linen frock, and daubing it thick with paste, he went, on a Saturday, to the Meeting-house, and found an opportunity of

of getting *incognito* into the pulpit, whilst an old woman was cleaning against Sunday: then, putting on the frock, stuck full of card matches, he set them on fire, by means of a tinder-box which he had in his pocket; then standing upright, quoth Dick, "Woman! woman! hearken to my voice!"

The poor old creature, seeing this blazing spectacle, proceeded to run out in a great fright; but Dick calling after her, and saying, "Woman! unless thou comest back, and hearkenest to my voice, thou shalt surely perish!" she returned; and, tremblingly, paid great attention to Dick's words; who bade her not be fearful, for he was an angel sent to order her forthwith to the minister of that Meeting-house, and to tell him, that he was come to require his soul of him that very day; and that he must bring all his money and plate along with him; but, above all things, he must not come with a lie in his mouth; for, if he did, he would repent it.

The old woman, dropping a low church curtsy to this dark angel, went with all speed to the Presbyterian parson, and told him what had happened in the Meeting-house. To be certain that his ambassadrefs played him no trick, Dick, having laid aside his flaming garment, followed her at a distance; and softly stepping into the house after her, and applying his ear to the keyhole, he heard the parson, fetching a sigh, say to his maid, who was with child by him—"Well, my dear, my appointed time is come, I find; so, taking what money and plate I have, along with me, I must bid you farewell for ever in this world!" Quoth the maid—"I hope, Sir, you will not leave me in this condition: you know my reckoning is almost out, and that I have nothing to keep me in my lying-in." "That's true," (replied the parson) and I pity you, from my heart.—There is ten pounds in that silver tankard; go, take it: for, perhaps, as it is an act of charity, it may be forgiven!"

The parson then tying his riches up in a napkin, and putting it under his cloak, made the best of his way to the Meeting-house, where Dick was got before, in his former fiery posture; which the parson beholding with great astonishment, made his profound obeisance; when the supposed angel saying he was come to fetch him into another world that night, asked if he had brought all his money and plate? The parson, in faint voice, answered, "Yes!" Quoth Dick, then, "Where's the ten pounds that lay in the silver tankard?"—"Ah! (replied the parson, trembling) I see now thou art indeed an angel; for thou know-

est the secrets of mens hearts!" So telling Dick he would fetch it, the credulous parson ran straight home to his maid; saying, "Oh! Hannah! Hannah! you must let me have the ten pounds again; for the angel knew I had not brought all my money." The maid reluctantly restored it; for fear it should retard her master's salvation.

The deluded man of God, being simple enough to return with the property of which he had *robbed* the *Saint*, Dick deposited both the money and plate in a bag; and then opening a great sack, which he had provided for the occasion, quoth Dick, "Come into this; and if you meet with any difficulties in your spiritual journey, you must not complain, because, 'Narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it!'"

Then tying the parson close up, he threw him over his shoulders; but many a hard knock did the poor sufferer receive as he carried him over gates and stiles; and, about a quarter of a mile from the Meeting-house, he threw this lump of superstition into a hog-stye, and there left him, in that state of equality which was his due.

Not long afterwards, some of the servants seeing the sack and somewhat stirring in it, they, affrighted, ran to tell their master what they had beheld in the hog-stye; who, also going thither, and finding the report true, said to one of his servants,—“Take the pitchfork, and run through it!” This merciless command induced the poor parson to cry out for quarter; whereupon, finding it was a human voice, they opened the sack, and out came Parson Vacant, quaking as if in a tertian ague. The farmer asking him how he came thither, the good man answered, that he had been conveyed under the guidance of an Angel. “An Angel! (replied the farmer) a D——l you mean?”—“God knows what it was, but I’m sure it was no man!” said the parson: and, impressed with this extravagant idea, he went home to his maid Hannah again, above one hundred and twenty pounds *minus*; wondering at the mercenary freaks of the celestials.

Another time, between Sittingbourn and Rochester, overtaking a cart of hay, which was going to be sold in Rochester market, he followed the tail of it, swaying on the right and left whenever it yielded more to one side than the other, as going through a rut, slough, or hollow place; and being in a great country-like coat, and having a large oaken plant in his hand, an inn-keeper, as they passed through Chatham, called to Dick (as supposing him to be the owner of the hay) to know the price of it. The servant,

vant, not hearing the inn-keeper, kept driving on; while Dick stepped up to his chapman, with a handful of the commodity as a sample, telling him it was as good a load of hay as any in Kent. The inn-keeper, in good truth, liked it very well; and after some pro's and con's about price, he paid Master Richard one pound eight shillings for the load, out of which he spent six-pence; and then saying to the inn-keeper, "I suppose you will know my cart again in the market," he went off, in triumph.

The inn-keeper went straight to market, and finding out the cart, ordered the man to bring that load of hay to his house, for he had paid his master for it: "S'b'leed, (quoth the fellow) I'de na mester come with me to dai." In short, the inn-keeper resolving not to lose his money, nor the bumpkin his hay, from words they proceeded to blows; till having drawn off a large portion of superfluous blood from each other, they agreed to decide the matter before a Justice of the Peace; where the inn-keeper proved, by two or three witnesses, that he had paid a man eight and twenty shillings for the load of hay which his antagonist had now at market; but the servant proving his master to be very sick at home, and that none came to market to sell the hay but himself, the inn-keeper was obliged to give up the contest, and sit down with his loss.

But Richard Morris not making good use of mercy which he had once received, and still pursuing his villainous practices, he was again condemned for his life, and hanged at Tyburn in 1706.

- T O M C O X .

THOMAS COX was born at Blandford in Dorsetshire. He was the youngest son of a gentleman; so that having but a small patrimony, he soon consumed it in riotous living. Upon the decay of his fortune he repaired to London, where he fell into the company of a gang of highwaymen, and easily complied with their measures, in order to support himself in dissoluteness. He was three times tried for his life, and had, after all these imputations, a prospect once more of making himself a gentleman, so indulgent was Fortune in her offers!—A young lady fell in love with him at Worcester, he being a very handsome youth; and she went so far as to communicate her passion, and almost to make him a direct offer of herself and fifteen hundred pounds. Cox accordingly married her; but, instead of

settling himself in the world, and improving her fortune, he spent it all in less than two years, broke the poor lady's heart with ill usage, and then again took to his old courses.

The robberies he committed after this were almost innumerable. We shall briefly mention a few only.—One day he met Killigrew, who had been Jester to King Charles the Second, and ordered him to deliver. "Are you in earnest, friend?" said the buffoon. Tom replied, "Yes, by G—d am I! for though you live by jesting, I can't." Killigrew found that he was serious; for so well as this wit loved jesting, he could not conceive that to be a jest which cost him five and twenty guineas.

Another time he robbed Mr. Hitchcock, an attorney of New Inn, of three hundred and fifty guineas, on the road between Midhurst and Tetworth in Sussex; giving him, in return, a lesson on the corruption of his practice, and throwing him a single guinea to bear his charges. Mr. Hitchcock was a little surprised at the highwayman's generosity, but more so at his morality; fearing the world must needs be near its end, when the devil undertook to reform it.

Mrs. Box, an infamous bawd, living in Fountain Court in the Strand, was another that fell into his hands. She had been at Litchfield to receive fifty pounds, which was left her as a legacy by a sister. Cox made bold to ease her of her burden, with many hard words into the bargain. He spoke of the vileness of her profession, declaring that it was pure envy made a bawd. "For, (says he) when you have lost all your own teeth, and are grown as ugly as Imagination can figure, you decoy young women, and make them subservient to your pleasure, that you may hurry them by disease into your own condition." The old haradan, being used to scurrility, returned his compliments with others of the same kind, which provoked Cox so far, that he ordered her out of the coach, and to pull off her mourning clothes; telling her, "That when she came home, she would have much more reason to buy mourning than at the death of her sister; because by her departure out of the world she had *got* something; but, by this adventure, had *lost* it again!"

Tom Cox was as great a libertine in his sentiments as he was in his practice; for he professed a belief that the *summum bonum* of man consisted in sensual pleasures, as Epicurus is said to have thought formerly, whose disciple he called himself. It is a common thing to call persons Epicureans that fall into these notions, and I don't know whether

whether in a work of this nature it may be worth while to prove that the word is falsely applied; since the idea is all that we are to regard. However, 'tis pity Epicurus, who was certainly a very good, as well as a very wise man, should suffer in the opinions of those who may not have had opportunity to inform themselves. Let Epicurean signify what it will, they are no followers of Epicurus who are not lovers of *virtue*, and who do not place their supreme happiness in the most exalted pleasures of the mind, as that great philosopher certainly did.

This offender was at last apprehended for a robbery on the highway, committed near Chard in Somersetshire; but had not been long confined in Hchester gaol, before he found an opportunity of escaping. He broke out of his ward into the keeper's apartment, who having been drunk over night, was then in a profound sleep. It was a moonlight night, and Cox could see a silver tankard on a table in the room, which he secured, and then let himself out with authority into the street, by the help of the keys, leaving the doors all unlocked as he passed. The tankard was worth ten pounds; besides which he took a good horse from a stable just by, with proper furniture, to carry him off. This he looked on as one of his most fortunate nights: liberty, and a good booty into the bargain, was a subject of no little importance.

It is reported of Tom Cox, that he more than once robbed persons of his own profession. Indeed there is an old proverb, that "Two of a trade can never agree;" but it must certainly be a very dangerous thing for highwaymen to make so bold one with another; because every one of them is exposed to the revenge of the rest. But again it is said, that Necessity has no law!

One time in particular, with accomplices, he formed the project of robbing a Nobleman, well attended, who was travelling the kingdom. Tom associated himself with this Nobleman on the road, and talked to him, as they passed along, of the adventures he had met with, in such an agreeable manner as gave his Lordship a great deal of pleasure. They had not rid many miles together, before two of Tom's companions came up and bid them stand; but immediately fled upon Tom's pulling out a pistol, and making a little bluster. The Nobleman attributed his delivery to the generosity and bravery of this new companion; putting still more confidence in him, and desiring his company as long as possible. They were to stay a whole day at the next great town, in order to take a ride round the country, and see

what was to be seen, according to the custom which this noble friend of Tom's had practised all the way. In the morning the saddle horses were got ready, and our two fellow-travellers set out for the tour of the day; the person of quality refusing to take a footman with him, as usual, that he might the more freely converse with his new acquaintance.

About noon, reaching a convenient place, Cox suddenly threw off the mask, and commanded his companion to deliver. "Why ay, such a thing might be done here, for 'tis a devilish lonesome country; but I can fear no danger while you are with me; you, whose courage I have so lately experienced," said the Nobleman, not imagining but Cox had been all this time mimicking the adventure of the preceding day. "Such a thing might be done! Why, in the name of Satan, I hope you don't think I have kept you company all this time to play with you at last. If you do, my Lord, let me tell you, you are damnably mistaken." He pulled out a pistol, and presented it to the Nobleman's breast, swearing and cursing like a madman, till he had given sufficient proof that he was in earnest. Filled with astonishment and confusion, the Nobleman delivered a diamond ring, a gold watch, and near an hundred guineas in money; staring all the while in Tom's face with as much steadfastness as at a picture. To prevent pursuit, Tom dismounted his companion, bound him hand and foot, and killed his horse, according to the custom of experienced highwaymen; taking his leave with a sneer, and, "Good b'w'ye, fellow-traveller, till we meet again!"

After this, Tom Cox committed two other robberies that were known. One of them was on a grazier, who had been at Smithfield and received about three hundred pounds for cattle; a great part of which was in silver, and consequently pretty bulky. When Tom had got the money, he fell to caning the poor sufferer in an unmerciful manner; who desired to know the reason of such usage, after he had taken his all. "Sirrah, (said Tom) 'tis for loading my horse at this rate; that you may remember another time to get your money changed into gold before you come out of town; for who the plague must be your porter! Now you know!"

Tom's last robbery was on a farmer, from whom he took about twenty pounds. It was not above a week after this fact, before the said farmer came to London on business, and opportunely saw Tom come out of his lodgings in Essex Street in the Strand; whereupon, crying out Stop thief!

thief! he was immediately apprehended in St. Clement's church-yard, and committed by a neighbouring Magistrate to Newgate, where he lived till the Sessions in an extravagant manner. Receiving sentence of death, on the farmer's deposition, at Justice Hall, the 3d of June, 1691, he was hanged at Tyburn, in the twenty-sixth year of his age. So resolute was he to the last, that when the Ordinary asked him, a few moments before he was turned off, whether he would join with his fellow sufferers in prayer? "D—n you! No!" said he, and kicked both Ordinary and Executioner out of the cart.

DICK LOW.

THIS villain commenced thieving in his minority, and became very expert at the age when others usually begin. When about eleven or twelve years old, he crept privately one evening behind a goldsmith's counter in Cheapside. The master opportunely came from a back room into the shop; so that Dick had no opportunity of going out invisibly; whereupon he cried, Whoop! Whoop! At this the goldsmith exclaimed: "Hey, hey! is this a place to play at Whooper's Hide? Get you gone, you young rogue, and play in the streets!" But Dick, yet lying still, cried again, Whoop! Whoop! which threw the good man into a passion: "Get you gone, Sirrah, (said he) or I'll whoop you with a good cane, if you attempt to play here!" On this, Dick went off with a bag containing fifty pounds, which the goldsmith missed the next day.

But as he grew up, his stature rendered him unfit for those exercises, then called the *Morning, Noon, or Night Sneak*, which was privately sneaking into houses at any of those times, and carrying off what next came to hand. They were termed St. Peter's children, every finger being a fish-hook. Dick also went upon other lays; such as taking *lobs* from behind *rattlers*; that is to say, trunks or boxes from behind coaches; and upon the *Mill*, which was the ancient cant for breaking open houses in the night.

When Richard Low was a foot-soldier in Flanders, he and his comrade being one day very *peckish*, and meeting with a countryman in Ghent, laden with capons, partridges, and hens, they struck up a bargain with him for half of his property, which Dick's comrade carried off, whilst he pretended to fumble for his money. But his coin amounting to nothing answerable to the price of the poultry, he ordered the

the man to follow him; till, at length, Dick took him into a cloyster of Capuchin Friars, where some of the fathers were confessing the sinful. He then told the farmer, that the provision he had bought of him was for that house, and that he would order the superior to pay him. Accordingly, going up to his reverence, and privately putting six-pence into his hand, he whispered him in the ear: "Reverend father, this honest countryman here is a particular acquaintance of mine, who is come hither to be confessed; but living six miles off, and business requiring him home this evening, I beseech you to confess him as soon as possible."

The good father, obliged by the alms given beforehand, promised, that when he had ended the penitent's confession whom he had then at his feet, he would dispatch him: when calling to the boor, quoth Dick, "Stay a little, and the father will perform what you want." Saying this, Dick followed his comrade; and when the aforesaid penitent had made an end of his Canterbury story to the priest, the spiritual juggler called the clown, who stood bolt upright, looking very wistfully on the confessor, to see when he would put his hand into his pocket to pay him. The father confessor looked as intently on the boor, on observing him stand with so little devotion to be confessed: but imputing the cause to his simplicity, he bade him kneel; which the clown did with some reluctance, as thinking it an insulting ceremony for a man going to receive his own money. However, obeying the order, the priest bade him make the sign of the cross; at which the boor lost his patience, believing the confessor out of his wits: he chattered, raved, and swore like a madman, which induced the confessor to imagine that the boor* was possessed with a devil. Upon this, he put his hempen girdle about the poor fellow's neck; and, making the sign of the cross over his head, began to conjure him, by saying some devout prayers. This rendered the fellow so truly outrageous, that he tore off the confessor's habiliments; and throwing him on the ground, loudly demanded his money for the poultry.

The pious father now supposed he had the devil himself to combat; so that with a weak and affrighted voice, he began to commend himself to all the Saints in the almanack for assistance; and at the clamour and noise that occurred betwixt him and the priest, the whole convent of Friars came out in procession, with crosses and hallowed lights in their hands; and cast holy water about on every side, as

* Boor signifies Farmer in Holland and Brabant.

believing a legion of devils had entered their chapel. But the boor still crying out for his money, the prior made a strict enquiry into the matter, and found, at last, that some knave had imposed on the simple swain.

After Dick's return, going one morning into the Rose and Crown alehouse, Clare Court, Drury Lane, he desired a private room, as having some company coming to him about business. A private room was shewn him, and a pot of liquor brought in a silver cup. Dick, having made an end of the libation, with some soft wax, fastened the bottom of the cup under the board of the table, which was covered with a green cloth, hanging round it; when he came to the bar, saying, "I see my company will not come, therefore I'll stay no longer." He then paid his reckoning; but the man of the house going, in the mean time, into the room, to bring away the pot, came out, and charged Dick with downright theft. The one cursed and swore he had it not, and the other swore and cursed that he had. In short, Dick was carried before Justice Negus; where the loser making his complaint, as truly the matter was, and Dick Low alledging his innocency, the Magistrate appeared in a quandary: "For, (quoth he to the complainant) here's a cup lost, and the prisoner doth not deny but he had it; but then it was missed whilst he was in the house, and he searched without finding any thing about him: besides, he had nobody with him, therefore it could not be conveyed away by confederacy; so unless you'll lay point-blank felony to his charge, I can do no otherwise than discharge him."

The victualler, who was an Irishman, replied, "Tissh fery true, Shir, what you shay; but, by my shalvashion, rader dan he should go without hanging, I will shwear twenty felonies against him, or any thing elsh what your Worship pleash to command me; for I love to oblige any shivel shentleman as you be." "Indeed, (said the Justice) you will not oblige me, by hanging a man wrongfully." In a word, Dick Low came off with flying colours; and soon afterwards sent another of his clan to fetch off the cup.

This fellow, when but seven or eight years old, was one of those urchins, whom a rogue, habited like a porter, used to carry on his shoulders in a great basket; and when any gentleman came by him in an evening, the child was to put out his hand, and snatch off hat or perriwig, and sometimes both; while the porter with the load would still keep going on, as if unconscious of the transaction.

This

This fellow, though not above twenty-five years of age when he was hanged at Tyburn, in 1707, had reigned long in his villainy; and the success which attended him in his manifold sins, stimulated him to wish, at the last gasp, that he had commenced his operations at an *earlier* age!

ANN HARRIS.

ANN HARRIS, having been *liberally* instructed by her husband, who made his exit at Tyburn, went one day to a mercer's shop on Ludgate Hill, in a hackney coach, very finely dressed, attended by a pretended footman; where looking on several rich pieces of silk and velvet, she bargained for as much as came to two hundred and odd pounds; which amounting to more than her ready cash, she desired the mercer to accompany her home, when she would pay him. Putting the goods into the hackney coach which brought her thither, the mercer and she stepped in; when Madam drove with all speed to Dr. Adams, who kept a mad-house at Fulham; where, being entered, and telling the doctor this was the gentleman of whom she had spoken to him in the morning, he, and three or four lusty fellows, set upon the mercer like so many merciless bailiffs on a poor prisoner; one taking him by the arms, another by the middle, another by the legs; which uncivil usage induced the poor man to ask the meaning of it, and to bawl out for two hundred and odd pounds. "Ay, ay, (quoth the doctor) the poor gentleman's very bad indeed! he's raving mad; tie him quickly down in that chair, and shave his head."

While they were lathering and shaving him, his cry was still for either goods or money; on which the doctor said, "See, Madam, how his lunacy makes him talk at random!" She, shaking her head, replied, "True, Sir; but is there any hopes of recovery?" To which the doctor answered, "You must know, Madam, that there are three kinds of frenzies, according to the three internal senses of imagination, cogitation, and memory, which may be severally hurt: for some are frantic, which can judge rightly of those things that they see, as touching common sense and imagination; and yet in cogitation and fantasy they err from natural judgment. Then some others being frantic, err in imagination; and there are some frantic, who err both in sense and cogitation; that is, both in imagination and reason, and do therewith also lose their memory, which

is the worst of all frenzies: and this it is which afflicts this unhappy gentleman: but I doubt not of making him *compos mentis* again in less than a month."

While the doctor set forth the difference of madness, the mercer was struggling and raving like a madman indeed; and when he saw Nan give the doctor five guineas, with strict charge to take great care of her husband, and he should want for no encouragement, he cried out, "She's a lying b——h; she's none of my wife! My wife's at home in Ludgate Street. Stop her! stop her! stop her! she's cheated me of my silk and velvet. I am not mad, I am not mad, but a parcel of rogues here will drive me out of my senses." Quoth Dr. Adams to his men, "Poor gentleman! he's very bad indeed! We must bleed him too, and give him a strong clyster at night. Confine him to a room where there's no light at all, and bind him fast down hand and feet in his straw; and for one week give him nothing but water gruel, with little or no bread in it: but the week after, if his distemper decreases, we may venture a little pisan broth boiled with some husked barley." The mercer hearing these directions, exclaimed, "I'll have none of my blood taken from me; I have lost enough already.—I want no clyster! I tell you I am in my right senses: I'll have none of your gruel and devil's broth! What, cheat and starve me too!—No, no, I am no lunatic."—Quoth the doctor, "You shall not be starved, Sir. What diet I now prescribe, is to restore you to health again." "To health?" (said the mercer) "I think you are going to take it from me, as the whore has my goods!"

But all the mercer's talking was to no purpose; for Nan being gone off with her booty, he was hurried to his dark room; where, being bound down to the bed, a clyster was applied much against his will. However, he was liberated in less than four days: for Nan Harris sending a penny-post letter to his wife, informing her of her husband's situation, she, and some friends, went with all speed to Dr. Adams's, in whose house they found the poor mercer almost mad indeed, for the loss of his goods and his freedom. They conveyed him home; but, as may be supposed, the doctor never saw Nan Harris afterwards.

Going, another time, to Dr. Case, student in physic and astrology, in Black Friars, she was no sooner introduced into his presence, with also one Charles Moore, but she thus declared the cause of her visit:—"Sir, the report of your great experience has brought me hither, to implore your assistance, and that instantly: the trouble I may put you to shall

shall be gratefully recompensed to the utmost of my ability." The doctor enquiring of her, who it was, and what manner of distemper the person laboured under, she told him, "'Twas her husband, who being very drunk the last night, came to a sad mischance in coming down a pair of stairs; but looking on the doctor to be a wise man, she would request him to tell her what his complaint might be, and for that purpose had brought his water." Dr. Case smelling, by her former words, the nature of her husband's disorder, put the water into a urinal, and after well shaking it for about a minute, quoth he, "Good woman, your husband has terribly bruised himself by falling down a pair of stairs." "Ay, (replied Nan) 'tis really true, Sir, what you say! I see your knowledge is infallible: but now, Sir, comes the difficulty. Can you tell how many stairs he fell down?"

Here the doctor was put to a *ne plus ultra*; however, to save his credit, he took the urinal again into his hand, and shaking it somewhat longer than before, quoth he, "Your husband fell down all the stairs." "Nay, (replied Nan) there you are out, Sir; for he fell down but half way." The doctor, now somewhat abashed, shook the urinal again; when, addressing Nan, he said, "Is here all your husband's water?" Said Nan, dropping a fine curtsey at the same time, "No, Sir, there's but half his water." Then the doctor, who was a mighty choleric man, cried, "A pox on you! by bringing but half his water you made me imagine that your husband fell down all the stairs; when, if you had brought it all, I could easily have told you, that he had fallen down but the one half!"

While the doctor, however, was writing a prescription, Nan pulled a cord out of her pocket, with a noose, when she and her spark came behind him, and nimbly clapping it over his head, they acted the part of a Turkish mute on a Basha; for having almost strangled the poor astrologer with several sudden jerks, they went off with a silver tankard and cup, leaving the doctor in a sad *Case* indeed.

This Moore, her accomplice, was an infamous rogue, who was executed Sept. 27, 1707, at Tyburn; where he told the Ordinary of Newgate, that if he had known, when he was tried, that he should have died, he would have hanged one or two with him for a *fancy*.

It was Nan's good fortune, however, to reign a few months longer, to the great detriment of shop-keepers.—She was frequently tried and punished for her numerous offences. But as no admonitions took effect, and all inferior

inferior modes of corporal chastisement seemed equally ineffectual, the Court, at length, resolved to rid Society of so notorious a nuisance. Nan, notwithstanding, possessing singular inventive faculties, delayed their serious intentions for several months, by pleading a state of pregnancy; to obtain which, she used her utmost endeavours: but *Nature* refusing to concur with *Villainy*, she met her fate at Tyburn in June 1709; unpitied and unlamented.

STEPHEN - BUNCE.

STEPHEN BUNCE, when grown to years of discretion, or rather indiscretion, soon undertook great exploits: for instance, being one day very genteelly dressed, and going into a coffee-house, where an old gentleman had then a silver tobacco-box, which opened in two separate parts, lying on the table where this sharper sat, after turning the newspapers over and over, whilst drinking a dish of tea, he went privately away with the lid of the box, and had his cypher presently engraved thereon; then returning back, and very courteously pulling off his hat, quoth he, "Gentlemen, have not I left the bottom of my tobacco-box behind me?" So tumbling among the newspapers, he there found it; crying, as he clapped the lid on, "Oh, here it is!" At this, the true owner claimed his property; but Stephen impudently shewing his cypher, he insisted that the box was his; and he kept it too, in defiance of some very serious conjectures.

Another time, Stephen Bunce being benighted near Bramyard in Herefordshire, and much straitened for money, a thought came into his head to make up to the Parson's house; where knocking at the door, he desired the maid to tell her master that a stranger would fain have the honour of speaking with him: the Parson came out; and enquiring his business, Bunce told him he was a poor Student lately come from Oxford, in order to go home to his friends; and, being belated, he most humbly begged that he would give him entertainment, but for one night. The Parson, taken with his modest carriage and behaviour, and without believing what he said to be true, kindly received, and courteously entertained him at supper with himself and family; which, being over, the maid was ordered to shew him his bedchamber.

When bidding them all good night, Stephen most humbly requested of the Parson to permit him to preach a
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sermon

sermon in the morning, which was Sunday; and the Parson, some how or other, very thankfully accepted of his proffer. The morning being come, the Levite equipped his young Student in his gown and cassock; and, because it was about a mile to the church, lent him his horse too; whilst he, his wife, and children, would go the foot-path over the fields. When Sir Reverend came to church, one was bowing, another scraping, to the Parson of the parish, but wondering to see him without his canonical habit, on a day when he should perform his sacred function. But he soon alleviated this admiration, by telling his parishioners, that a young gentleman from the University of Oxford, would be there presently, and preach to them an excellent sermon. Now Prayers were said, and the last Psalm sung, but the gentleman was still absent; and, after staying till dinner time, the congregation was forced to go home without a sermon, as well as their Parson without his gown and horse, which Stephen had ordained for a different purpose.

Another time, this pickled blade being upon his parole in Essex, and on one side of a hedge, he espied, at some distance, a gentleman very well mounted on a good gelding: getting, on this, into the road, he lay all along on the ground, with his ear close to it, till the traveller came up; who asking him the reason of that posture, Stephen held up his hand to him, which was as much as to command silence; but the gentleman being of a hasty temper, quoth he, "What a pox are you a-listening to?" Hereupon Stephen, sitting on his breech, said, "Oh, dear Sir! I have often heard great talk of the fairies, but I could never have faith to believe there were any such things in Nature, till now, in this very place, I hear such a ravishing and melodious harmony of all sorts of music, that it is enough to charm one to sit here, if possible, to all eternity!"

This story induced the gentleman to alight, with a view of hearing this ravishing music too: so giving Stephen his gelding to hold, and laying his ear to the ground, quoth he, "I can hear nothing!" Bunce bid him turn t'other ear, which he did; and then his face being from him, Stephen mounted his gelding, and galloped away with all speed, till he came within sight of Rumford. Then alighting, he let the gelding loose; supposing that if the owner used any particular inn in that town, the animal would make to it; as accordingly he did, and Stephen at his heels. The hostler, who was at the door, cried out, "Master! master! here's Mr. Bartlet's horse come without him." By this stratagem, Stephen having got the owner's name, quoth he

to the inn-keeper, " Mr. Bartlet being engaged with some gentlemen in play at Ingerstone, he prayed you to send him fifteen guineas, and to keep his gelding in pledge till he came himself, which would be in the evening " " Ay, ay, (replied the inn-keeper) an hundred guineas, if he wanted them ! " So receiving fifteen guineas, Stephen made the best of his way to London. In about four or five hours, the gentleman came puffing and blowing in his great jack boots to the inn; when the inn-keeper stepping up to him, said, " Oh, dear! Sir, what need you have sent your gelding, and thus put yourself to the trouble of coming this sultry weather on foot, for the small matter of fifteen guineas, when you might have commanded ten times as much without a pledge ? " Quoth the gentleman, " Hath the fellow then brought my gelding hither? A son of a whore! He was pretty honest in that; but I find the rogue has made me pay fifteen guineas for hearing his d—d fairy music ! "

As Stephen was returning home one night, by a goldsmith's shop, in Ruffel Street, Covent Garden, he saw the master telling a great parcel of money on the counter; he therefore stepped to an oilshop for a farthingworth of salt; when going back to the goldsmith's house, he flung it all in his eyes, which caused such a terrible smart, that he did nothing but stamp and rub his peepers, whilst Bunce swept about fifty pounds into his hat, and went clear off.

It is a true saying, " That what is got over the devil's back, is always spent under his belly; " for Stephen going that same night to a bawdy-house in Colson's Court in Drury Lane, he lit into a strumpet's company, called, for her great bulk, the Royal Sovereign, who picked his pocket of twenty pounds, and vanished away with it in the twinkling of an eye. Seeing no remedy, he began to vent his passion against all the female sex; swearing that there was not a woman on earth but what was a Crocodile at ten, a Whore at fifteen, a Devil at forty, and a Witch at three-score !

This notorious fellow was once, by an order of Court at the Sessions House in the Old Bailey, sent for a soldier into Spain: while there, in an enemy's country, he was so much upon the duty of fasting, that the civil war which the wind made in his empty stomach, obliged him very often to look out sharp for some teeth employment. One day, Stephen, and a comrade, being as hungry as two tarpaulins kept upon short allowance, but altogether moneyless, they went

loitering up and down the market in Barcelona, to see what Fortune might offer in relief of their bellies, which had been mere strangers to any sustenance for above forty-eight hours. At length they espied a countryman going out of town on an afs: they followed him at some distance, and about half a mile from the place, there being a very high hill, the countryman alighted, and led the afs up leisurely by a loose bridle. Stephen Bunce going with his comrade softly after, he dexterously slipped the bridle off the afs's head, and put it on his own; then the other going off with the booty, Stephen crawled upon all fours, till he ascended on the top of the hill; when the countryman turning about to mount again, was almost frightened out of his wits, to see a man bridled, instead of an afs. Stephen perceiving his great consternation, said, "Dear master, don't be troubled at this strange alteration which you see in your beast, which indeed was no afs, as you supposed it, but a man, real flesh and blood, as you may be: but you must know, that it being my misfortune to commit a sin against the Virgin Mary once, she resented it so heinously, that she transformed me into the likeness of an afs for seven years; and now the time being expired, I assume my proper shape again, and am at my own disposal. However, Sir, I return you many thanks for your goodness towards me; for since I have been in your custody, you put me to no more labour than what I, you, or any other afs, might be able to bear*!"

The countryman was greatly astonished at the story; but nevertheless glad that his old afs could not charge him with ill usage: so parting, Stephen went to his comrade, who had already changed the afs into money; and the poor countryman, after second thoughts, returned also to buy another afs. When he came into the afs-market, he espied his old afs; whereupon, stepping up hastily to him, and whispering in his ear, he said, "Oh! Pox on you, have you committed another sin against the Virgin Mary? But I shall take care how I buy you again!"

For the maintenance of lewd women, Stephen cared not what hazards he underwent, as he confessed when under sentence of death. At last, as common w——s were his ruin, he would, when too late, exclaim against them, and

* This adventure did not occur till Stephen had resided there some months; during which time he had acquired a smattering of the language; enough indeed to serve for common occasions.

say, "A strumpet was the highway to the devil; and he that looked upon her with desire, began his voyage to inevitable destruction; he that stayed to talk with her, mended his pace; and he who enjoyed her, was at his journey's end!"

Stephen, after a life of vicissitude and villainy, *died* at Tyburn, in 1707.

JACK GOODWIN.

JACK GOODWIN was once as far as Durham, and destitute of money; but happening to meet with another idle companion, they made a bargain to beg their way up to London; and in order to excite pity, his new associate was to act the part of a blind man, and Jack was to be guide, instead of a dog and a bell. Getting a pennyworth of searing wax, Jack Goodwin mollified it over a candle, and daubed his comrade's eye-lids therewith, insomuch that he could not see.

In this manner, proceeding on their journey, they picked up about the sum of four pounds sixteen shillings, by that time they had reached Ware: but when within ten or eleven miles of London, being to cross a small brook, over a narrow wooden bridge, with a rail but on one side, for the conveniency of foot passengers, Goodwin, embracing the opportunity of being in this ticklish situation, threw his blind comrade into the water, where he stood up to his neck, moving neither one way nor the other, for fear of drowning. Soon afterwards some passengers took pity on the fellow, as supposing him to be really blind, and set him once more on *terra firma*. But, though he recovered again the use of his *eyes*, he never more *saw* his treacherous guide.

The Duke of Bedford being on a visit to a person of quality one night very late, whilst the footmen were drinking at some adjacent alehouse, and the coachman taking a nap on his box, Jack Goodwin, with some of his thieving cronies, took the two hind wheels off the coach, and supported it up with two pieces of wood. His Grace not long after stepped in, and the footmen got up behind in a hurry; but no sooner did the horses begin to draw, than down fell his Grace, footmen, and all. When their alarm had a little subsided, they found that the hind wheels had been stolen.

This John Goodwin, alias Plump, had been condemned when but eleven years of age, for picking a merchant's pocket of one hundred and fifty guineas; and was afterwards, several times, in great danger of his life, before Justice drew upon him in earnest.

At last, committing a burglary in company with another, when but eighteen years of age, he was apprehended and carried before Sir Thomas Stamp, an Alderman of London; where, being searched, several cords were found in his pocket; upon which, his Worship asking Goodwin what trade he was, he replied, "A taylor." Then Sir Thomas taking up the cords, and looking very wistfully on them, quoth he, "You use, methinks, very big thread." "Yes, Sir, (said Goodwin); for it is generally coarse work which I'm employed about!"

Searching his comrade next, Henry Williams, a pistol was found loaded in his bosom; upon which Sir Thomas asking what trade he was, he replied, "A taylor too!"—"What, both taylors? (said his Worship): And pray what implement is this, belonging to your trade?" Quoth Williams, "That pistol, Sir, is my needle-case?"

To conclude, Sir Thomas was so astonished at their impudence, that he immediately committed them to Newgate; and being tried and condemned, at Justice Hall in the Old Bailey, they were both executed at Tyburn, in 1766.

JOSEPH POTTER, a youth of twenty-seven, only, having broken open a house, and carried off a hundred and thirty pounds in money, which he consumed in less than a week, said at the gallows: "I must needs own that I have brought my hogs to a fine market. But what care I for hanging, since a short and merry life is better than a long and a dull one!"—1697.

BENJAMIN ELLISON, a Wapping lad, of twenty-five, said, a few minutes before Jack Ketch performed the awful solemnity: "If I was now to lead my life over again, I would follow no other profession than that of thieving; because the work is no sooner done, than the wages are paid!"—1698.

JAMES AYRES, a Scotsman, when about to expiate his numerous crimes by an untimely death, seeing a countryman staring at him, open-mouthed, cried: "My friend, I have

I have yet a half-crown in my breeches-pocket; which is at your service, if you will officiate for me half an hour! And, let me tell you, a *crown an hour* is excellent pay for any common labourer!"

WALDRON, a notorious villain, who *flourished* about 1709, having, though a lad, been so often tried at the Sessions House, Sir Peter King, the then Recorder of London, told him, That if he ever appeared there again but for an *egg*, he would hang him for the *shell*! And he fulfilled his promise; Waldron making his exit at Tyburn before he had attained his nineteenth year.

A notorious delinquent, named JACQUES, or JACQUO, who some years since committed numberless depredations in Holland, became the universal subject of conversation, from the singularity of his behaviour on trial, and the fortitude with which he bore every species of torture*, without owning one circumstance of the various

* In Holland, when the punishment happens to be capital, not only very satisfactory proof of the crime is required, but the prisoner must also subscribe to the justness of his sentence. When they refuse this, the torture, and other means are used, to accelerate confession. Formerly, burglaries were so very numerous in that country, that the houses, in general, had the external appearance of prisons. But when the Legislature rendered the breaking a lock felony, the evil instantaneously disappeared; since which, the rack, and executions, have become much less frequent. There is also a law in that country,—which the modern reformers have not yet altered—that no person shall be executed before twelve o'clock at noon. This arose in the case of an unhappy gentleman, who was hung at Rotterdam, on an unjust charge of murder, preferred against him by a brother Magistrate, who actually conveyed a bloody knife into his pocket, with which a man had been stabbed in the street. A disagreement in politics gave birth to the villainous accusation; and the man who was capable of such a flagrant perversion of Justice, hurried on the trial of his innocent colleague, and dispatched him one morning, on the scaffold, with no less precipitation. In the mean time, facts had been stated to the Prince of Orange and the States General; and an express was sent off from the Hague, containing a reprieve; but it arrived a few minutes after the miserable victim had breathed his last. The foul traitor made his escape; although the mob beset his house with cannon and other arms; when, as a just mark of resentment, they destroyed the building and furniture.

charges

charges alledged against him. The far-famed Czar of Muscovy was at this time at Amsterdam; who, conceiving that his eloquence might be more effectual than the torture, which had failed, repaired to the prisoner's cell, and promised to intercede for his pardon, provided he would confess all his enormities to him.—Jacquo heard the Emperor very attentively; and when he had ended, asked him significantly, *If he could keep a Secret?* “Yes, certainly,” said the Czar. “And so can I too!” answered Jacquo, with no little resolution. The Magistrates, however, broke through the ordinary forms of proceeding, in the case of this criminal; and he was executed without acknowledging his obligations to Justice.

PART II.

MODERN ADVENTURERS.

JACK SHEPHERD.

THE father of this celebrated character was a carpenter, who lived respectably in Spitalfields; and who contributed in no wise to the vices which finally involved his children in disgrace: for he entertained just notions of religion, and always preserved a sacred regard for the property of others. These praise-worthy sentiments he endeavoured to instil into the minds of his two unfortunate sons; but it was casting pearls before swine: they knew not the value of their parent's precepts.—Jack, after his good father's death, was placed at a school in Bishopsgate Street; from whence, after making some trifling progress, he was apprenticed to a cane chair-maker. This master dying, another took him on the same terms: but meeting with harsher treatment than at his first place, Jack contrived to disengage himself, and afterwards lived with a Mr. Wood in Wych Street; from whom, and also from a Mr. Kneebone, he received many signal acts of kindness.—At this critical period, however, Shepherd began to relish the sensual pleasures of low life. Drinking by day, and reveling in the arms of some notorious strumpet by night, furnished him with as great a portion of earthly felicity as he either expected or desired. Habits of this nature necessarily call for more than ordinary supplies; and those, it is well known, cannot be obtained by ordinary means. The women with whom he, in succession, cohabited, were selected from the vilest of the sex; and they scrupled not, therefore, to inform him what measures he must pursue to satisfy their wants and his own. This foolish youth gloried in the prompt execution of his mistresses commands; and faithfully brought the spoil to her from whom he had received the necessary information. One of these abandoned women being, at length, committed to St. Giles's round-house, Shepherd, to manifest his bravery, repaired thither, broke open the door, beat the keeper unmercifully, and set his

dulcinea

dulcinea at liberty. This heroic and *generous* action—for the lady was not then under his immediate protection—gained him universal applause in the Hundreds of Drury; insomuch that his brother Thomas, who at that time cut a less brilliant figure, made indirect interest with Jack's favourite sultana, to be admitted a partner in all his predatory concerns; and also requesting a small loan, that he might be enabled to cut a suitable figure. Jack consented on the first application; and sent accordingly Mr. Thomas Shepherd forty shillings, to fit himself out as became the near relation of such an *illustrious* character.

In addition to this—having in concert robbed to a pretty considerable amount—Jack benevolently assigned the whole booty to his brother, that he might appear like a gentleman among the dirty trollops who engaged the whole of their attention.—Mr. Thomas, however, acting imprudently in the disposal of some goods which they had stolen from a linen draper's shop, near Clare Market, was detained; when, to save himself, he impeached Jack, and all his other companions.

In consequence of this information, Jack was shortly afterwards apprehended, and committed to the round-house, previous to a formal examination. The place, however, being much too insecure for a person of his capacity, he gave his worship *leg bail* before the evening; and adroitly committed a robbery on his way home; where he was received with transports of joy, and noisy congratulation.

The treachery of his brother Tom made a very sensible impression on his *tender feelings*; insomuch, that he vowed the most exemplary vengeance. "Is this a return," cried Jack, "for my *goodness*, and the many marks of *favour* which I have shewn the rascal?" However, he was necessitated to wait for a convenient opportunity: while, in the mean time, hearing no more in consequence of his escape, he successfully plied at his old occupation.—Attending a companion, one day, called Benson, in Leicester Fields, the latter snatched at a gentleman's watch; but missing his aim, a discovery took place, which brought together a large concourse of people; when Jack brushing hastily up to save his friend, had the honour of being apprehended in his stead; and was conducted to New Prison; where the first object that struck Mr. Shepherd's enamoured sight was BESS LION, his first and favourite *cher ami*; but whom he had long before discarded, according to the variable turn of his *penchants*. In this woeful predicament, Jack resorted to all the stratagems which a fruitful imagination could invent,

invent, to procure a legal and quick discharge: failing, however, contrary to his most sanguine expectations, he condescended to look *sweet* again upon the forsaken Bess; to whom he communicated a project for breaking through the *stone walls*: for the desire of liberty, in certain cases, is equally powerful with *hunger*. After lovingly sacrificing to the Cytherean Deity—though Bess was nevertheless, in good truth, the very antidote of Love—the kind lady deigned to give her inconstant swain a patient hearing; and, when they had deemed the affair practicable, both set to work, and by the dint of main force, marched unsuspected off in triumph, after the incessant labour of a few hours; protected, as they were, by the sombre shade of night. But though Mr. Shepherd was now exonerated from the stern turnkey's government, he found himself constrained to undergo another species of tyranny, which he considered as little inferior—that of *petticoat* subjection: for Madam LION, who had also some qualities in her *nature* as well as *name*, peculiar to that kingly animal, secured him in a close and gloomy retreat, where she incessantly tormented her *cara sposa* with false alarms, with no other view than to engross the exclusive enjoyment of his company, by day and by night. Shepherd, however, at length preferring certainty to suspense, fled from his protecting goddess, and repaired to the lodgings of another, who resided in a bye-alley near the Strand. Here he formed some new acquaintances; and shortly afterwards inveigled a young man to suffer him and a companion to rob his master's house; a scheme which they carried into execution; but quarrelling about the distribution of what they had stolen, our hero, impatient of contradiction, severely wounded his coadjutor: in consequence of which a discovery took place; and all the party, save Shepherd, were apprehended, tried, and convicted. Interest, however, was made to save the unfortunate, but weak, young man from the gallows, on condition of transportation for life.

An adventure of this kind was not sufficient to deter the hero of this sketch from extending his multifarious concerns: for we find him, shortly afterwards, at the head of a desperate gang; and among these was also his brother Tom, who, we suppose, had previously made the *amende honorable*. So wonderfully had their stock in trade increased, that a Mr. William Field was employed as broker. "A fellow," Jack used to say, "wicked enough to do every thing, but who wanted courage to do any thing;" meaning on his own account. But the timidity of this Mr. Field, who

who was negligent, now and then, in bringing the goods to market, determined the gang to hire a warehouse of their own; and a place was accordingly engaged near the Horse Ferry, Westminster; whither they publicly removed a considerable quantity of articles, unmolested or unsuspected; for the neighbours looked on them as *merchants* overstocked, who had fixed on that spot as convenient for *water* carriage.

Field, however, having got a scent of this circumstance, formed an inferior party of his own; and, one night, broke into this celebrated depositary, and completely carried off all its valuable contents. One misfortune quickly follows on the heels of another: so also it happened in this case; for Shepherd was soon afterwards apprehended for the original seizure of the goods, and convicted on the clearest evidence. He made a most contemptible defence; possessing neither the wit, the ingenuity, nor the elocution of a Barrington. In fact, he appeared stupid and inanimate, the very opposite of what he was in reality. 'Tis true, there are *great men* in every department of life; but then they are only great in their respective callings.

The resolution, however, which Jack wanted in Court, returned to him with additional force, when removed from the big-wigged, venerable circle; to which he had always an utter aversion: "For there; d——e!" said he, "I am cut of my element—like a fish out of water—or a sailor on shore!—I can't talk to them at all, by G—! while those twelve listening fellows keep so good a look-out!"

When in the condemned hole, he prevailed upon a criminal named Fowls, who lay also under sentence of death, to lift him to the iron spikes that were placed over the door which fronts the Lodge; when he no sooner got his head and shoulders between these spikes, than, giving a sudden spring, his body followed with facility; and having three women suitably habited, standing on the outside, who were acquainted with the design, they gently broke his fall, and conveyed him through the Lodge, while some of the keepers were actually carousing at the upper end of it. The ladies even procured a hackney-coach, and carried off their *prize*, before the smallest doubt or suspicion had arisen: for no one could reasonably *dream* of such a singular attempt; and still less imagine that it was possible to carry it into effect.

Such of our simple readers, as are unacquainted with the turpitude of the human heart; or who never before read any other Memoirs of this celebrated ruffian; will very naturally

rally suppose, that, terrified at his *narrow* escape, he either resolved to live in peaceful obscurity; or that, at any rate, he quitted the kingdom, to avoid that certain destruction which must consequently follow. Not knowing otherwise, we should think so too. But Shepherd was neither to be terrified nor intimidated, at what would appal a more reasonable being: for no sooner had he respired a few particles of salubrious air, than his former aptitude returned with double force. A butcher of his acquaintance in Clare Market, disguised him in one of the frocks peculiar to that profession; and was also kind enough to bear his friend company in the discovery of Ways and Means. In concert, they robbed a watchmaker's shop, near the Castle Tavern, Fleet Street; a circumstance which requiring expedition, from the publicity of the attempt, our hero very composedly passed by Newgate, as he retreated from the scene of action. He did not, however, long enjoy his newly-acquired liberty: for strolling about Finchley Common, in pursuit of prey, he was again apprehended, and once more committed to Newgate; placed immediately in the *Stone Room*; loaded heavily with irons; and closely stapled down to the floor. This great event occurred during the Old Bailey Sessions; in consequence of which, though fastly taken care of, he was otherwise but little observed, the keepers and turnkeys having other employment. The ingenious Mr. Shepherd, fully conscious of his solitary situation, *amused* himself by applying a crooked nail, which lay on the floor, to the lock of his chain; and so industriously did he labour, as most effectually to accomplish his intended design. Being thus free of an unpleasant incumbrance, he directly proceeded to the chimney, where, by labouring manfully, he at length removed two large stones, and opened to himself a passage into what is called the *Red Room*, which had been unoccupied for a considerable time. Here, with more than Herculean strength, he displaced a massy door, and—wonderful to say!—without making noise enough to betray himself: from thence, after sustaining no little fatigue, he forced a way to the Chapel, from the door of which he broke off a spike, that served him as a tool for opening four others; when the leads of Newgate met his enraptured optics. But, in order to descend from thence, he was under the very disagreeable necessity of returning to his late gloomy abode, for the blanket on which he had lain, which enabled him to reach the top of a neighbouring house. There, peeping in at the garret windows, he observed the servant-girl

girl preparing to undress; and often did he curse her tardiness, without feeling one amorous sensation, notwithstanding the beauties which gradually disclosed themselves. When, however, our hero supposed that she was fastly locked in the arms of gentle Somnus, he stepped in through the casement—for that was a trifle only—like scratches to a gallant soldier—walked softly across the apartment, down the stairs, and, taking his route by way of the shop—without stealing any of its contents!—reached and passed the street-door, which he left open.

Confusion and astonishment pervaded, next morning, all departments of this redoubtable prison; and though the way of Mr. Shepherd's escape was clearly perceivable, the means received not the smallest elucidation. The public, conceiving that this achievement far exceeded the limits of human ability, hinted at connivance; and this opinion gaining general credit, the strictest search was made, and a reward offered, for the body of this celebrated culprit. But neither the vigilance of the myrmidons of Justice, nor the pecuniary enticement held out, produced the desired effect.—Shepherd's friends were too honourable to betray him; and his enemies fruitlessly pursued the fugitive in the accustomed haunts of villainy.

This popular character, in the mean time, concealed himself at a small village in the environs; where he completely got rid of his remaining irons. Thus, having obtained liberty in a two-fold point of view, he found it impossible to remain long inactive; and therefore, one evening, entered the metropolis in a private manner, and without the smallest hesitation, robbed, that same night, the house of a pawnbroker in Drury Lane, where he obtained a considerable booty. Among other articles, were a very handsome suit of black cloaths, and a gold repeater; which he appropriated to the display of his own person. Thus dressed, he carried the overplus to the lodgings of two women, with whom he had lived on terms of the closest intimacy; leaving the disposal of it to their honour and generosity.

Our hero, intoxicated with his previous success, became now less cautious; and one *inauspicious* evening, he repaired to the receptacles frequented by whores and pickpockets in the vicinity of Clare Market; where jollity and boisterous mirth crowned gaudily each passing moment. Taking a *finish*, however, in a brandy-shop on his return, he was recognized by the pot-boy of a neighbouring ale-house, who giving instant information, our unfortunate

hero was seized, and re-conducted to his old mansion, amidst a numerous concourse of spectators, but so inebriated, that he was scarcely sensible of the ticklish predicament in which he stood.—Grown wise by experience, the *Cerberuses* of Newgate never suffered their captive to remain one moment alone; but their extraordinary duty was amply compensated by the vast crowds which came daily to have a sight of this *lusus naturæ*: for Mr. Shepherd's adventures were, at that period, the prevailing topic of conversation, as well in the circles of St. James's as St. Giles's.

These *lordly* and even *ducal* interviews, acted as a cordial on his drooping spirits; and enabled him, with much vivacity—but in a way peculiar to himself—to relate the cream of his adventures; rather amplifying than palliating, what he thought would contribute to the amusement of his illustrious auditors; though at the expence of his own *reputation*—thus ludicrously confessing what others in such a perilous situation, generally repeat with sorrowful visages, at the pressing and solemn desire of the attending clergyman. Jack, however, had his private reasons for the adoption of this line of conduct: for, having heard that common men sometimes rise to the first offices in the kingdom by the peculiarity of their talents, he naturally inferred, that his great abilities would be *courted*, and that he should not only receive unlimited pardon, but perhaps be exalted to the discharge of some high duty; thinking himself as well qualified to cheat a whole nation, as any particular individuals of which it is composed. But Jack did not recollect, that the *semblance* of honesty was requisite, previous to the attainment of so *sacred* a trust. He personally solicited several Noblemen to intercede for him with the King; and while the result of these applications were not known, Mr. Shepherd kept up his spirits, and continued to display his *comic* acquirements. November 10, 1724, however, he was removed to the bar of the King's Bench by *certiorari*; where an affidavit being made that he was the same John Shepherd mentioned in the record of conviction before read, Mr. Justice Powis awarded judgment against him, and a rule was made for his execution on the 16th.

Now was there an end of Shepherd's *gibes* and *jeers*: those low witticisms which had entertained an admiring throng, were exchanged for serious contemplations upon eternity and death; and he assisted at Divine Worship with great seeming attention, as preparatory to the awful change

which was so shortly to occur. But his thoughts were not so very devoutly occupied, as his watchful attendants were led to suppose; for our hero privately commissioned a friend to consult with a then celebrated professor of magic, whether it was possible, for a handsome gratuity, to *conjure* him from his solitary cell; and we have reason to believe that the artist would actually have made an experiment, if the eternal presence of the keepers had not rendered it impracticable to make the requisite *circle* around our adventurer*.

Failing, thus, in this singular project, Shepherd directed his attention to another expedient, which, we think, promised more feasible success; and that was, To conceal a pen-knife in his waistcoat pocket, so placed as privately to cut the rope fastened on his arms, during the expected journey towards Tyburn: the situation which he fixed on for this attempt, was opposite Great Turnstile, Holborn; where he purposed to dart suddenly among the crowd, and from thence run across Lincoln's Inn Fields, and so on to the Thames. But, confusion to his hopes! the instrument was, at an early period, discovered in the gentleman's pocket, and taken from him, after much obstinate, and, we may add, fruitless opposition. Shepherd, however, foreseeing that the stratagem just mentioned was extremely liable to detection, had concerted another, to be put in effect *after* apparent dissolution! He enjoined a friend, on whom reliance could be placed, and to whom he delivered

* That such pretenders have, and still continue to exist and practise, there cannot exist the smallest doubt. An artist, who is at present well known in the metropolis, as a calculator of nativities, and a discoverer of petty thieves by means of his friendly acquaintance with the stars, informed the writer of this, seriously, that he was able to torment any one, even unto death, by burying *something* on his or her premises; and that he, once, when young, so served a blacksmith, who had offended him; thereby exciting the poor man to the most boisterous sallies of passion—though otherwise gentle and mild—during which he beat his children and domestics most unmercifully. The same *ingenious* gentleman also added, that he could put any man, whether young or old, into the possession of a magical secret, by which he might excite and procure the favours of the woman—whether old or young, rich or poor, titled or untitled—on whom he chose to fix his inclinations. We have further to observe, in support of the reasonableness of Mr. Shepherd's opinion, what Matthiæ has asserted; who informs us, gravely, that, being at Venice, he saw a man condemned to the gallows, for whom all the prison-doors sprung open, and the locks broke, on being touched by a plant with certain *Signacles*!—

all

all the money received from his numerous visitors, to convey his body as soon as possible into a warm bed, and to cause a vein to be opened; conceiving that, by these means, suspended animation might again be restored. "And now, d—e, Tom!" says he, "I'll give them another *brush*!—Who's afraid, my boy? D—e, who's afraid?" But should these endeavours also prove ineffectual, he earnestly requested, that, after the expences of his funeral were paid, the overplus of what this friend had taken in charge, might be paid into the hands of his poor and unhappy mother.

Shepherd's desire for religious preparation by no means kept pace with the near approach of his fate. It only served, he said, to remind him of a d—d unlucky circumstance, which he wished to banish from his thoughts till the last moment: "For many poor devils, like myself," said he, "have declared, that it is not hanging, so much as the *idea of hanging*, that forms the most melancholy part of the picture. Then why the devil should I be so cruel as to increase my own *vexation* by whining, and canting, and praying; while it is in my power to tell a *tough* story, and to enjoy the company of half a dozen old bottle companions. I am neither distressed for money, for board, nor for *lodging* *!" A person under condemnation at the same time, eating one day some rotten cheese, uncommonly full of maggots, observed—That he, like Sampson, slew his thousands. "So you do, truly!" answered Jack, "and with the same *weapon* too †!"

Shepherd said to an acquaintance the morning of his death, that he then felt as great a satisfaction at his heart, as if about to enjoy a legacy of two hundred pounds per annum; alluding, no doubt, to the project of re-animation;

* Shepherd, in this instance, was wholly of SENECA's opinion; who says—"It is a foolish thing to be miserable before-hand, for fear of misery to come: for a man loses the present which he might enjoy, in expectation of the future: nay, the *fear* of losing any thing, is as bad as the loss itself."

† This *bon mot* was inserted in the Diurnal Journals, about ten years since, and perhaps even then copied from others of a more distant date, as an original Impromptu: thus—

"Jack, eating rotten cheese, did say,
Like Sampson, I my thousands slay:—
In troth, says Thomas, so you do;
And with the self-same weapon too!"

But, for the sake of measure, Jack and Thomas were transposed; and the witticism made general.

as purposing to beat up the rounds of Drury Lane and Clare Market before ten o'clock that same night. Hope, indeed, is the only balm to the guilty and the miserable; hope, that the people would rise ultimately in his defence, sustained the good, but unfortunate Lewis, nearly till the moment that the fatal axe cut off his thread of existence. On hope, indeed, we could here largely expatiate; but that subject is not properly in our department. We have merely shown how grateful it is, alike, to an insignificant culprit, and the mightiest of monarchs.

Our adventurer was conveyed to Tyburn in a cart, having on iron hand-cuffs, in order to render "assurance double sure." During the *excursion*, and at the awful tree, he preserved a sadness of visage, which became the dreadful predicament in which he then stood. How far his physiognomical features were connected to the heart, or the heart to those features, we cannot possibly determine: but, by drawing an inference from his past life, behaviour, and actions, we are rather inclined to assert, that those mournful symptoms arose rather from fear and disappointment, than contrite sorrow and unfeigned repentance: and, indeed, we have not the shadow of a doubt but that, if a reprieve had taken place under the gallows, this daring plunderer would have committed some act of depredation within the first four and twenty hours afterwards, if for no other reason than to boast of his audacity, and to maintain the appellation of a d—d fine fellow among confederates of a similar description.—After making some unimportant confessions, Jack Ketch launched the celebrated Jack Shepherd into eternity, amidst the *tears* of multitudinous spectators, who, without any just reason, lamented his untimely exit: for we do not suppose that these public testimonies of regret were caused by adverting to what was indeed worthy of lamentation—His original predilection for vice. Such is, however, its almost constant reward!—We are enraptured with the prospect of long life; anticipating pleasure without bounds; and yet shew ourselves mad enough to pursue that line of conduct, which may *hourly* lead to destruction!—What an inconsistency between our wishes and our actions!

WILLIAM BARTON.

WILLIAM BARTON's misfortunes may, in some sort, be ascribed to the culpable negligence of an imprudent father, who left his home, and his infant son, to dally with
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a concubine; in whose company, for private reasons, he removed to the Island of Jamaica. There he bought a plantation, which thrived uncommonly; but dying in a few years, the whole of his property devolved to this left-handed wife, to the utter exclusion of the hero of these Memoirs. Barton had been left under the direction of his grandfather, who kept an eating-house in the purlieus of Covent Garden: but the eternal cry of "Coming, Sir!" grating harshly on William's ear, notwithstanding the presents occasionally made him by the customers, he set off to sea; where many of those hardships fell to his share, which generally accompany a sea-faring life; such as shipwreck, imprisonment, and so forth. From all these dangers, he however escaped; and, some years afterwards, enlisted as a common soldier in a regiment destined to Flanders; where he gallantly acquitted himself during several campaigns. But a circumstance which occurred in Brabant, seems to have led more immediately to those villainous courses, which, at length, terminated in untimely dissolution. "By circumstance, accident, and opportunity," says ADLO GESZNER, "are the whole business of our lives regulated: for, whatever we may purpose or intend, something steps in between, unexpectedly, and destroys, or limits, all our favourite plans." An observation which is also forcibly exemplified in many of the other adventurers which this Volume contains.

At an obscure village, about three miles from Brussels, resided the Baron de Casteja, a Nobleman descended of a Spanish family. This Baron was every way accomplished; but, unfortunately, possessed an irresistible propensity to gaming; and this vice it was that had reduced his fortune, and necessitated him to live in comparative obscurity; where he became economical, as wanting the essentials to indulge in his natural extravagance. The Baron was married to a lady, who derived her origin from one of the most respectable families in Flanders; and an only and favourite son had, at this period, been the whole result of their union.

The praise-worthy reformation of this Nobleman, and the prudence and amiability of the Baronness, procured them the respect of the neighbouring gentry; while the polite accomplishments of the young Chevalier rendered their happiness apparently complete. At length, however, the Baron came again into the possession of a considerable sum of money, bequeathed him by a younger brother, who had been an Officer of high rank in the Emperor's service; and this acquisition drew the unhappy Baron once more into the vortex of play and dissipation. The poor lady observed
this

this alteration with the most poignant concern; and not unjustly dreaded, that what was sufficient to keep them in an enviable state of independence, would shortly be divided by designing sharpers, who infest every corner of the globe where gambling is practised. Nor were her apprehensions unfounded: for though the Baron consented, or seemingly consented, at her earnest entreaty, to make some certain provision for the young Chevalier, he made use of that promise, one day, after having received forty thousand crowns, to set out for Brussels, in order, as he said, to enquire the most eligible mode of laying it out to advantage, in pursuance of his consort's request. But whatever were his real intentions, certain it is, that he immediately repaired to a notorious gaming-house, and in a few hours lost the whole of his cash. This misfortune lay heavy on the Baron's mind for a week; at the end of which time, he collected another considerable sum, meditating a private excursion, as well to gratify his irresistible propensity, as in the hopes of compelling Fortune to restore the riches of which she had previously robbed him. The amiable Baroness, however, perceived his intentions; and having less dependance on the caprices of Chance than her insatuated husband, began to consider if it were not possible, by stratagem, to prevent those evils which she foresaw; and which, she was confident, would by no means give way to entreaty or persuasion. She communicated a design which she had formed to her Major Domo, who not only promised her his utmost assistance, but engaged three confidential servants in the same cause. Barton, being quartered then in the neighbourhood, was also entrusted with the secret, and became a principal, on the promise of a certain sum of money. In short, the lady, having provided disguises for her confederates, a man's suit of cloaths for herself, and rendered the Baron's fire-arms unserviceable, contrived to lay in ambush for him in a wood through which he must necessarily pass, on his way to Brussels. Every thing succeeded to her wish: for the Baron, seeing himself thus formidably attacked, and having experienced the inability of his pistols, quietly surrendered twenty thousand crowns. With this *booty* the lady made the purposed provision for her son; while the Baron, chagrined at these two considerable losses, in reality, "turned away from the wickedness which he had committed;" quitted the haunts of iniquity; and realized those economical designs which Poverty had originally, but wisely, dictated.

On the other hand, the sight of such a weighty prize, and withal, so easily obtained, made too deep an impression on the mind of Barton: from that moment, he became enamoured with the profession in its veritable sense; and, being a military man, at length laid it down as a maxim—That the only difference between a Robber and a Conqueror consisted in the value of the prize. But he unfortunately forgot that the deeds of the latter become the theme of universal admiration, and adorn the page of History; while the achievements of the former excite general abhorrence, and furnish only the temporary subject of a half-penny cry, under the terrific title of—"The Last Dying Words, Confession, Birth, Parentage, and Education;"—or, at most, fill up a chasm in the Old Bailey Chronicle; the ingenious Editors of which, by the bye, scarcely ever seem more inclinable to mercy—than their illustrious patron, the celebrated Mr. Ketch; never concerning themselves about remote causes, or distinguishing between Misfortunes that, by some sudden impulse, conduct to error; and Crimes that arise from primitive wickedness: for the hero that has only committed a petty transgression, is branded with the same appellation as a SHEPHERD or a WILD, and spoken of with the like degree of *tendernefs*.

Two other circumstances also contributed to vitiate the mind of Barton. One, a termination of the war; when many a brave fellow was discarded, (and he among the rest) to seek a new fortune, after having combated, in several campaigns, the natural enemies of their country. The other, immoderate regard for a woman, whom he married soon after his return to London: insomuch that, with a private reference, no doubt, to the idea which he had imbibed in Flanders, he could not endure the thought of suffering Mrs. Barton to work either for his subsistence, or her own.

Accordingly, he commenced his operations in true military stile: for being one day on the road, with a companion who had served with him abroad, Barton, as senior, commanded the other to *reconnoitre* a stage-coach which came in sight. The young man, who had not then divested himself of the Army subjection, obeyed like a zealous *Aid-de-Camp*; and, returning after the faithful execution of his orders, reported, that the enemy were four *beaus* strong, armed with as many blunderbusses; two ladies, and a footman. "Good," said Barton, "an English soldier can never turn his back upon two opponents: for the charms of *victory* more than recompence the *danger* which accom-

pany

pany its attainment. Besides, a *beau* has no greater pretensions to manhood than a *taylor*! So that, even taking the ladies and footman into the account, we have little more than one man to oppose!—But, nevertheless, we must make our dispositions according to what *may*, and not in conformity to what is *likely* to happen. I will ride slowly up, while you gallop round that hill; and thus approaching the coach, be sure to fire over it, and leave the rest to me.” When Barton, therefore, pushed in a pistol at one side, at the same time demanding an immediate contribution, his coadjutor actually let fly in the rear, by way of terrifying the enemy, and also to let them understand that more than one was concerned in the attempt. The stratagem produced its intended effect: the fine gentlemen trembled, let fall their blunderbusses, and surrendered about one hundred pounds. “Come,” said Barton, “we must have your weapons too: for it is evident that you cannot use them; and it is as certain that I can!”

The party, having delivered their money, conceived it ridiculous to contend for their arms; with which our hero and his subaltern rode triumphantly off.

The greatest fear which tormented Will, was, lest his *luck* should not last! These were his own expressions; and, after a few more successful enterprises, his apprehensions were seriously verified; for committing a robbery in Covent Garden, he was detected, conveyed to Newgate, and afterwards transported for seven years. He had, however, the good fortune to meet with an indulgent master, who, knowing the true estimation of superior abilities, at length raised Barton to the office of Overseer; and, if the old Proverb had not intervened, which informs us, that—*He who is born to be hanged, shall never be drowned*—it is more than probable that, in a few years more, Barton would have raised himself to a state of independence; but an unconquerable, if not ridiculous, affection for his wife, poisoned the cup of happiness which stood before him; and he at length resolved, whatever might be the consequence, to effect his escape, and once more return to London. He even did so; and, after having realized the anticipated blisses of conjugality for a few days, he turned his attention towards the means of subsistence. Considering that a discovery of his return would lead to inevitable death, whether he plied as a Porter or a Thief, he fatally deemed the latter calling to be the most lucrative of the two; and accordingly recommenced his villainous depredations. By this imprudent resolution, he certainly deprived himself of every probable

probable chance of escape: for, if taken up on the smallest suspicion, there existed no doubt but his person would instantly be recognized; whereas, in the discharge of some reputable employment, his career might have glided on without interruption, till the time-piece of Nature had stopped from some physical cause. He was, after all, apprehended in the fact of robbing Lord Viscount Lisbourn, an Irish Nobleman, of a silver-hilted sword, a snuff-box, and about twelve shillings in money. For this, he was tried at the Old Bailey, convicted, and condemned.

Barton certainly possessed a considerable portion of sterling courage, which he manifested after the final decision of his fate. Nor were his morals originally depraved; opportunity and circumstance, as we have elsewhere observed, con-
 ducting to lead him astray. He now seemed to call the Christian duties to recollection; and, as the only atonement which he could make, professed contrition and penitence; declaring that his *passions*, and not his *reason*, had accelerated that ruin which was about to overwhelm him.—
 He was executed at Tyburn, in May 1721, aged no more than thirty-one; calling devoutly on God to absolve his crimes, and to accept of his repentance.

FARMER JOHN COLLINGTON.

At the Maidstone Assizes for March 1749, John Stone was indicted for setting fire to the barn, corn and hay-ricks of John Clarke; and John Collington as accessory. This latter was born of very respectable parents, at Pluckley in Kent; his father being rector of that parish, which produced him about three hundred pounds per annum, besides his paternal inheritance. He gave his son a very liberal education; who, however, at an early age, manifested the most terrific indications of cruelty and savageness. He was expelled from two or three schools, for rebellious conduct; and, when apprenticed to a grocer, his master gladly returned the premium to get rid of so troublesome and dangerous an inmate. In short, he was placed, in succession, with several tradesmen, both in the country and London; but none of whom suffered him to remain long under their roofs. While in the metropolis, being one day ordered to fetch a pennyworth of mustard, he selected a distant shop, and then drove home in a hackney-coach, with the petty errand; and walked very tranquilly to the till, and took from thence half a crown to pay the coachman.

coachman! saying, he must always *ride on such occasions!*—Asking the same master leave once to visit his relations in the country, he obtained liberty to stay a fortnight: as he was about to depart, however, his mistress charged him, in the absence of her husband—By no means to stay longer than two or three weeks. But John was seen no more till the end of five; when being reproved by the good man, he replied—That he had tarried no longer than his allotted time: “For you, Sir,” said he, “allowed me two weeks and my mistress three; which, added together, makes up the five.” When master Collington’s apprenticeship had at length expired, his father put him into business in the country: but his surly, morose, and passionate temper, drove all the customers away; and he became an universal object of terror and detestation; insomuch, that he was obliged to remove his shop from one town to the other, being unable to obtain any settled habitation as a tradesman. While a suitor, however, he contrived to lay an effectual constraint on his violent temper, and was fortunate enough to marry a daughter of Counsellor Wheeler, with whom he received a considerable fortune, and who bore him, in all, ten children. But his conduct, as father, was yet more blameable, than all the other tempestuous sallies of which he had been guilty. To save expences, he refused his infants the Christian mode of baptism, naming them himself; and six that died, he buried in his orchard, impelled by the like sinister motives. He treated his amiable and lovely wife with great barbarity; beating, confining her to a particular room, and sometimes tumbling her forcibly into an adjacent saw-pit, where he covered her over for two or three whole days and nights together without sustenance. During one of Mrs. Collington’s pregnancies, she signified great inclination to a partridge. He accordingly shot some, and ordered one to be dressed for his wife’s dinner; but, in the mean time, beating a little boy most unmercifully, the feeling mother interposed, and begged that he would desist. This he considered as a high misdemeanour, and became so extremely passionate on the occasion, that, two hours afterwards, when the partridge appeared at table, he deliberately cut it up in four quarters, poured the sauce over it, and then set down the dish to his dogs and cats, in Mrs. Collington’s presence!—This unparalleled act of villainy produced a miscarriage, and greatly endangered the good lady’s life. But she did not long survive this circumstance: for her savage husband, some few months afterwards, flung her down a flight of stairs, followed, and kicked her on the breast, which occasioned a cancer, of which she died.

Collington,

Collington, on his father's decease, which happened several years before his first marriage, came into the possession of a considerable fortune; when he took up his residence, as a gentleman farmer, at Throwleigh, where the principal part of his paternal estates were situated. About nine years before his commitment, he married a second wife, who also brought him a large fortune; and by her he had six children. A short time previous to this marriage, Collington was convicted in a very large penalty for running or owling of wool; to evade the payment of which, he made over his estates to a person in Maidstone, and then swore himself not worth five pounds. Having, at length, obtained a remission of the penalty, he almost immediately recommenced his amusements as a sportsman: for which several gentlemen of the neighbourhood entered prosecutions against him: but, to their great astonishment, Collington swore to his qualification, and set them boldly at defiance. When these various law-suits were settled, he proceeded to Maidstone, for the writings and deeds of his property: when, to his utter astonishment and confusion, the person whom he had entrusted, refused to deliver them up, saying the property was his own!—Collington, however, was not easily to be intimidated; for, hinting at some very serious consequences, the person at last complied, on consideration of a certain sum of money, which Collington not only agreed to pay, but, to shew the magnitude of his joy, stood upright on his head, and played a lively tune upon the fiddle.

He acted the very tyrant in his own *dominions*; and, indeed, became the terror of all peaceable persons within the circumference of six parishes, near which his mansion lay; forcibly invading the property of others, with respect to game, but rigidly securing what belonged to himself.—Nothing marked Collington's brutality more, than an inveteracy which he had imbibed for the children of his first wife. The eldest lad, though sixteen years of age, and heir to the paternal estate, had received no education, no fatherly protection; had been driven from the door, like a hungry beggar, and compelled to seek a subsistence by the meanest subterfuges. The others were suffered to wander about the neighbourhood as gypsies, half naked, and sometimes, too, compelled to implore aid from "the cold hand of Charity." His second son, then about twelve years of age, was the indirect cause of Collington's unhappy exit. Putting the youth, one day, into a saw-pit, he covered him up, with an intention of starving him to death; but some

of the servants frustrating his inhuman design, by setting the child again at liberty, he turned him indignantly from his door; in consequence of which, that poor innocent was necessitated to beg about the neighbourhood, till the parish examined into the circumstance; but Collington continuing inexorable, in spite of the remonstrances which were made, Mr. Clarke, the prosecutor before mentioned, who was at that period Churchwarden, took the unfortunate youth under his roof, and gave him a maintenance: after which, he procured a Justice's warrant to levy on Collington for the said expences; and, accompanied by the Overseer, repaired to his house, and put it in force. "D—c!" said he to Mr. Clarke, "you are a full *mark*! You can't well be missed. I'll have revenge by hook or by crook!—Is your will made, hey?" Mr. Clarke asked, if he then intended to murder him? "No," answered Collington; "but I don't know but you *may* be murdered for all that!"

Collington used to say, that he would prove a tower of strength to his friends, but a scourge to his enemies; and amply did he verify this assertion: for, though naturally penurious, there were some cases in which he shewed abundant liberality; but we cannot assert, that he ever relieved virtue or innocence, or honesty, in distress.—He now pretended, that this Mr. Clarke withheld his son by force; and therefore hired three most hardened ruffians to assassinate that worthy and humane character. Their attempt was, however, frustrated by Mr. Clarke's escape into a farmhouse, as the ruffians were conveying him along the road on horseback; but in this, he ran an imminent hazard of losing his life, the contents of two or three pistols whizzing by his ears, as he made off. As principal in this horrid transaction, Collington was carried before a Justice; where, haughtily refusing to give any security for his appearance at the ensuing Sessions, he was committed to Canterbury gaol. During his residence there, it was believed, that he concerted with Stone a plan for setting fire to the barns, hayricks, &c. of Mr. Clarke. Certain it is, that those premises and property were entirely consumed; and the facts, by a variety of circumstances being brought home to the two prisoners, they were found guilty by the Jury, and ordered for execution.

After this serious event had taken place, Collington spent the greatest part of his time in casting vehement and bitter reflections on the Grand Jury, and other gentlemen of the county; in writing letters, and petitions; and in caressing
several

several persons who pretended they had sufficient influence to procure him a pardon. "If I could but live long enough to be *revenged* on my *enemies*," said he, "I should die in peace!"—On the evening previous to his execution, he was visited by his wife, and her father and sister. Being asked by one of these, among other melancholy topics, if he chose to be buried at Throwleigh, he answered indignantly---"No!" for that his enemies, having prosecuted him even unto death, he could not expect they would suffer his body to remain long undisturbed. He, however, afterwards condescended to make the necessary arrangements for his funeral. A repast being brought into the room, "Ah!" said he, "come, let us eat and drink; for to-morrow we die!" He then heartily partook of some beef-steak pye, and drank two glasses of wine without shewing much apparent concern.

The great interest which Collington made at Court, would probably have been attended with success, if the *interest* which was exerted *against* him by the country gentlemen, his neighbours, had not been more powerful. But this miserable man never suffered hope to forsake him, even on his passage to the gallows. When in sight of the fatal tree, indeed, a messenger, whom he had dispatched to Dr. Walwin, who was intimate with the Duke of Newcastle, returned post-haste, when the populace exclaimed—"A reprieve!—A reprieve!" What joy animated the countenance of this unhappy victim to passion!--"Ah! ha! ha!" cried he; "is the reprieve, then, come at last?"—These happy transports, however, were of short duration: for the man, conscious of this criminal's delusive hopes, took the first opportunity of informing him, that neither the Duke, nor the other Nobleman, could succeed in his behalf. "I knew," answered he, "that I was condemned and hanged before my trial occurred!" He positively insisted on his innocence, and that of Stone, to the last moment; and could by no means be brought to say, that he died in charity with all mankind. Before the awful procession moved from the gaol, a numerous multitude became clamorous for his execution; fearing that his money and influence would at last prevail. It is ungenerous to insult a fallen enemy: but such was the horror universally conceived of Collington's character, that he left the world amidst the shouts and execrations of his fellow-creatures, with whom he had lived in a constant state of warfare.---Such are the fatal excesses, such the deplorable consequences, of an impetuous temper; which it is in every
P 2 man's

man's power to moderate so far, that, though he may not prove a blessing, he may at least, not become a curse, to Society: for neither *fortune*, nor *rank*, nor *influence*, as we have elsewhere observed, will prevail, when we violently trespass on those laws which were enacted for our mutual benefit and security; which wisdom approved, and which experience has sanctioned.

WILLIAM PERKINS.

PROBABLY the *perfection* of human misery was never more forcibly exemplified than in the fate of William Perkins, executed at Tyburn in July 1721. Treated with affection during his mother's life, he was placed at school to receive a respectable, if not a liberal, education: but his father marrying again, after the decease of that tender parent, he was summoned home; when, in a short time, he so far incurred the displeasure of his step-mother, that she prevailed on her husband to drive him from his door, without provision, and without recommendation. The youth, hungry and agonized, rambled about, unknowing where to go; till, at length, brotherly regard for a little sister that was left behind, tempted him, by means of a ladder, to enter the house, one evening, in the hope of obtaining an interview with the dear companion of his innocence. In this enterprize, he was, however, discovered; and his step-mother ingeniously interpreted his purpose into premeditated assassination. The father, misled by the plausibility of this suggestion—and even trembling for his own life—utterly and indignantly discarded his unhappy son for ever. It was, nevertheless, his fortune to be apprenticed to a baker; and while he remained in that servile situation, his father died, cutting him off from a fortune of ten thousand pounds. This melancholy intelligence was quickly communicated to the young man; and the consequent pangs of disappointment so far embittered the little portion of happiness which he enjoyed, that his laborious duties became wholly insipid and irksome: he gave himself up to inebriety, and other irregularities; and sought companions among the meanest dregs of the earth; at whose instigation he at length pilfered a marked crown-piece from the till of a public-house where they then happened to be carousing. It was missed; a search took place; and the identical plunder found in the pocket of Perkins. A Constable took him into custody; he was committed, tried, ordered for transportation; and afterwards

afterwards sold to a Jamaica planter, who having no occasion for his services as a baker, turned him among the negroes. Being of a weakly constitution, he was sinking under the miseries of his situation; when his master, seeing what would clearly be the issue, sold him to another. Here his condition became more bearable: but panting for liberty, he effected a wonderful escape; and after surviving innumerable hardships, escaped to Carolina in a ship, from whence he travelled on foot to Maryland.

At Maryland he found means to ship himself for England: but, on the passage, this vessel was taken by a Spanish privateer. The crew, of consequence, were consigned to prison; and the unfortunate Perkins among the rest. The former hardships which he had endured, were pleasures compared to the horrors of his situation at this period. But Time, that produces variety of wonders as well as alterations, at length diversified the scene; so far at least, as to afford him the means of escaping from his dungeon.

Perkins, bent on beholding once more the country where he had received existence, indefatigably laboured, till he at length reached London, when, aware of the serious consequences which would attend a discovery of his return—and feeling also compunction, on turning to the dissolute life which he had led---he engaged himself as a journeyman baker; conceiving that the disguise of dress, and the changes effected by time and misfortune, would effectually secure his person from recognition. After continuing two whole years in this capacity, his apprehensions revived with redoubled force; for when an individual is susceptible of the stings of conscience, the degree of guilt makes but little alteration in those horrors which assail the mind.---Terror now operated on this unhappy youth, as forcibly as disappointment at the period when he lost his legal inheritance. The pleasures which he had anticipated in his native soil, became tasteless; and the necessary labours of the day were rendered irksome by the danger which seemed to threaten on every side.---In this state of trepidation, foreseeing that the unavoidable neglect of his master's business would necessarily be followed by dismissal, he resolved---not to seek out his dissolute companions, like a miscreant hardened in iniquity---but quietly to embark as a common soldier for the East Indies; imagining that the unpleasantness of severe duty, and rigorous discipline, added to the tortures of a burning climate, would be fully compensated by the internal tranquillity which he already enjoyed in idea; secured, by an immensity of distance, from the possibility of detection.---

detection.---But, mark the vicissitude of Fortune! the stern and unavoidable decrees of Fate! As the subject of this adventure was about to commence his voyage from Gravesend, some minion of Justice—untinctured with Mercy—called his features to recollection; and conjecturing that the time of his transportation was not then expired, took the unfortunate youth into custody, and conveyed him to Newgate. Being shortly afterwards tried for this fact, he was found guilty on the clearest evidence, and sentenced to be hanged. Poor and friendless, his penitence, his original transgression, succeeding misfortunes, and praise-worthy behaviour, never penetrated the bosom of royal clemency; and the sentence that had been pronounced, was awfully carried into effect. Thus a single indiscretion in one whose mind seemed not to be habitually vitiated, prepared the way to various degrees and changes of misery; which, however severe and agonizing, were nevertheless terminated by an ignominious death.—If the callous hearts of step-mothers are proof, as frequently no doubt they are, against the finer feelings of humanity, let the fate of Robert Perkins stimulate the husbands of such women to guard their helpless infants from becoming the sport of brutal Envy: let them recollect, that by being too uxorious, they may become cruel to those who certainly have the first claims to their fondness and regard: for, by neglecting to exercise that common justice which is admirably calculated to connect the several links in a family, however large, it is not impossible but some higher Power may, by means unaccountable, take cognizance of the resulting consequences. But if the blow were *always* to fall on those with whom the indiscretion originates, we presume there would be little occasion for this serious admonition to second mothers and unfeeling fires!

JAMES, OR VALENTINE CARRICK.

THIS infatuated youth was the son of an Irish gentleman, resident in the environs of Dublin; and he had several children, of whom James being the youngest, his father purchased him an Ensigncy. The regiment to which he belonged was ordered to Spain, while our young soldier was yet a stripling; whither he also repaired, having been amply accommodated for the journey by an indulgent parent. In person, our adventurer was handsome and captivating; rather above the middle size; and perfectly genteel

genteel and graceful. When in Spain, he lavished his money as profusely as any other Officer of twice his income. Carrick's tent was the general rendezvous of all the military bucks; and, when in quarters, no one had handsomer lodgings, or cut a greater figure than this youthful Ensign.

During Carrick's residence at Barcelona, he contracted an intimacy with several Spanish cavaliers, in the interest of King Charles; among whom he was particularly distinguished by Don Raphael de Ponto, a rich and respectable Catalonian. This gentleman, like the generality of his countrymen, was amorous, and given to intrigue. He became delighted with Carrick's humour, and honoured him with his friendship. In fact, they were both vehemently attached to the fair-sex; a coincidence which cemented their regard for each other.

Being out, one evening, in quest of adventures, a duenna slipped a billet into Don Raphael's hand, containing an appointment which was proposed to take place near the Convent in the street of St. Thomas; and an invitation also to his friend, provided he was not too *bashful* to encounter a Spanish lady. At the stated hour, both gentlemen very punctually attended; were met by the same duenna; and by her, after waiting a few minutes, conducted into an apartment above stairs; where our enamoured swains beheld two surpassing beauties, whose charms no Anchorite could withstand; no, not even St. Augustine himself! Many preliminary ceremonies, on those occasions, are neither requisite nor customary in any part of the terraqueous globe; and as the tide of passion flowed high, there seemed a necessity, and even a probability, of rebutting its course; when a tremendous noise on the stairs rendered the ladies' intervention unnecessary for that purpose. These lascivious lovers—well aware of the serious consequences which, in Spain, sometimes accompany such interviews—desisted instantly from the tender endearments which occupied their attention, and repaired towards the window; and, clapping their backs against it, drew their spadoes, and stood on the defensive, with a full determination to sell their lives at a capital price. But the bravery which they exhibited proved needless: for, when they expected to see a band of ruffians approach, the floor began to shake under their feet; and, at length, giving way, they were at once precipitated into a dark room, just underneath; where our two heroes were disarmed, gagged, closely bound, and afterwards plundered by villains whom they could not discern. When they had lain in that disconsolate condition some few hours, the same
bravoes

bravoes crammed them each into a chest, which was conveyed, closely shut down, to the market-place, and there left to the providence of Chance or Fortune. Carrick's Serjeant, with a file of Musqueteers, going the rounds about an hour afterwards, had the curiosity to examine these aforesaid trunks; and finding them filled with animated lumber, set the miserable prisoners at liberty.

Don Raphael's Major Domo waited upon Carrick the next, or rather the same morning; and apologizing for his master's absence, which, he said, arose from indisposition, presented him with a letter and a small parcel, and then withdrew. In the latter, Mr. Carrick, to his great surprise, found a watch, a diamond-ring, and a draft for two hundred pieces of eight; precisely the sum taken from him by the plunderers; or, to speak more properly, the amount of what at parting, he told his Spanish friend he had lost by the accident. "It is but just," said the Don in his letter, "that I should restore that property which was wrested from you, by bearing me company!"

During the whole of Carrick's residence in Spain, he contrived to support his accustomed dignity by means not always the most honourable; by which he was often plunged into difficulties, and sometimes disgrace. On the termination of the war, he repaired to London, as soon as the troops were reconveyed back to their native country.—In the gay metropolis, then, he was destined to figure away without commission, and frequently without money. On receiving occasional supplies, he visited the most notorious brothels, and associated with every description of prostitutes, from the regions of King's Place to Parker's Lane;—a plan of life equally destructive to the constitution and the pocket: and when in pecuniary distress, which happened at least six days out of seven, he had recourse to those wretched females, who nightly receive the wages of infamy. They, indeed, administered to his wants, in proportion to the slenderness of their means: but then, in return, our hero became their slave, their pander, and their bully; and was thus subjected to the turbulent passions of women, irritated by liquor, corrupted by habit and example, and lost to delicacy and virtue. This abject state of humiliation but ill accorded with Carrick's original notions of *consequence* and *honour*; and while busily employed in chalking out some other expedient, he accidentally met with one Smith, a brother countryman, who was also arrived at the last stage of a *pocket consumption*; as a remedy for which, these two-adventurers, after several grave consultations, at length agreed to

to *prescribe* the highway; a mode, said Carrick, which is greatly sanctioned by *modern practice*. They accordingly carried their resolution into effect; and soon afterwards admitted another partner in the firm, called Butler, who was also an Hibernian, possessing as just a principle of moral right and wrong as the two heroes with whom he entered into this *commercial* concern. In a short time, however, Carrick and Butler were seized by the myrmidons of Justice, and safely lodged in Newgate; when the former being admitted an evidence, Butler was convicted and executed, and his friend discharged, for the important service which he had rendered the public.

This melancholy transaction quickly reached Dublin, and involved the family of Carrick in the utmost confusion. His brother immediately wrote to him; forcibly depicted the consequences which might still result from a perseverance in such unjustifiable proceedings; and the shame and disgrace which his relations must consequently suffer. In fine, he offered him protection, money, every thing, if he would return home, reform his behaviour, and act in conformity to his rank in society, and the liberal education which he had received. But Carrick was too far advanced in wickedness, to stop on a sudden; too much enamoured of the dissolute pleasures which London afforded, to quit his companions, his prostitutes, and his haunts.—His propensity to irregular indulgences led him naturally into excesses; and those excesses created wants which a man of the opposite description need not feel. Brothels, gaming-tables, and fine cloaths, were his chief delights; than which nothing can be better calculated to exhaust opulence, or to bring the needy to destruction. Carrick, to sustain the character which he affected, made continual excursions on Finchley Common, Hounslow, and Bagshot Heaths; but the vast sums he there collected proved inadequate to his profuse disbursements; and not being able to afford the *time*, which these journies necessarily demanded, he entered into an association with some of his countrymen to rob in the streets. This regulation proved infinitely more convenient, and productive, than the other mode; for here no charges were required, and the chance of escaping was greater: so at least it appeared to these desperadoes, who long triumphed unmolested. At length, however, Carrick and one of his coadjutors were taken, for robbing the Hon. William Young, Esq. in a chair one morning, between one and two o'clock, in Little Queen Street, of a gold watch, valued at fifty pounds, a sword, and forty guineas.

guineas. The others had the good fortune to reach Ireland in security.

Carrick's behaviour, while in Newgate, was equally singular and indecent; pretending to be scarcely sensible of his unhappy situation; giving himself airs of mighty consequence; and affecting all the gaiety of a libertine at large. Numbers of gentlemen flocked to see him; notwithstanding which, he neither appeared disconcerted nor abashed: but related with vivacity the principal part of his numerous adventures, for the entertainment of his visitors. Carrick's eccentricities becoming thus a subject of conversation, the rage to see and to hear him became general; and, for a suitable present, the keepers gratified almost every person's curiosity, that solicited an interview. Carrick, hearing of this circumstance, observed one day, very jocosely: "You pay, good folks, for seeing me now; and yet, by waiting a few days longer, you may gratify your curiosity without any expence!—For I intend to go to Tyburn in public!" Nor did the awfulness of that fate which awaited him, subdue, or even restrain, the amorous propensities that had, in a great measure, accelerated his ruin: even in the gloom of Newgate, he collected the scattered members of his seraglio, and, among them, acted the character of Sultan with as much gallantry as ever. Preferring, almost to the last moment, the society of such abandoned females, he suffered every important consideration to escape, that related to future happiness; and gazed on them with a kind of greedy delight, when summoned to prepare for his everlasting transformation.

At the place of execution, Carrick maintained a strict uniformity with that carriage which he had observed in prison. He shewed no indications of dismay or fear; no apparent signs of humiliation or repentance; no sorrow, concern, or shame, for the wrongs he had done Society; no pang invaded his bosom, at the disgrace which he had brought on his family or friends; and, however ardently he might desire a prolongation of existence, he shewed not the smallest reluctance in parting with it; even giving himself genteel airs as he helped to place the rope about his own neck; bowing and gracefully taking leave of all whom he recognized among the crowd, as if about to set off on a pleasurable journey. Thinking that all these antics were not sufficiently extravagant, he invented a thousand others, equally, or rather more ridiculous, till the executioner, even, *blushing* at the folly of this infatuated youth, drove the cart off before he had ended the exhibition of a new idea

idea which had just struck his vivid fancy.---So died James, Valentine Carrick, in the twenty-seventh year of his age; more the subject of astonishment than pity; and the victim of an easy and voluptuous nature, which example and habit had totally depraved. He, however, condescended to profess himself a Roman Catholic; and informed the Ordinary that he had obtained his peace with God in his own way; and a very *peculiar* way it must have been, if we may judge from what has been said of his Life and Character!---July 1722.

JOHN CARTWRIGHT.

THIS young man was born in Yorkshire, of parents in tolerable circumstances; and, after living with several persons in the country, as a servant, he was recommended by his uncle to Mr. Chauvin, mercer, in Paternoster Row, where, through his usual industry, sobriety, and attention, he became the favourite domestic. Mr. C. suffered him to go out every other Sunday only; a condescension, however necessary and trifling, which proved the ultimate ruin of the youth: for, visiting now and then a neighbouring alehouse, some libertines, who resorted the same place, observing his inexperience and native simplicity, ingratiated themselves into Cartwright's favour, and sometimes prevailed upon him to drink more than the moderate portion which he allowed himself. These *bon vivants* artfully represented those pleasures that the metropolis afforded; and rallied the honest Yorkshireman on the dulness in which he passed, and was likely they said to end, his days. It was only by degrees, however, that simple John's curiosity became raised; when he asked his companions a variety of questions---respecting the *divertissements* which they had so often praised---with such energy, as convinced them he was nearly *ripe*. His greatest objection, indeed, now was---the want of necessary pocket-money, to gain him admittance to the theatres, private balls, debating societies, public gardens, and so forth: and one of the gay young gentlemen took that opportunity of saying, in answer, that there were *easier* means of obtaining cash than by *eternal slavery*! This assertion---so seemingly unaccountable---filled John's head with a variety of strange conceptions, and elated his hopes so extravagantly, that he pressed for an explanation. Still, however, did he remain in suspense; till one evening, by an artful manoeuvre, they detained him beyond his usual time, and rendered it impossible

sible that he should leave the company that night. When the fumes of liquor had overpowered the suggestions of unsuspecting honesty, the betrayer resumed the old topic of money without labour or confinement; and John, having sworn himself to secrecy, desired that he might be admitted to a knowledge of this very lucrative secret. "Why, you country *chunk!*" said his friend, "while you, here, grievously complain of poverty, I'll warrant there are at least a hundred or two pounds in your master's till!" "May be there may!" answered Cartwright: "but what is that to me?"—"Nay!" said the other, "if you have not courage to fetch it—— Come, you can get in, I am sure: and never fear, we'll put you in a way to avoid discovery." Cartwright still hesitated, drunk as he was: but all his arguments, and *filly* scruples of conscience, being at length overpowered, he consented---ah! how fatally!---consented: and even promised, by a heavy oath, to be faithful to his word. He knew, perfectly well, the situation of Mr. Chauvin's cash; and next morning, early, gaining admittance before his master was up, carried his rash enterprise into effect; and conveyed off, to his vile acquaintances, a silver watch, fourscore pounds in money, and three silver spoons. This booty was privately shared among the *convivial* party, who removed Cartwright into a place of security, and then cozened him out of the *dividend* which he had received, and left him to follow his own counsel and his own inclinations.

Stung with conscious guilt, and more than ever the victim of poverty, despair took possession of his mind, and frantic fury appeared in every look and gesture. He fled as far as Monmouthshire in Wales, but still haunted by his eternal companion---Conscience. Some particular circumstances, however, led to a discovery of the place where he had temporarily taken up his residence; and, notwithstanding its great distance from London, he was quickly apprehended, committed to the county gaol, and afterwards removed to Newgate; where he had to encounter the accusing eyes of an indulgent master. Before trial, he began to prepare himself for that shameful death, which appeared inevitable; and, after condemnation, went on in a course of penitence and devotion, *wondering*, even, sometimes at his folly and his weakness. In this tremendous state of human misery, he was utterly abandoned by his parents and relations, who, as it were, disowned him, that the stigma attached to so ignominious a punishment might the less affect their family and reputation. In silent agony they lamented the
misguided

misguided youth; but neither sent him reproof nor consolation. He died at Tyburn, in September 1726, aged no more than twenty-three years; bemoaning his wretched allotment, crying aloud for mercy and forgiveness; and hoping, and praying, that the dreadful example which his want of resolution and probity had furnished, would effectually deter others from becoming the prey of villainy and artifice, under whatever form it might appear, and however artfully the wicked prescription might be deformed.

This is a melancholy recital, which the meanest capacity may comprehend: it is only to be recollected, that there are other modes of seduction, that nevertheless tend to the same destructive conclusion.—An Oxford farmer, a few months since, came up to the King's Bench Prison, for the laudable purpose of bailing a relation in distress: this person, having by some means obtained a promissory note for ten pounds, for the purpose of defraying the incidental expences, dispatched the countryman with it to a linen-draper at the west end of the town, who knowing the emergency, had promised to discount it; but, withal, charging him to beware of swindlers on the road thither. He travelled safely enough as far as Drury Lane, where he was familiarly accosted, and accompanied, by *much of a gentleman*, who at length espying something on the ground, picked it up, opened it, and found the contents to be a *diamond cross*, directed to Lady ***** and inclosing the bill, which amounted to seventy pounds. "Come, Sir," said he, "as I am in no want of money, having great business as a wine-merchant near the Royal Exchange, you shall share this piece of fortune with me, as you were present, and might have found it yourself, if I had not joined you company. There is a public-house near Great Turnstile, (the Horse and Groom) where I deal largely in my way of trade, we will go thither, and divide the spoil over a bottle." Before, however, they reached this said house, an *acquaintance* of the *gentleman* overtook them; to whom the *lucky* circumstance being communicated, his *friend* requested that he would act as judge, or arbitrator, on the occasion; and perhaps it need not be said that he cheerfully complied. The first character that supported this piece, offered the *flat* twenty pounds for his share of the cross; but to which the second character objected, saying that the honest countryman had a right to expect at least thirty pounds. The other, however, rejecting this proposal, declared he would sooner sell *his share* for the sum which he had at first offered. "That, indeed, is perfectly fair!" said the second: "and if you are in

earnest, which I nevertheless rather suspect, my worthy friend here will have a good bargain!" "He, he!" answered our wise-acre, "I have only one guinea in my pocket, and this *here* note *here*, that I am carrying to Mr. R*****'s, linen-draper, in ***** Street, to get discounted; and that an't enough for my part!" "As you seem an honourable man," said the first character, "I will consent to take what you *have*, in part of payment, on condition that you will promise, on your word, to bring the remainder to my counting-house, No. 24, Cateaton Street, as soon as you have disposed of the jewel." In short, the bargain was thus concluded: the gentleman received the guinea and note, and posted away with no inconsiderable expedition to Mr. R.'s; where, making use of the unfortunate prisoner's name, which he had learnt among other particulars, the unsuspecting linen-draper instantly advanced the cash; with which the supposed messenger very tranquilly departed. In the mean time, our enraptured farmer posted back, on the wings of Gladness, to the solitary cell of his relation. "Egad!" said he, on entering the apartment, "I have met with rare luck to-day! Here is a diamond——" "Hell, furies, d——n!" cried the miserable debtor; "you are swindled, and I undone! Your diamond——isn't worth a damn!—Did I not tell you—to beware of Ring-droppers?" Still, however, the countryman would not believe that he had been cheated, without having the curious cross examined. It required, however, but trifling art to discover the deception; when, standing confounded and aghast, he exclaimed—"Aye, aye! I have often heard in the country, sure enough, of Ring-droppers; and the devil himself had not cheated me that way. But Cross-droppers never once entered my head!"—By this little narrative, which is an absolute fact, we mean to demonstrate the possibility of accomplishing *one* object, by a little *variation* in the means. Young men, and particularly servants entrusted with property, are admonished to recollect, that the road to Perdition is not always pointed out over a pot of *ale*—A bowl or two of *punch*, or a fluent tongue unmoistened by liquor of any kind, may effect the *same* detestable purpose.

In confirmation of what we have just remarked, the following circumstance will be considered as *apropos*.—Mr. ANTHONY DRURY, a person who enjoyed a small fortune at Wendover, and whose fate, in 1726, engrossed the conversation of all ranks and descriptions, suffered himself to be persuaded

persuaded by the Bicester waggoner, that it would be both an easy, safe, and extremely profitable attempt, to rob the weekly vehicle then under his command; promising, at the same time, to render him every indirect assistance which lay in his power. This unhappy gentleman had married a lady of fortune, whom he utterly neglected for the society of other women, merely to gratify the animal inclinations; an imprudence which augmented his expences beyond the bounds of reason, and of course frequently occasioned family disquietude. From hence arose Mr. Drury's succeeding misfortunes; for, though he had hitherto maintained, and indeed merited, the character of an honourable man, the sudden idea of feeding his private frailties, unknown to Mrs. Drury, completely disposed him to the fatal snare. September 25, 1726, he therefore attacked the before-mentioned Bicester waggon, on its return from London; taking of a Mr. Eldridge fifteen moidores, two hundred and ten guineas, and eighty half guineas, besides smaller sums of other passengers. But, notwithstanding the security at which his friend had hinted, he was apprehended for this fact, tried, and ordered for execution; and which accordingly took place at Tyburn, in spite of many vehement applications that he made by letter to men in power, with the hope of having his sentence altered for transportation. Though a man of education, and possessing *some* good moral qualities, he meanly strove, while under condemnation, to throw the whole atrocity of that transaction on the villainous waggoner, who was, every way, his inferior in point of knowledge. But, though the contrary had been the case, could it diminish his crime, by saying that another had proposed and recommended its perpetration? It is an expedient that argues weakness, without removing aught from the resulting guilt.—Thus the smaller indiscretions imperceptibly conduct to those of greater magnitude: when, therefore, we, *at first*, begin to ruminate on and concert the former, let us seriously consider the latter at the *same* moment; it will sometimes moderate, and not unfrequently prevent, destructive tendencies. The pleasure, too, that we expect in rioting on the substance of others, is merely transitory; and even in its meridian, there are intervening pangs, that excite to dissipation and extravagance; which, in the end, paves the way to new excesses, for the purpose of stifling an upbraiding conscience, and of providing for imaginary necessities.

THOMAS TIMMS and THOMAS PERRY, two dissolute privates in the Guards, about 1727, drank so very freely one

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day, in company of an *elderly* journeyman glass-grinder, named EDWARD BROWN, that at length they spent the whole of their ready-cash; but became a little elevated withal: when the youngest of the soldiers proposed, without ceremony, an excursion to Hounslow Heath, by way of recruiting their exhausted pockets. This proposal was inconsiderately adopted: they met, and robbed a publican of a few shillings; but were shortly afterwards taken, committed to Newgate, tried, found guilty, and conveyed to Tyburn without any similar company; dying, as they had acted, together. The oldest of these malefactors, however, seemed frequently astonished at the magnitude of his weakness and his folly; declaring that, in the whole course of a long life, such a thought had never once entered his head.—See here another striking and melancholy instance of the force and consequences of persuasion!—

JAMES WRIGHT.

THE road furnishes as many *singular characters* as any other circle in human life.—JAMES WRIGHT seemed to have been the very opposite of ALEXANDER the GREAT, who wept because there were no more nations to plunder and destroy; whereas our less important, though not less *virtuous* hero, scarcely ever attacked the peaceful passenger, without tears in his eyes; and *every* time resolved, that *that* attempt should be the *last**. It is probable that the French borrowed their far-famed doctrine of Equality from this eccentric character; and we are further confirmed in this opinion, from the analogy which subsists between their respective modes of depredation. Wright arrogated to himself not a little merit, on the perseverance which he employed in singling out the opulent as his *bankers*; declaring

* This curious resolution reminds us of a Devonshire farmer's son, who, however, was more ingenuous than Mr. Wright. This youth, finding his way privately into the dairy, selected a pan of rich clouted cream as the object of attack; and at *every* spoonful he took up, exclaimed—"One more, and then——" His mother, in the mean time, coming gently to the door, observed his motions for a long while, supposing, by what he said, that every turn would be the last: but the delicious fluid being at length most sensibly diminished, and the cry still continuing—"One more and then——" the good woman pettishly interrupted—"And what then, Bob——?"—"Why, mother," answered he, "And then—another!"

it was a sin to molest, much more to take any thing from, the indigent. Nature, he asserted, originally allotted mankind the productions of the earth in common with each other; and that it was therefore commendable to curb the progress of dissipation and licentiousness: to which there existed but one objection—(and that objection, perhaps, occasioned those briny indications of humanity before mentioned) comprehended in the emphatical word—*Law!*—He unfortunately forgot that civilization and refinement had altered the body politic of the universe; the foundation of which change consisted in the security of property. For an infringement of this kind in Surry, he was tried at Kingston Assizes; but, from a defect in the evidence, he got off; and now, for the first time, seriously determined to carry his virtuous conceptions into effect. A friend, who had commiserated Wright's unhappy situation, admitted him under his roof; hoping that some opportunity would shortly occur of rendering his old companion some more effectual relief. "When a man," said he often to him, "turneth away from the wickedness which he hath committed, he shall save his *soul* alive!"—Unfortunately for our hero, the *body* was omitted in this sacred dogma. An associate with whom he had once robbed in concert, envious of his reformation, took infinite pains to discover the residence of a gentleman whom they had stopped; and, becoming an evidence, Wright was dragged from the hospitable mansion of his worthy friend; committed to Newgate; tried, found guilty of the fact alledged against him, and ordered for execution. He refused to discover the names of those persons who had acted with him; hoping, he said, that they would repent: but declared that the fellow who wantonly swore his life away, had instigated him to *shoot* the prosecutor and his party, because they hesitated to obey the word of command. This unhappy man, who had once been a reputable peruke-maker in the Old Bailey, made his exit at Tyburn in December 1721, aged thirty-four years.

NATHANIEL HAWES.

WE have this criminal's own authority for saying that he was the son of a rich grazier in Norfolk, who dying in his infancy, the child suffered the loss of a paternal inheritance, through the villainy of those who were entrusted as guardians. They, however, at proper age, apprenticed Nathaniel to an upholsterer, with whom he faithfully served

the first four years: but at the end of that period, finding a relish in the pleasures of libertinism, he greatly increased his connexions with the vicious and the profligate of either sex; and this unfortunate arrangement it was that drove him to the fatal necessity of raising supplies beyond the limits of honour and honesty. His master naturally became the first sufferer: nor was he discovered for a considerable time; till the largeness of his demands induced him to dip so very deeply, that an *explanation* was at length the unavoidable consequence. The shame and confusion which attended this serious eclaireissement was quickly obliterated in the haunts of licentiousness, whither he continued to repair, in spite of his master's admonitions, and in defiance of his positive orders to the contrary: for Nat. when all other opportunities were shut up, frequently arose, as soon as he conjectured that the family were asleep; and, unlocking the street-door, repaired to his *bon* companions, with whom he usually continued till within an hour before the ascending sun silenced their nocturnal revels.

When vices of this kind obtain ascendancy over a young person, in the progressive stages from sixteen to three or four and twenty, the consequences, without some fortunate intervention, are almost always of a melancholy nature. Persuasion, and particularly example, are the bane of rash and unguarded youth; who, after sifting the first pangs which obtrude at the loss of character and reputation, are incapable of seeing the turpitude of their transactions; transactions on which they had meditated with horror, while the mind was unvitiated.

We have already said enough of Hawes to prepare our enlightened Readers for the next event to be recorded in this sketch. Having now less access to his master's property, he perpetrated a street robbery: but was detected, and committed to prison, where he lay several months, previous to the Assizes; when he was found guilty: but, in compassion to his youth, the Judge humanely granted him a pardon.

It does not appear whether his master, or his guardians, exerted their efforts, at this critical period, to bring about a change of principle: but, for the sake of humanity, let us suppose that neither the one nor the other were, in this respect, deficient. Certain however it is, that Nathaniel most grossly abused the lenity which he had received from the Court, by almost instantly returning to his old companions and to his old vices.—Drinking, gaming, and the society of abandoned women, formed the whole routine
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of their happiness; if that can be called happiness which produces pain, vexation, disappointment, and disease; to say nothing of those imminent dangers which attend the raising of supplies.

Young Hawes was naturally vivacious, sprightly, and daring; qualities which endeared him to the females; and rendered him useful to the other sex; with whom he now undertook several excursions on the road, for the purpose of supplying demands, whose magnitude would have perplexed less diligent *financiers*. Nathaniel's courage was often put severely to the test; and we must do him the justice to say, that, in this respect, he greatly excelled the stoutest of his coadjutors; who, unable to imitate, bestowed on him the most preposterous commendations. By such means he was easily prevailed upon to undertake any thing which they proposed, however badly devised, or dangerously planned; and the unfortunate youth, at length, became so ridiculously elate, that he but too often grossly abused and injured those whom he had pilfered. "This might probably arise," says one of our predecessors, "from his *whimsical notions*!" Led on by these *whimsicalities*, which doubtless comprehended an idea of invulnerability, Nathaniel Hawes hesitated not to attack singly a carriage filled with gentlemen, whether armed or unarmed; to stop, at the same instant, two or three travellers on horseback; or to rummage the waggons in a successive line, as they passed the Oxford road towards London: and, though now and then apprehended, the county prisons were by no means strong enough to secure him till the day of trial. In proportion, however, as he transferred the theatre of spoliation nearer the metropolis, his dangers seem to have multiplied: for, being committed to New Prison, on suspicion of robbing a gentleman on the Hampstead road, he found that solemn receptacle constructed on different principles than those gaols which he had formerly eluded. Like an experienced General, he continued to reconnoitre, as long as hope or possibility remained: but, by a kind of *sympathy*, contracting an acquaintance with a female shop-lifter confined in the same place, that *lady* communicated to Nathaniel and another a feasible project for procuring the *invaluable* blessings of *liberty*; and having, before commitment, hid under her stays a variety of necessary implements, they one night proceeded from theory to practice; when at two in the morning, these determined *enemies* of *coercion* bid adieu to the solitary environs of Clerkenwell.

Hawes,

Hawes, being in consequence reduced to a cutting state of poverty, committed a variety of petty depredations to supply the exigences of the moment; and, by degrees, arriving again at the dignity of a highwayman, he repaired to Finchley Common, and robbed one Richard Hall of four shillings and his horse. He was, however, shortly afterwards apprehended for this fact, and securely lodged in Newgate; where he affected the pomposity of a great man reduced by the vicissitudes of Madam Fortune; declaring he would conduct himself more *nobly* than any *gentleman* who had died at Tyburn within the last seven years! But these kind of incoherent expressions rather excited pity than admiration: it was vanity run mad with a vengeance!

Nathaniel, when arraigned at the Old Bailey—in conformity to his heroic declarations,—refused to plead, because a good suit of cloaths had been taken from him, by which means he could not cut a *respectable* figure before the Court. And though the Judge reproved him, in a pathetic speech, and laid down the consequences of his refusal, our hero insultingly answered—"That, instead of *Justice*, he was likely to receive *injustice*: but therefore doubted not that *they* would, some time or other, undergo a heavier sentence than could be inflicted on him:—that, for his part, he looked on death with disdain; being determined to leave the world as *courageously* as he had lived in it!"

Nathan highly congratulated himself on this heroic effort; privately confessing to some Newgate friends, that he had complained of the loss of his cloaths in order to seize on a pretence for shewing how excellently he merited the character of an intrepid Hero; that Gentlemen of the Road, in succeeding ages, might pay the just tribute due to his memory. Under this *very laudable* IMPRESSION, he actually sustained on his breast a *weight* of two hundred and fifty pounds upwards of seven minutes; all that time admiring what had been related of the *indifference* of a certain French lacquey, who *danced a minuet* just before he *expired on the wheel!* a circumstance which excited universal astonishment in France, and stimulated the Duc de Rochfoucant, though very ridiculously, to make a comparison between that criminal and the Roman Patriot CATO!

Hawes, when seven minutes had expired, fearing that a longer perseverance would rob him of that popularity which he expected to derive at the gallows, consented to plead; when the weight was accordingly removed: but the inward bruises which resulted, gave him such excessive pain, that Nathan, in some sort, laid that greatness aside which he purposed

purposed to observe. He, nevertheless, heard his sentence pronounced with firmness; confessed, afterwards, some of the numerous villainies committed by him; particularly two or three in which innocent persons were implicated; attended the Chapel devotions, contrary to general expectation; and made his final exit at Tyburn in September 1721, when scarcely twenty years of age!—Let us drop the soul-dissolving tear of pity; and leave the reader of feeling to make his own comments on the depravity of human nature, and the high degree of weakness and vitiation which it is possible for the mind of mortals to obtain!

THOMAS ANDERSON.

IN the remote parts of this great empire, it is held as a common notion, that a young man need only resolve on a journey to London, and his fortune is made; as if the streets of that great metropolis were literally paved with gold, in conformity to the ridiculous opinions of many a country bumpkin. Alas! they are little aware of the dangers and temptations which lurk in every corner; and seem not to know, that riches are only to be gradually acquired by sobriety, attention, perseverance, and industry, as well in London as other places. Sometimes, indeed, a man may become opulent by marriage and other adventitious circumstances: but this so rarely happens, that it is by no means wise to calculate upon such fortuitous uncertainties. THOMAS ANDERSON was one of the silly class to which we allude: for, born to high expectations that vanished with the death of his father, he was apprenticed, with a sorrowful heart, to a glazier at Aberdeen. When two years had elapsed, he made free with nine guineas belonging to his master, and about thirteen which he pilfered from his mother, with a gold family watch, and a few other trinkets. Thus provided, he repaired to Leith, and took a passage for London.

On his arrival, Thomas hired lodgings in Bur Street, Wapping, where he carefully deposited all the valuables he had brought with him. By this time, his stock of cash was diminished to twelve guineas; two of which putting into his pocket, with the aforesaid gold watch, our Caledonian adventurer resolved on seeing this gay city. Being saluted in Fleet Street by a woman in the Scotch dialect, he turned pale, and started, as supposing he had been pursued from Aberdeen. The worthy female, however, perceiving the unpleasant

unpleasant effect which her freedom had produced on the young gentleman, cried—"Sir, I beg your pardon. I really took you for a near relation of mine. But I see my mistake. You are not the person." This introduction occasioned further converse; and the result was, an agreement to drink tea together at the fair-one's lodgings. Young Master Anderson, ignorant of the town, after some amorous indulgences, consented to pass for this woman's husband, lately come from sea: and for that purpose immediately assumed the name of Johnson. The landlady was called in, and made acquainted with the fortunate event; and, in return, she warmly congratulated him on his safe arrival. In short, our happy couple sacrificed as liberally to Bacchus as to Venus; and Thomas was rather carried than conducted to bed; where he serenely lay till about eleven o'clock the next morning. Then, behold! a violent thundering at the door disturbed his peaceful slumbers: he awoke, and found his money, his watch, and his *wife*, departed. But, before he had an opportunity of indulging the plenitude of grief, a bailiff accosted him for five pounds ten shillings, which his fair partner owed for rent. Thomas fell on his knees; protested that he knew nothing of the circumstance; and that the woman, whom he then disclaimed, had carried off his property, and left him penniless. All that he could say, however, availed nothing: if he was not Mrs. Johnson's husband, as he had asserted the night preceding, why he must be a swindler; and therefore he should instantly *bike* to prison, or pay the demand. Seeing no alternative, and fearing that a detention on this account, might unravel his former transgressions, Thomas consented to disburse, provided the *gentleman* (who, in reality, was no other than Madam Johnson's bully) would go with him to his lodgings in Bur Street. There, then, at length, he tendered the sum demanded; which Mr. Bailiff having lodged in his pocket, made a further request of one guinea for the writ, one guinea for the Lawyer, and two for himself!—Thomas, shocked and thunderstruck, again demurred: but a salutary hint at Newgate, and a stern look, effectually silenced all opposition. —Our hero was now reduced to one solitary guinea; half of which, at least, might be then said to be the property of his hostess. Thomas nevertheless, found himself constrained to devote it to quite a different purpose: for being, at the end of three days, afflicted with a virulent gonorrhæa, he fortunately applied to the Patentee of the celebrated JESUITS DROPS, and thus at once got rid of that dolorous complaint, before it had time to commit on him the

too common ravages which it makes on the constitutions and finances of inexperienced and thoughtless youth.

On his return, one day, from the Old Bailey, where he had been to procure the medicine previously mentioned, Sawney missed the road which he had been accustomed to take; and, anxious to be set right, enquired of almost every person that he encountered. At length, a well-dressed gentleman coming up, "My friend," said he, "I have heard you enquiring your road to Bur Street of several passengers: I am luckily going thither; and therefore if you bear me company, 'twill perhaps save you an infinity of trouble, if not total disappointment." Thomas, though so recently taken in, joyfully closed with the stranger's proposal. On the road, however, the artless Scotchman was inveigled into a tavern; and, on philanthropic motives, solicited to partake of a bottle: over which, a third person made his appearance, as an acquaintance of the former. In short, supper was ordered; and, after a bottle or two more, Anderson's friendly conductor, addressed him thus: "You appear, Sir, to be endued with a considerable share of understanding; and, if I guess right, your circumstances are none of the best. Come, if you have a tolerable head, and the smallest *courage*, I will engage to render you not only a man but a gentleman: particularly as the lads of your country are not accustomed to *blush*." Thomas, elevated at what he heard, confessed that his means were certainly in an embarrassed condition; and he should consequently be happy to embrace any employment that would raise him to the honourable rank of gentleman. "For, to say the truth," cried he, enraptured, "it was solely with such a view that I left the frigid regions of my nativity!" "Bravo!" exclaimed his newly-acquired friends. "A gentleman, then, you shall be! But, pray are you well acquainted with men of qualities families in and about Aberdeen? And has any one there a son, somewhat like your own age?" "Yes! yes!" answered Tom, "Lord *****, eldest son, with whom I was a short time at Aberdeen University, is exactly of my stature and age: but rather uglier than myself!"—"Why, then," said the spark, "that is exactly the thing!—Come, here's to your honour's good health!—Henceforward you are the Honourable Mr. *****, son and heir apparent, and so forth!" In brief, these two swindlers equipped Master Thomas as the character which they intended he should represent; and then placed him to lodge at the house of a pretended Scotch merchant, attended by no less than three footmen in liveries.

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By suitable management, this infamous gang obtained, in less than ten days, goods to the amount of a thousand pounds, from several tradesmen; and then decamped, leaving the young adventurer to follow his own counsel. Thomas, however, wisely foreseeing the surrounding danger, privately decamped, after seizing on a good diamond ring, two suits of cloaths, a handsome watch, and some other articles, that were packed up for the future use of his ungenerous associates. But he was scarcely moved off the ground, before a general discovery took place; and rewards were publicly offered for the apprehension of this young *Nobleman*! After several hair-breadth escapes in London, he arrived at Bristol, and took his passage on board a vessel bound for the West Indies. But the rudder of this ship being damaged in a gale of wind, the Captain ran her into Cork; where Anderson, and several other passengers, went ashore, and repaired to a coffee-house. The London mail being just arrived, our fugitive eagerly caught up the newspaper as it was brought in; and saw, in the front, his achievements set forth at full length, with this addition—That it was supposed the culprit had, on such a day, taken his passage in such a ship, from Bristol, a few hours before the Police Officers arrived there in pursuit of him!—If, at that moment, any of the company present had happened to observe his countenance, and the direction of his eye to the identical advertisement, nothing would have been easier than to divine that he was himself the offender there mentioned. But his apparent confusion was not noticed; and recovering, in some sort, from the grievous state of embarrassment into which this accidental circumstance had thrown him, he slipped out to the vault, committed the tell-tale Chronicle to its unodoriferous bottom, and kept closely on board till the vessel sailed, which took place the next day.

We now turn to a more pleasant, and a more honourable theme.—At Jamaica, Master Thomas Anderson, by pursuing a laudable line of conduct—by diligence, and sobriety—at length married a woman possessed of a considerable fortune; and, at the expiration of three years after his departure, actually remitted three hundred pounds to a jeweller, who had suffered by the depredatory plan already mentioned; and part of whose property it was that had enabled him to quit the kingdom. At the end of five years, having made an immense addition to his consort's fortune, he embarked for Scotland, where he safely arrived, to the great joy of his sorrowing mother, and other relations and acquaintances.—Such are the splendid rewards preserved for

for those who have the virtue and the resolution to abandon their evil pursuits, before the mind becomes contaminated! —It must not however be understood, that, to obtain riches and favour, a previous departure from rectitude is required: on the contrary, it is a chance that cannot be incurred without the most imminent hazard; and what is more self-evident, than that the rewards of industry and honesty must be more grateful when unaccompanied by a self-reproving pang?

GANG OF THIEF-TAKERS.

FROM 1740 to 1764, the most horrid enormities were committed, under the mask of *Thief-taking*. "For *twenty* years, and upwards," says an Author who published a Collection of Trials about the latter period, "have these blood-suckers been preying on the lives of poor heedless creatures; many of whom have been griped to death by their merciless talons. Scarcely a Session was held at the Old Bailey that did not prove destructive to some unhappy wretch, trepanned by pretended Thief-takers to the commission of offences, which they always rendered capital, by giving false evidence on trial to ensure the expected reward. And so lost to all sense of humanity, compassion, and remorse, were these abandoned villains, that the meetings which they regularly held for the division of their spoil, was entitled by them, and not improperly—the *Blood Feast*!" at the conclusion of which, plans were arranged for the ensuing Old Bailey campaign; reports were made of proper objects; and committees appointed to carry such and such objects into effect. The indigent and the unwary were assailed by artful insinuations, and at length persuaded to become partners in certain undertakings where no *danger* could *possibly* accrue: *such* a man was to be robbed, in *such* a place: "We will go in a body," said they to the selected victim; "and you take his money, while we keep a look-out." The person to be thus pilfered was also regularly appointed; and, being a confederate, no *danger* could certainly arise to any but the devoted victim; who generally atoned for his imprudence, by the forfeit of life: nor was there the smallest chance of escaping, a mock Officer being always at hand to take the culprit into custody.—Young pickpockets were frequently selected, and enticed, to venture on the highway; as they were not only more easily seduced than others, but also stood a fairer chance of condemnation, having nobody to speak in favour of their characters;

rascals; while the villainous witnesses contrived to give the Court a hint of those petty thefts which they had formerly committed. For want of actual *machines*, sometimes, this merciless gang of Thief-takers swore robberies on innocent persons; and often received the wages of their iniquity at the price of human blood; the villains for a long time appearing as faithful servants of the public, in whose defence corrupt Magistrates said they were always ready to venture their lives! When an associate boggled on a cross-examination, and thus unwillingly permitted the unfortunate prisoner to escape, he instantly became the butt of ridicule among his companions; one of whom once said, when an occurrence of that kind happened—"D——n your eyes, Jack! I always *makes* sure work of it!" The names and trials of many of these wretched victims are still on record: but we will not needlessly agonize the feelings of our readers, by entering into a copious detail of enormities that would strike even a savage with horror.

Salmon, Mac Donald, Berry, and Egan, were, at length, indicted for this offence; and convicted, at the Old Bailey, on the testimony of an associate. The latter, it appeared, on being shewn two young men whom the former had selected, said—"By G—d, they will do very well! They are two *pretty* lads!—D——n your eyes! I have *done over* some *less* fit than *them* at Kingston!"

The Jury, after having indignantly heard this whole series of unparalleled iniquity, brought them all in Guilty: but it afterwards appearing, that the offence did not come within the Statutes of the 4th and 5th of Philip and Mary, and the 3d and 4th of William and Mary, an order was given that they should be indicted for a Conspiracy. They were tried accordingly; and again declared Guilty; when the Court sentenced this infernal gang to seven years imprisonment in Newgate, and to two public exhibitions in the pillory. The incensed populace took that occasion of shewing their indignation; instantly killing Egan with a volley of oyster-shells, and wounding the others most severely.

THE WALTHAM BLACKS.

IN the years 1722 and 1723, a singular set of beings, under the denomination of Waltham Blacks, annoyed the peace of Society; the laws, then, being inadequate to the punishment of these offenders. It originated from a partiality which some of the lower orders entertained for venison;

venison; an article which, as this banditti could not purchase, they resolved to obtain by force. At length, these convivial societies so far increased, that the members scoured the country in armed troops, having their faces blacked, by way of honorary distinction; and also to terrify such Park-keepers, and others, who would not *civilly* administer to their demands, whether for venison, wine, money, or any necessary that was calculated to increase the hilarity of their stated meetings. Threatening letters were also dispatched to several individuals, who had shewn a reluctance to contribute towards the *joys* of the *table*. This grievance at length grew so intolerable, that the Legislature was constrained to frame an Act particularly directed to the remedy of these abuses; and rendering the crimes capital, which these gentry committed, without benefit of the Clergy. Several, and among them some apparently unfortunate, persons were in consequence apprehended; and among whom, the following suffered death.—Richard Parvin, master of a public-house at Portsmouth, who owned that he was on the King's Forest at the time stated in the indictment, but declared that his business there had no reference to deer-stealing; which, he said, he could have proved by witnesses, if his family had not been reduced to poverty, by the seizure and confiscation of all his goods and effects, when first taken into custody; in consequence of which he could not defray the expences of dragging persons from Berkshire. He strenuously insisted on his innocence, even under the gallows; and eagerly directed his eyes in expectation of a reprieve, till the pressure of the rope extinguished his hopes and his life together. Edward Elliot, a youth of seventeen, and son of a taylor who resided near Guildford, was the next who suffered. He said, in defence, that about a year preceding that time, thirty or forty men met and carried him away, in the county of Surrey, by force; one of them saying, he was enlisted into the service of the *King* of the *Blacks*, and that therefore he must disguise his face conformably to their custom; and obey orders of whatever kind, whether to rob and destroy fish-ponds, burn woods, or shoot deer. If he failed, or proved treacherous, they promised to convert him into a four-footed animal by their art magic. During his continuance with this banditti, the boy said, that he had witnessed several instances of their witchcraft: once, in particular, two men who had offended against the laws and manners, were covered up to their chins in the earth, when a whole possey set at them like so many dogs, barking and bellowing in their ears in the

most horrible strains: when, on promising not to offend the Black Nation again, they were at last liberated, having previously received some very *salutary* cautions.---Edward Elliot, being out with a small deer-stealing party, at Farnham Holt, had wandered from his companions in pursuit of a fawn, when he was surprised, taken, and bound by the keepers, who then left him to pursue the others. A smart action shortly commenced; in which a servant belonging to Lady Howe was shot, one of the plunderers wounded in the thigh, and two others taken. This miserable youth, who left a good place for so abandoned a course of life, died full of penitence and contrition.

Robert Kingsmill, taken in the fray just mentioned, was but twenty-six years of age; and was seduced from his parents house the preceding night only by an acquaintance, after the family, and even himself, had retired to bed. An unlucky adventure, which terminated in *death*.

Henry Marshall, about thirty-six years of age, was the person who shot the keeper, as related in the sketch of Edward Elliot. This fellow seemed to glory in his villainy; made light of his murderous conduct; and demanded to know, if he had not a right to stand on his own and companions defence?

John and Edward Pink, carters in Portsmouth, were always accounted extremely honest, till they imbibed a predilection for venison. These brothers, like many of the rest, could not be persuaded that they had committed any wickedness in the eyes of GOD: deer being *wild* animals, they could not see by what equitable right the rich could claim an exclusive property in them!—

James Ansell, the seventh and last of these unhappy wretches, was a villain by profession; and, in all likelihood, would have found his road to the gallows, if the *Black Society* had never been instituted. All of them, except this more hardened villain, were so much terrified at the prospect of death, and so greatly exhausted by sickness, that they were scarcely able to stand up, or speak, at the place of execution: some of the spectators even affirmed, that the life was departed ere Mr. Ketch proceeded to his melancholy office. It is highly probable, however, that these misguided, inconsiderate men were only—as a French poet says—

“Dead in fancy, from a *serious* fear.”

The following Letter, written by a Country Gentleman to his Friend in London, at the time, and, as it were, on the

the spot, is the best elucidation of this singular event that can possibly be given to our Readers:—

“ Amongst the odd accidents which you know have happened to me in the course of a very unsettled life, I don’t know any which has been more extraordinary, or surprising, than one I met with in going down to my own house, when I left you last in town. You cannot but have heard of the *Waltham Blacks*, as they are called; a set of whimsical, merry fellows, that are so mad to run the greatest hazards for the sake of a haunch of venison, and passing a jolly evening together. For my part, though the stories told of these people have reached my ears, yet I confess I took most of them for fables; and thought that, if there was truth in any of them, it was much exaggerated: but experience, (the mistress of fools) has taught me the contrary, by the adventure I am going to relate; which, though it ended well enough at last, I confess at first put me a good deal out of humour.

“ To begin, then:—My horse got, some way, a stone in his foot, and therewith went so lame just as I entered the forest, that I really thought his shoulder slipped: finding it, however, impossible to get him along, I was even glad to take up with a little blind ale-house, which I perceived had a yard and stable behind it. The man of the house received me very civilly, but when he perceived my horse was so lame, as scarcely to be able to stir a step, I observed he grew uneasy. I asked him whether I could lodge there that night; for I was resolved not to spoil a horse which cost me twenty guineas, by riding him in such a condition. The man made me no answer; however, we went into the house together; when I proposed the same question to the wife. She dealt more roughly and more freely with me; saying, that truly I neither could nor should stay there, and was for hurrying her husband to get my horse out; however, on putting a crown into her hand, and promising her another for my lodging, she began to consider a little; and, at last, told me that there was indeed a little bed above stairs, on which she would order a clean pair of sheets to be put; for she was persuaded I was more of a gentleman than to take any notice of what I see passing there. This made me more uneasy than I was before. I concluded now that I was got into a den of highwaymen, and expected nothing less than to be robbed, and have my throat cut, into the bargain: however, finding there was no remedy, I even sat myself down, and endeavoured to be as easy as I could. By this time it was become very dark; and I heard three or four

horsemen alight and lead their horses into the yard. As the men returned, and were coming into the room where I sat, I overheard my landlord exclaiming, "Indeed, brother, you need not be uneasy; I am positive the gentleman's a man of honour!" To which I heard another voice reply, "What good could our deaths do a stranger? Faith I don't apprehend half the danger that you do. I dare say the gentleman would be glad of our company, and we should be pleased with his. Come, hang fear! I'll lead the way." So said, so done: in they came, five of them, all disguised so effectually, that I declare, unless it were in the same disguise, I should not be able to distinguish any one of them. Down they sat; and he who, I suppose, was constituted their Captain *pro hac vice*, accosted me with great civility, asking if I would honour them with my company to supper? I acknowledge I did not yet guess the profession of my new acquaintances: but supposing my landlord would be cautious of suffering either a robbery or a murder in his own house, I knew not how, but, by degrees, my mind grew perfectly easy. About ten o'clock, I heard a very great noise of horses, and soon after of mens feet trampling in a room over my head: then my landlord came down, and informed us, supper was just ready to go upon the table. Upon this, we were all desired to walk up; and he, whom I before called the Captain, presented me, with a humorous kind of ceremony, to a man more disguised than the rest, who sat at the upper end of the table; telling me, at the same time, he hoped I would not refuse to pay my respects to PRINCE OROONOKO, *King of the Blacks!* It then immediately struck into my head, who those worthy persons were, into whose company I had thus accidentally fallen. I called myself a thousand blockheads in my mind for not finding it out before; but the hurry of things, or, to speak truth, the fear I was in, prevented my judging even from the most evident signs. As soon as our awkward ceremony had been ended, supper was brought in, which consisted of eighteen dishes of venison in every shape; roasted, boiled with broth, hashed collups, pasties, umble pies, and a large haunch in the middle, larded. The table we sat at was very large, and the company in all twenty-one persons: at each of our elbows there was set a bottle of claret; and the man and woman of the house sat down at the lower end. Two or three of the fellows had good natural voices, and so the evening was spent as merrily as the rakes pass theirs at the King's Arms, or the City apprentices with their masters maids at Sadler's Wells. About two, the company seemed

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inclenable to break up, having first assured me that they should take my company as a favour any Thursday evening, if I came that way. I confess I did not sleep all night, with reflecting on what had passed; and could not resolve with myself whether these humorous gentlemen in masquerade were to be ranked under the denomination of Knights-errants, or plain robbers. This I must tell you, by the bye, that, with respect both to honesty and hardship, their life resembles much that of Hussars; since drinking is all their delight, and plundering their employment.

“Before I conclude my epistle, it is fit I should inform you, that they did me the honour (with a design perhaps to have received me into their order) of acquainting me with those rules by which their society was governed. In the first place, the *Black Prince* assured me, that their government was perfectly monarchical; and that, when upon expeditions, he had an absolute command; but in the time of peace, (continued he) and at the table, government being no longer necessary, I condescended to eat and drink familiarly with my subjects as friends. We admit no man into our society, till he has been twice drunk among us, that we may be perfectly acquainted with his temper, in compliance with the old proverb; “Women, children, and drunken folks, speak truth!” but if the person who sues to be admitted, declares solemnly he was never drunk in his life, and it appears plainly to the society, in such case this rule is dispensed with, and the person before admission is only bound to converse with us a month. As soon as we have determined to admit him, he is then to equip himself with a good mare or gelding, a brace of pistols, and a gun of the size of this, to lye on the saddle bow: then he is sworn upon the horns over the chimney; and having a new name conferred by the society, is thereby entered upon the roll, and from that day forward, considered as a lawful member.—I shall only remark one thing more; which is the phrase they make use of in speaking of one another; viz. “He is a very *honest* fellow, and one of us:” for you must know it is the first article in their creed, that there’s no sin in deer-stealing.

“In the morning, having given my landlady the other crown piece, I found her temper so much altered for the better, that, in my conscience, I believe she was not in the humour to have refused me any thing; no, not even the last favour: and so walking down the yard, and finding my horse in pretty tolerable order, I speeded directly home, as much in amazement at the new people I had discovered, as
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the Duke of Alva's huntsmen when they found an undiscoversed people in Spain, by following their master's hawk over the mountains."

It may, perhaps, be necessary to remark, that the evil was not wholly eradicated by the executions already related. Several young men, who were not in the least seduced by necessity, supported, for some few months afterwards at the expence of their lives, the character of this *Black Society*, or *Nation*: more than one keeper was killed in various conflicts which took place; and several families were involved in ruin, by circumstances intimately connected with these very unhappy transactions.

JONATHAN WILD.

THE hero of this sketch was not improperly entitled, by HENRY FIELDING, JONATHAN WILD the GREAT: for a *greater villain* never perhaps contributed to amplify these, or any other Memoirs. He possessed, says that celebrated writer, a bold heart, a thundering voice, and a steady countenance;—qualifications that were admirably adapted to facilitate his huge and wonderful undertakings. In circumstances that required *colouring*, Wild always kept as nearly to truth as possible; and that, he used to observe in private, was turning the cannon of the enemy upon themselves!—"Permit me to assure you," said he to a friend, "that, although the idea may be somewhat coarse, I had rather stand on the *summit* of a *dunghill*, than at the *bottom* of a *hill* in Paradise: for did not the devil declare, It was better to reign in hell than to be a *valet-de-chambre* in heaven?"

On Monday, February 15, 1724-5, Jonathan was apprehended at his house in the Old Bailey; charged with assisting a highwayman to escape from a constable at Bow; and this charge being fully substantiated, he was committed to Newgate. Besides which there were several informations filed against him to the following effect.---That, for *many years* past, he had been a confederate with great numbers of highwaymen, pickpockets, house-breakers, shop-lifters, and other thieves.---That he had formed a kind of thieving corporation, of which he was the director, or commander in chief; and that, notwithstanding his pretended services in detecting offenders, he procured such only to be hanged as concealed, or refused to share, their booty with him.---

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That he had divided the town and country into so many districts, and appointed distinct gangs for each, who regularly produced their accounts to him; concealing, even in his own house, such villains who ran a risk of detection.--- That he had not only been a receiver of stolen goods, and writings of all kinds, for near *fifteen* years past, but also occasionally robbed himself, in conjunction with his confederates, whom he protected, at such periods, by assuming the functions of a civil officer; carrying for that purpose a short silver staff, as the badge of his authority.--- That he had, under his care and direction, several warehouses for the reception of stolen goods; and also a *ship* for conveying jewels, watches, and other valuable goods to Holland, where he had stationed an old thief as factor.--- That he kept several artists in pay to new modify rings, watches, seals, snuff-boxes, &c. &c. that such articles might not be sworn to.--- That he seldom, or never, helped owners to the notes and papers they had lost, unless he found them able exactly to specify and describe them; and then often insisted on more than half their value.--- And, lastly, That he had often *sold human blood*, by procuring false witnesses to swear away the lives of those who were obnoxious to him; or otherwise to obtain the reward given by government on the conviction of offenders!---

Some of his old associates were ready to substantiate several of these heavy charges: but, while in Newgate, Jonathan committed the particular fact for which he died. Having, before his apprehension, been concerned in robbing the shop of Catherine Stetham, in Holborn, of fifty yards of lace, value forty pounds, he received ten guineas from that lady, while under confinement, for the recovery of her property, but without discovering the persons who committed the fact. In order to magnify his public services, and make a favourable impression on the minds of the jury, he distributed a printed paper, just before the trial commenced, stating the number of unfortunate wretches whom he had *legally* murdered: thirty-five were, for robbing on the highway; twenty-two for housebreaking; and ten for returning from transportation! Mrs. Stetham's evidence, however, very clearly developed the hero's villainy, with respect to his ostensible occupation. After having paid him for the recovery of her box, which, still, did not contain *all* the lace--- "Now, Mr. Wild," said she, "what must I give you for *your* trouble?" "Not a farthing," answered Jonathan; "not a single farthing. I don't do these things for *worldly* interest, but alone for the benefit of poor persons, who

who have met with misfortunes. And, as you are a widow, and a good *Christian*, I desire nothing but your prayers; for I have many enemies: and God only knows what will be the consequence of this imprisonment!" Fortunately for mankind, Jonathan's prophetic fears were realized by a public execution, at Tyburn, amidst the execrations of an enraged populace, who pelted him with stones to the last moment of his existence.---Fielding says, that Mr. Wild the Great, picked the Ordinary's pocket of a cork-screw at the gallows, and died with it in his hand: but, perhaps, that is an exaggeration; although he certainly committed many greater enormities while at large. He was born at Wolverhampton in Staffordshire, about the year 1682, his father being an honest and laborious carpenter; who, after bestowing a tolerable education on Master Jonathan, apprenticed him to a buckle-maker at Birmingham. Here he deserted a distressed wife and infant, and repaired to London; where running rather largely into debt, he had the honour of taking up his habitation in the Compter for nearly four years: and in that *learned* seminary it was he imbibed ideas, and formed connections, which paved the way to his future *greatness*. An act that was passed about that period, making it felony to receive goods knowing them to be stolen, first inspired Jonathan with the *laudable* determination of becoming a staunch friend to pilfered individuals; and for this purpose he convened, or rather met, some of the most notorious thieves, who reigned at that period, addressing them literally thus:—

"You know, my *bloods*, that as trade goes at present, you stand but a *queer chance*: for when you have *made* any thing, and carry it to the *fencing-culls*, and *flash pawn-brokers*, those unconscionable rascals will hardly *tip* you one quarter of its value. If you offer it to a stranger, ten to one but ye get *bobbled*. So that if a man don't like to be half-starved, he must run the hazard of being *scrugged*; and, let me tell you, that's a damned hard case. Now, I will remedy all this. When you have been upon any *lay*, and *spoke* to some purpose, let me know the particulars, and I'll engage to return the goods to the *culls* that owns them, and raise ye more *cole* on that score than can be got from the *fencers*, and will at the same time take care that you shall be all *bowmen*!"

The second day of Jonathan's confinement, he was greatly surprised at receiving a visit from one of his left-handed wives; and much more so, when, instead of a countenance ready to insult him—the only motive to which he

he could ascribe her presence—he saw the tears trickling down her *lovely* cheeks. He embraced her with the utmost marks of affection, and declared he could hardly regret his confinement, since it had produced such an instance of the happiness he enjoyed in her whose fidelity to him on this occasion, would, he believed, make him the envy of most husbands, even in Newgate. He then begged her to dry her eyes, and be comforted; for that matters might go with him better than she expected. “No! No!” says she, “I am certain you will be found Guilty *Death!* I always knew what it would come to. I said, often enough, that it was impossible to carry on such a trade long: but you would not be advised, and now you see the consequences; now you repent, when it is too late. All the comfort I shall have when you are *nubbed* [hanged] is, that I gave you good advice. If you had always gone out by yourself, as I often said, you might have rubbed on to the end of the chapter: but you was wiser than all the world, or rather lazier: and see what your laziness is come to—to the *cheat*, [gallows] for thither you will now go, that’s infallible. But I am the only person to be pitied; poor I! who shall be scandalized for your fault. ‘There goes she whose husband was hanged!’ methinks I hear them crying already!” At which words, Mrs. Wild burst into tears; when Jonathan could not forbear chiding her for this unnecessary concern on his account, and begged her not to trouble him any more. She however answered, with some spirit—“On your account, and be d—d to you!—No! if the old cull of a Justice had not sent me hither, I believe it would have been long enough before I should have paid you a visit. D—c! I am committed for the *fling lay*, [pocket-picking] and now we shall be both *nubbed* together.” Mr. Wild being unable to bear these *insults* any longer, seized her by the waist, and with strong arm, flung Madam out of the room; but not before her nails had left a bloody memorial on his cheek.

Jonathan, at an early period of his calling, laid down the following Maxims, as certain methods of attaining greatness; to which he always adhered:—

1. Never to do more mischief to another, than was necessary to the effecting his purpose; for that mischief was too precious a thing to be thrown away.
2. To know no distinction of men from affection; but to sacrifice all with equal readiness to his interest.
3. Never to communicate more of an affair than was necessary to the person who was to execute it.

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4. Not to trust him who hath deceived you, nor who knows he has been deceived by you.
5. To forgive no enemy; but to be cautious, and often dilatory, in revenge.
6. To shun poverty and distress; and to ally himself, as closely as possible, to power and riches.
7. To maintain a constant gravity in his countenance and behaviour, and to affect wisdom on all occasions.
8. To foment eternal jealousies in his gang, one of another.
9. Never to reward any one equal to his merit; but always to insinuate that the reward was above it.
10. That all men were knaves or fools, and much the greater number a composition of both.
11. That a good name, like money, must be parted with, or at least greatly risked, in order to bring the owner any advantage.
12. That virtues, like precious stones, were easily counterfeited; that the counterfeits, in both cases, adorned the wearer equally; and that very few had knowledge or discernment sufficient to distinguish the counterfeit jewel from the real.
13. That many men were undone by not going deep enough in roguery; as in gaming, any man may be a loser who doth not play the whole game.
14. That men proclaim their own virtues, as shopkeepers expose their goods, in order to profit by them.
15. That the heart was the proper seat of hatred; and the countenance, of affection and friendship.

Jonathan was fatally, or rather fortunately, misled by the thirteenth article; although his ruin could by no means be attributed to any want of *depth* in the ocean of villainy.—His body was covered with wounds and scars, his throat had been cut, and his skull fractured in two places; accidents which happened in various *heroic* contests between this great man and his pupils, nearly one hundred of whom he not only trained for, but personally arrested, convicted on his own oath, and, as it were, led to the gallows. Perjury was an undertaking which he considered as innocent; whether directed to the ruin of an industrious tradesman, or to save or take away the life of a *friend* and *coadjutor*. Insolent and haughty in prosperity, he became dejected and timid in adversity: for, unable either to bear the stings of conscience, or the approach of dissolution, he had recourse to intoxicating liquors, which deadened, without dispelling, his fears.

Jonathan, as the awful period drew near, delighted in talking of the glorious acts of suicide which the Greeks and the Romans had performed; and, in order to imitate such great examples—or rather to procure an easy and a tranquil death---

death—he swallowed an immoderate dose of laudanum: but the *quantity* proving antidotal, by rising again from his stomach, our wretched hero was compelled to accept the honour only of the *intention*; while a second hero, Mr. Ketch, obtained the real credit of exterminating the greatest miscreant that Nature ever produced: for, reader! we have not presented thee with a *perfect* catalogue of his *public* enormities.

LORD FERRERS, sentenced to be hung for the murder of his steward, being nearly three hours in passing from the Tower to Tyburn, frequently wished, as the carriage drove slowly on, that he was at the end of his journey; and observed, that the solemn preparation for death, and the sight of a great multitude, was *ten times* worse than *death itself*. He asked Mr. Sheriff Vaillant, If he had ever noticed so large a concourse of people on any other occasion? who answering in the negative---“ I suppose,” said that unfortunate Nobleman, “ it is, because they never saw a Lord hanged before!” A little previous to his leaving the Tower, he wrote the following lines; and was proceeding, when a messenger interrupted him:—

“ In doubt I liv’d; in doubt I die!
Yet, undismay’d, the vast abyfs I’ll try,
And plunge into eternity.—
Through rugged paths———”

A few days before the time appointed for his execution, Lord Ferrers sent for his wardrobe; from which he selected a white suit, richly laced and embroidered with silver; saying, at the same time---“ These are the cloaths in which I was married, and in these I will die!”

When Mr. Sheriff Vaillant met his Lordship at the Tower Gate, feeling a desire to shew some respect to a Peer of the realm, he assured the unhappy Nobleman that he would endeavour to make *every thing* as agreeable to him as possible!--Near the place of execution, his Lordship’s mistress waited in a coach; and, on expressing a desire to see her, for whom he had a great regard, the Sheriff dissuaded him from his purpose, saying, It might tend to unman him. “ If you, Sir, think it is wrong, I will cheerfully submit,” said the Earl; at the same time giving him a pocket-book, containing a valuable bank-note; a purse of guineas, and a ring, for the lady’s use. He declined joining in the usual devotions; but audibly repeated the Lord’s Prayer; saying he had always considered it as

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a very fine composition: after which he energetically cried—"O God! forgive all my errors!—Pardon all my sins!" He then took leave of the Chaplain and Sheriffs; and presented Mr. Vaillant with a watch. By mistake his Lordship gave five guineas to Jack Ketch's deputy. The master, however, instantly, and rather roughly, demanded the money: but the man defended his possessive right, and peremptorily refused to deliver it. This incident was, therefore, likely to produce a ludicrous scuffle: but the Sheriff very properly put an end to the dispute. His Lordship being suspended in the air, struggled for a few moments, till the executioner put an end to his life and his misery. He remained no more than eight minutes on the scaffold, till the awful ceremony took place. To all appearance, he stood unmoved at the approach of dissolution; and viewed the solemn preparations without the smallest faltering of voice, or change of countenance. The numerous spectators viewed this unfortunate Nobleman with an awful silence, intermingled with pity; and, in commiserating his untimely fate, almost forgot the atrocity of the crime.

As to the death of Mr. Johnson, his Lordship declared, that he was hurried on to the commission of that fatal deed, by an impetuosity of temper which he could not, at the moment, command; and which was occasioned by some deep impression which a variety of crosses and disappointments had made on his mind. But he vehemently denied the charge of premeditated malice. Indeed, it is well known, that the most passionate men are quickly appeased; and, when the whirlwind has subsided, they feel, more than others, a just sense of their previous indiscretions. Let us therefore pity the weakness of human nature, while we condemn the resulting mischiefs. In confirmation of the preceding remark, it may be added, that Earl Ferrers rendered all the atonement in his power, to the children of Mr. Johnson, by leaving them a considerable sum of money: and others, whom he had injured in a less serious degree, while passion overpowered the finer feelings, also received some striking indications of his bountiful disposition. And though this unfortunate Peer had early imbibed prejudices against the Christian religion, his solemn address to the Almighty, when on the scaffold, evidently proves that he was by no means an Atheist: and dreadful indeed must be the fate of the *present* inhabitants of *Europe*, if eternal happiness is only to be obtained through a firm belief in certain points, which have nevertheless received the sanction of so many centuries!

ABOUT the year 1728, six young women, dressed in white, repaired to the Chapel Royal, and presented a Petition to his Majesty, soliciting pardon for John Hartly, then under sentence of death. One of these beauties, as a recompense, was to receive the criminal's hand in marriage, by lot, provided their endeavours were crowned with success!—The King, however, by turning a deaf ear to their entreaties, frustrated the happiest hymeneal contract that was ever, perhaps, devised. Thus, some men would rather marry than hang; while others had rather hang than marry!

THOMAS REEVES, a sceptic, condemned to the gallows in 1722, was, a little previous to the day of execution, very desirous to know of his fellow-prisoners, Whether the soul went immediately into bliss or torment; or, as some Christians taught, passed through a state of probation, preparatory to the one or the other?—"You must ask that at the next TURNPIKE beyond Tyburn!" answered a prison wit.

Two Irishmen tried at the Old Bailey, in 1719, for a street robbery, so far forgot the awfulness of their situation as to divert the spectators in Court with premeditated *bulls*, in a vernacular strain, at the prosecutor's expence. As they gloomily proceeded up Holborn Hill, however, some short time afterwards, a fellow cried out—"Arrah, my dear Paddies! where are now your *gibes* and your *jeers*, that used to set the *table* in a *roar*?"

THOMAS WILSON, a footpad, executed in July 1722, pleaded guilty to the several charges exhibited against him; saying, "That as he had done mankind but few favours, he was resolved not to accept of any!" Once robbing a footman on the road, he espied a ring on the man's finger, after he had pocketed his money; and insisted on having that also. But the servant begged heartily that he might be permitted to retain it; saying it was a present from his *mistress*. "For that very reason I must have it," cried Wilson, forcing off the ring: "You are not ignorant of the old proverb, mayhap; *'Lightly come, lightly go!'*"

CALHAGAN and Disney, two Hibernian freebooters, who figured away in London about the year 1720, constructed a piece of villainy, which we shall relate for the benefit of gentlemens housekeepers and other female servants.—Calhagan pretended that he was born to the
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highest expectations, with a view of imposing on an ancient lady who was entrusted with the management of a respectable family in Westminster. Under this assumed character he found many opportunities of addressing her in the most ardent and passionate manner; declaring that her excessive *beauty* had captivated his heart. Disney acted the part of *tutor* to the young gentleman; often, too, saw the credulous fair-one; and artfully corroborated all which the other had asserted. The *prudent housekeeper*, however, made distant enquiries into the truth of what they had advanced; and, of course, received the most satisfactory answers. But she forgot to assure herself that the persons in question were actually those respecting whom the information was given; and hence arose her subsequent disasters. These artful colleagues attempted nothing decisive till the family had retired into the country, according to annual custom; when the *enamoured virgin* was left in possession of the house, accompanied only by one female domestic.—Seeing the coast thus clear, Calhagan told the object of his affections that he and his tutor would sup with her on such an evening, and arrange the business of their intended nuptials, as the Nobleman his guardian had consented to advance him a considerable part of his fortune. The old lady, rejoiced at the prospect of being speedily initiated into the mysteries of Hymen, by a handsome *Irishman*, prepared an elegant repast; to which the choicest wines were added from the cellar of her master. During the whole evening, many tender endearments passed between the fortunate lovers; several arrangements were settled; and the happy day even appointed. In short, mirth and jollity consumed imperceptibly the quick-revolving hours. At length, however, Calhagan, taking out his watch, said to the tutor, “Come, ’tis time to do *business*!—It is nearly one o’clock.” Turning therefore to Mrs. Dorothy, as if to snatch a parting kiss, he dexterously whipped an ivory gag into her mouth; Disney, at the same instant, *saluting* the terrified maid in the like manner. Thus secured from the possibility of giving an alarm, they were compelled to point out every thing that was valuable in the house; such as plate, jewels, linen, and so forth. These execrable sharpers having packed up all which suited their purpose, threw the two unfortunate females on the floor, and, after taking an undue advantage of their situation, tied the left ankle of one to the right ankle of the other, and then threw them across a door; their heads of course hanging downward. In this dreadful state, hanging on each side the door, they were discovered by the
neighbours

neighbours at noon the next day, on the point of dissolution; their legs most horridly cut and swelled, by pressure on the cord; their eyes starting from the sockets; and their faces bloated by the great quantity of blood which flowed from the extremities!—Numberless other instances of this kind have occurred in the metropolis, and its environs: but, as a salutary caution, we deem the preceding extremely *apropos*.

A WOMAN big with child, going to pay the last sad visit to her husband, who lay in Newgate under condemnation, in 1723, was run over by a dray, as she passed, and crushed to death.—“One misfortune seldom comes alone!” said the unhappy wretch, on hearing the melancholy tidings.

JOHN LEVEE, son of a French gentleman, who attended Charles the Second from France, at the Restoration, commenced highwayman---after having served in the navy till the conclusion of the Spanish war---for no other reason than to *exercise* his *martial* spirit! And when about to be executed at Tyburn in consequence, aged only twenty-seven, he fell into an extravagant *passion* at the hangman's want of politeness, by daring to tie his hands, and cover his face with a cap!!--Can a more striking picture of human *littleness* be exhibited?

CAPTAIN JOHN MASSEY, executed for piracy in July 1723, declared, that, during the course of his depositions, he seldom or ever closed his eyes, without dreaming “That he was *sailing* in a *ship* to the *gallows*!”—Such are the wonderful effects of *conscience* on a mind not completely callous!--May it not be considered as divine warnings, to turn and repent?---How ridiculous, how doubly criminal then, to neglect those prophetic intimations from *above*!

ABRAHAM DEVAL, a celebrated forger of lottery tickets in 1723, being tried on two indictments at the Old Bailey, and acquitted of the first, behaved with extreme insolence to the Bench, lolled out his tongue in proud defiance, and declared that he did not value the second charge a d---n!--The Jury, however, found him guilty; and he was afterwards executed at Tyburn for that fact.---Thus do frail mortals catch at a shadow, while the substance flies!

JOSEPH BLAKE, a companion in villainy of the famous Jack Shepherd, when placed in the Bail Dock, at the Old Bailey,

Bailey, absolutely offered the most indecent overtures to a female, who was about to receive sentence with him; and even proceeded to such lengths, that the woman alarmed the Bench in her defence *. This miscreant had been one of Jonathan Wild's disciples; and, during his imprisonment in Newgate, made an attempt on that great man's life, by stabbing him in the throat with a pen-knife, because Jonathan would, or could, not undertake to get the sentence of death changed into transportation. By this exploit, and several other wanton barbarities, he acquired the appellation of a *Brave Fellow*! Yet was he, in reality, a mean-spirited, timorous wretch; never shewing himself but as a poltroon, except when impelled by fury or despair. A little previous to his execution, he drank deeply, to dispel those terrors which tormented a guilty conscience; but, nevertheless, he wept and trembled at the place of execution; not because he had spent an unprofitable life, but at the termination of his villainous career. "There was nothing extraordinary in this criminal's person," says an Old Bailey Biographer: "he was a dapper, well set man, of great strength and great cruelty; and despised even by his associates, for the villainies which he had perpetrated against *them*!"—On November 11, 1724, he was executed at Tyburn, aged twenty-eight years; unpitied and unlamented.

LEWIS HOUSSART, a Frenchman, convicted of cutting his wife's throat, said, in the Condemned Hole, where he reprobated the justice of an English Judge and Jury, that though they had prevented his hands from *acting*, his tongue could not be restrained from *speaking*! Among the many then in that solitary dungeon, he particularly admired the abilities of Jack Shepherd; with whom he held long conversations on various lewd and prophane subjects. One day, some sparks flying very suddenly out of their charcoal fire—"See! see!" said he to Jack; "I wish they were so many four and thirty pounders, battering the prison down,

* From the general character of Blake, we cannot suppose that this singular attempt arose from a physical cause, as in the case of a soldier executed at Montpellier about fifty years since, for abusing a young woman in a public street of that city, notwithstanding her cries, opposition, and the assembly of a mob, who unmercifully assailed him with showers of blows and stones. Nothing diverted his purpose, till he had satisfied the animal desires; at the price of his existence: for, from the spot he was led to prison, and hung up shortly afterwards.—See a further account of this circumstance in the *Anecdotes of Medicine, Anec.* 191.

that

that I might die like Sampson!"—"I would rather slay the *Philistines* with the jaw-bone of an *Ass*!" answered Shephard, laying violent stress on the last word, and looking significantly at Houffart, whose guilt had only been circumstantially proved by a message with which he entrusted a little boy. On account of the doubts which had been started in this criminal's case, it was near a month before he received sentence: when being returned to his dungeon, he said, That since they had convicted him of *throat-cutting*, the worthy Jury should not lie: for he would divide his own *kekker-pipe*! Some of his hearers, however, abandoned as they were, objected to the crime of suicide; alledging, that as man could not give himself life, so had that same man no right to take it away by force. But Houffart immediately declared, that he was satisfied it could be no crime at all to rob *one's self*! He argued further, from a text in Genesis, where it is said, "God *breathed* into man a living soul." "Now," said this abandoned sceptic, "as therefore the soul is the breath; and the breath the soul, what becomes of the immortal part of him who dies of a lingering disease? for the air gradually evaporates into other air; and there cannot be enough left at the last gasp to form a soul, unless all the particles wait for each other at the bed's head!" The standers-by, shocked at his impiety, upbraided him in very severe terms: to all which he, however, answered, in an indifferent manner—"Aye! would you have me believe all the strange notions infused by parsons? That the devil is an actual personage? That our good God punishes souls for ever and ever, if there be any? That hell is full of material fire*? And that immaterial spirits shall feel it?---You, *gentlemen*, may *swallow* what you please; but I must beg to be excused!"

In conformity to the practice of other infidels, Houffart, the day before his execution, declared that he *firmly* believed in God, and a *resurrection*. In vain, however, was every effort used to induce a confession. "Lewis Houffart!"

* This expression reminds the Editor of a singular doctrine maintained by a culprit, who, a few years since, suffered on the wheel at Amsterdam; who asserted, That if the potency of infernal fire was greater than that of spirits consigned to it, they must consequently be *annihilated* by its superior force: and, on the contrary, if the spiritual essence was more powerful than the sulphureous flames, those flames could not physically take any effect on what might thus be committed to them by way of punishment.—Like many other *ingenious* philosophers, he most probably found his reasoning built on a sandy foundation.

said

said a French Minister, very pathetically, "since you are condemned, and there appears no reason to think you innocent, I must, as a just Pastor, say, That, by persisting in a denial, nothing but damnation awaits you!"---"Please, Mr. Parson," answered he, "to take that damnation to yourself, for setting me down guilty, without *knowing* any thing of the matter!" At the place of execution, he became excessively sick and pale; when the Ministers embraced that opportunity of again pressing him to own the crime with which he had been charged; saying, if he persevered, that they would not pray by him. "That I cannot help!" said Houssart, tranquilly. "Do not torment; do not trouble me.---I will not make myself worse than I am!"---What a picture, altogether, of human depravity!---Let us read, tremble, and repent, here Vice render us not only cruel and dishonest, but irreligious!---thus running into the greater to avoid and palliate the lesser evil.---1724.

ABOUT the year 1718, John Meff, and several others, ordered for execution, were singularly rescued from impending fate, by the arrestment of Jack Ketch for debt, on the road to Tyburn. In order to recompense them for the unexpected *disappointment*, their sentence was altered to transportation. But Meff, nevertheless, after undergoing a variety of hardships abroad, returned before the expiration of his time; fell to his old courses; and, in 1721, undertook a second, but *more successful* journey towards Hyde Park Corner!---So powerful is the force of habit, seconded by a depraved inclination!

RICHARD JAMES, a highwayman, while under sentence of death, about 1720, said he was *happy* in the prospect of being speedily relieved from a very troublesome world! and declared with apparent sincerity, that he would not accept a reprieve, if it were offered: for annihilation only could cure those evils which rendered life a burden.--What a picture of conscience, blackened with enormities!--seeking the *pinnacle of felicity* in the very *depth of misery*!

THE wife, or rather one of the many wives which William Blewitt had married, went to visit her husband in Newgate a day before he was ordered for execution; and so great was the love of this woman for that abandoned member of society; so exquisite her feelings on the melancholy occasion; that she fell down lifeless in the Lodge, on her return: nor could any medical assistance operate, in the smallest

smallest degree, on her inanimate faculties. She had always borne a good character; and had never partaken in the crimes of her villainous husband.---A stronger instance of unconquerable affection was never, perhaps, before recorded!---1725.

EDWARD BURNWORTH, a most infamous wretch, that had been guilty of every species of human villainy, being solicited, when in Newgate, to make a discovery of the robberies which he had committed, replied, "That they could not be comprized in a *hundred* sheets of paper closely written!"---This fellow, who was the son of a painter, having some little idea of designing, made several caricatures of his own person after condemnation; and particularly as he lay under the press for contumacy, having then a weight of three hundred pounds on his body. If he produced any thing *ludicrous* from that subject, his merits, as a comic painter, must have been more than equal to Squire Bunbury, or any of our modern caricaturists.---Burnworth told one of the keepers that, if he did not see him decently buried, he would take the first opportunity to meet him in a dark passage, and pull his nose!---Many of this monster's companions, among whom was Blewitt, just mentioned, were executed in his company; and having maliciously shot a thief-taker, during the meridian of their career, most of them were hung in chains, at a short distance from the metropolis.---1725.

JOHN GILLINGHAM, a footpad, after condemnation, sported most indecently at his approaching fate. In following the keeper, who had summoned him and another to prepare for their journey, he said to his companion--"D---e, Jack, let us knock the fellow down, and secure the keys: for if one leads to Heaven, and the other even to Hell, we stand a *chance* of being *right*!"---At Tyburn, however, his spirits evaporated; all was then sorrow, acknowledgment, and contrition.---This event took place in May 1726; the culprit being only twenty-two years of age.---So young, and yet so wicked! Let us drop the tear of commiseration at the frailty of poor human nature.---Alas! what is man, divested of the principles of Morality and Religion? An outrage on Nature, and the pest of Society!

SIMMONDS, alias Spanish Jack, capitally convicted at Rochester, March 1756, for stealing a silver tankard, &c. &c. a short time previous to his execution, That he had always been

been *devilish wicked* from his *cradle*; and doubted not, if an acquittal had taken place, but he should have followed the *old trade* again; as he never considered any thing but the gratification of his present wants, without reflecting on their necessity or extravagance. At the gallows he appeared undaunted; and gave a sudden spring, to accelerate his dissolution.

JOB WELLS, a profligate old monster, executed at Hertford, in August 1753, for a rape on his own daughter, declared, on being committed to gaol for that crime, that "There was *naarra* man in Redburn dared go through Hell besides himself!"—The man who could commit such an offence, must certainly be the best calculated, of all others, to cut a figure in the infernal regions: for we are generally overjoyed to see an *old friend*!

WILLIAM HURLEY, convicted and executed for murder, at Croydon, in April 1753, was closely examined as to the fact by the person that took him into custody, who said—"Why did you beat the man in so cruel and barbarous a manner?" "Who can tell that?" answered Hurley; "when there was nobody *there* but *he and I*!"

At the Assizes held at Horsham, in July 1752, Sarah Pledge and Ann Whale were indicted for the murder of James Whale, husband to the latter; and convicted on the clearest evidence. This shocking crime was perpetrated, by the wife, at Sarah Pledge's instance: notwithstanding which, the latter declared, while in gaol, "That she hoped to have the *pleasure* of seeing the *young bitch* burnt, before she was tucked up herself!" This wicked and abominable woman also conceived a mortal antipathy to Jack Ketch; but whether on the score of his personal *beauty*, or the portending horrors attached to his calling, is yet undecided: certain, however, it is, that Sarah protested, "she would rather go *stark naked* to the place of execution, than suffer him to *bone* any part of her *cloaths*!"

A SINGULAR expression was deposed to in the trial of Mary Blandy, executed for poisoning her father in 1751: "Who," said she, "would grudge to send an old father to hell for 10,000l.!!!"

WILLIAM PAGE, executed for highway robbery in 1758, had once a desperate encounter with a Captain Jasper.

on Hounslow Heath: but the latter being at length overpowered, Page, after taking all the Captain's ready-cash, demanded his sword also. "You may see by my cockade," answered he, "that I am an Officer; and I would therefore sooner part with both *life* and *soul* than my sword!"—"I think myself," said Page, "the *bravest* hero that ever crossed these plains: but—but—you are the most *obstinate*: so—even go about your business!"

Being at length taken up on suspicion, and carried before Sir John Fielding, he pleaded ignorance of all the numerous and well-attested charges brought against him; and when even confronted by an old companion, who turned evidence on the occasion, he persisted in alledging his innocence: but finding the Justice by no means disposed to credit his asseverations, he insolently put his arm into an active position, and defied that celebrated Magistrate to do his *worst*!—Being acquitted at the Old Bailey, he was removed to Maidstone, to be tried for an offence committed in Kent. The following account of his execution is selected from a diurnal journal of that period.

"Page, the *gentleman* highwayman, executed at Maidstone on Thursday, was thirty-three years of age. He had formerly been upon trial with a printer of eminence in London: but being a smart fellow, and of an aspiring genius, he looked upon that profession as *degrading* to a youth of his parts and spirit; and, in fact, became so infatuated with notions of quality, that his Quixotic ideas accompanied him to the *gallows*! for having *bribed* the Executioner to grant him every possible mark of distinction, he was indulged by that awful Officer, with the privilege of dropping a fine cambric handkerchief, as a signal that he was ready to begin his *journey*. Thus a precedent was established for treating unfortunate gentlemen with decency. Instead of being cut down like a common horse or sheep-stealer, Mr. Ketch employed the most gentle means imaginable for unloosing the knot which deprived this great man of existence; and, by the succeeding attentions which he bestowed, it should seem that this worthy finisher of the law was afraid of giving his benefactor cause to reproach him with an undue, or unbecoming, exercise of authority. Let it suffice, for the information of posterity, that William Page drew his *first* breath at Hampton, and his *last* at Maidstone."

FOSTER SNOW, executed in 1725, for *murder*, told the attending multitude, that he could reproach himself with nothing, *except* the crime for which he died. As if that was not an abundant cause for self-reproach!!!

JOHN

JOHN HAWKINS, condemned in May 1722, for robbing the Bristol mail, behaved with singular insolence to the Judge after conviction. "I am innocent," said he, "but the Jury have been influenced by a partial Judge. My friend has been *brow-beat*, and scarcely permitted to speak. My blood lies on the villain's head who has sworn my life away, and some others.—I hope your *Lordship* had no concern in it!"

THOMAS REEVES, executed May 28, 1722, for a robbery, was complained of by his fellow-malefactors—For reading one moment, and laughing and jesting the next; for swearing in the middle of a psalm, and mixing obscenity with his prayers. In answer to which, he said—"It is my way: but, nevertheless, I am not the less attentive and serious at *heart*!" At Tyburn, Reeves tranquilly observed, That if he was not to die then, it would happen some other time; nor did he think it much signified, whether we *started* for the *post* of happiness from the *gallows* or the *bed*!

JOHN SMITH, who had served in most of Queen Anne's wars against the French, coming afterwards on shore, committed depredations on his countrymen, for the want, he said, of other employment! One Woodford, a friend of his, being about to be executed for similar practices, Smith attended him to the gallows, in order to *take warning* by that dreadful example. This Woodford had married the widow of a criminal who suffered death some short time before: and Smith, in order to strengthen his good resolution, took that same lady to wife, That he might never lose sight of the gallows by day nor by night. But that cursed *want of employment* again prevailed; and Madam was soon capacitated for a *fourth* conjugal engagement.—In this instance, *Industry* discharged the customary business of *Indolence*!"

WILLIAM DUCE, executed for highway robbery in 1723, being once destitute of *pistols*, his *sister* pawned her *bed*, in order to supply him with cash for that purpose.... What an instance of *affection*! but by no means worthy of imitation."

RICHARD OAKY, who made his exit in 1722, after long committing depredations on society, was at first distinguished for the dexterity with which he cut off women's pockets in the public streets; throwing the softer sex into disorder,

disorder, by pretending to put his hand under their petticoats; and thus, while endeavouring to save one *jewel*, they unfortunately lost another, sometimes of more, and sometimes of less, consequence. Falling into the company of two housebreakers, named Jackson and Harvey, the latter, viewing Oakley's profession as mean, thus addressed him: "Here, Dick, you go upon a *queer lay* in the open streets, while people are passing to and fro, for the sake of a lousy pocket, containing a few halfpence, or perhaps a key and a thimble: but we *slum a ken* when all is *bowmen*, and get more in one night than you in a month!"

ROBERT WILKINSON behaved so very audaciously while under sentence of death, in 1722, that the Ordinary would not administer the sacrament to him, as to those who were then in the same unhappy predicament. "I can't help it," said he: "but, if I must not have company to heaven, I hope to find the way by myself!"—We presume that he found *the way* to Tyburn with *greater facility*!

BRYAN SMITH, a wild Irishman, convicted in 1725, under the Black Act, of sending a threatening letter to Baron Swaffa, an opulent Israelite in the city, insisted on being conveyed to the place of execution in his *shroud*! He fervently repeated the "*Hail, Mary*!" and *Pater-noster*: during which, however, observing Mr. Ketch very busily employed with the other criminals, Paddy dexterously slipped the halter over his head, and sprang off the cart amongst the crowd: and, but for the singularity of his white habit, had most certainly escaped. He appeared, when retaken, excessively agitated by the hopes of life, that had transiently dispelled the bitter prospect of untimely dissolution: he could no more compose his perturbed spirits, either by the aid of religion or of reason;—a circumstance which apparently increased and prolonged his bodily torments, for several moments after suspension.

JOSEPH WARD, a poor illiterate fellow, who had been educated among gypsies, being condemned for the commission of a highway robbery, was offered the means of escape by a friend, that attended him very punctually at the time which had been agreed on between them. Previous to this, however, Ward *dreamt* that he saw a most delightful country, which a voice told him he could only attain than by suffering the penalties inflicted by law!—In consequence of this prophetic vision, he absolutely refused

refused to embrace the opportunity which offered ; and died accordingly, at Tyburn, in 1726, with as much cheerfulness as a Russian or a Turkish soldier in the field of battle.—What a singular instance of simplicity !

JAMES WHITE, condemned in 1723, for returning from transportation, was perhaps the most ignorant animal ever produced in civilized society. All his actions were regulated by lust and appetite. When pressed by hunger, he stole whatever came within his reach ; and, when concupiscently stirred, he attacked and insulted women who were by no means likely to comply with his wishes. The other criminals with whom he was condemned, said repeatedly, that White troubled them more than their own misfortunes.—He shocked those females who had occasion to enter the dungeon by the most indecent discourse, and lascivious gestures ; and committed himself acts of lewdness, which astonished and terrified those hardened wretches confined with him !—At the place of execution, he looked wildly round on the multitude ; and then asked the minister, “ What he must do now ? ” Not having the smallest notion, or idea, of religion, he did not receive the sacrament, as is usual on such occasions ; being merely instructed to say—“ Lord ! receive my soul ! ” An uncivilized being, mixed with civilized society, is infinitely more dangerous than a *monster* among *savages*. How culpable, then, are the meanest of mankind, to neglect their childrens education ! as it appears, from what we have just seen, that human nature, unrestrained by morality, unchecked by the dread of punishment, is capable of degenerating far, very far below the level of brutes.

“ What can we reason, but from what we *know* ? ”

THOMAS NEALE, or Neland, born at Denbigh in Wales, was tried at Croydon Assizes in August 1749, for a highway robbery, committed in the company of William Bowen and Paul Vincent ; the latter of whom turning evidence, the others were fully convicted, and ordered for execution. Neale was reported to be one of the most wicked, ignorant, and dangerous villains, that perhaps ever existed ; and the manner in which he left the world, seems to justify this opinion. At the gallows he pulled and turned the rope about several times ; directing a *kiddy grin*, at the same time, towards the spectators. After the cap had been pulled over his eyes, he moved it up again ; and, addressing himself to the multitude, as if about to say something of high

high importance, proceeded thus: "Good folks, I shall very soon see my Lord Balmerino: he was a good friend of mine: so that's what I have to say; and d——n you all together!" In this *charitable* frame of mind, died the milcreant Neale, whose end was as detestable as his career.--- Bowen robbed the prosecutor, while his two comrades were otherwise employed. Neale, however, suspecting that he had *sunk upon them*, absolutely rode after the gentleman a considerable distance; when, overtaking him, he cried--- "Farmer! farmer! I wish you'd tell me how much money you have lost?" We do not believe that he obtained a satisfactory answer: but Bowen confessed, while under condemnation, that he privately appropriated a moidore to his separate use. As if the measure of Neale's villainies had not been sufficiently full, he denied the most self-evident truths to the last; dying, as it were, with a multitude of notorious lies in his mouth.

"Vice is a monster of such *frightful* mien,

"As, to be hated, needs but to be seen."

BENJAMIN NEALE, tried at Guildford Assizes, in March 1750, for a burglary, seems to have been the very counterpart of his name-fake, mentioned above. He was once a reputable master baker in Canterbury; had considerable business; and married an Alderman's daughter of that city, with a large fortune. Thus *apparently* secure against penury, he turned his thoughts to the fashionable amusements of the age; such as horse-racing, cock-fighting, and, in fact, gaming of every description: till Poverty, with huge strides, overtook him. With change of circumstances, the physical habit also underwent an alteration; and he became the most cruel of all monsters. He, one evening, dug a hole under the kitchen dresser, intending to fill it up with his mother, his wife, and his only child, whom he had determined to bury alive! but suspecting this diabolical scheme, just as he was about to put it into execution, their lamentable and dreadful cries alarmed the neighbours, who broke in, and rescued this innocent family from the most terrible of all invented tortures. His amiable wife, however, shortly afterwards expired, in consequence of her excessive fright.—Neale then left his residence; and wandered about the country as a common plunderer: till, committing the fact for which he was prosecuted, an end was put to the villain's career, by his *imprudence* in offering *too much* for a passage to London by water from Brentford. He received sentence of death with savage sullenness, and

died in the same humour; without the smallest indication of a feeling or a repentant heart.

IF terrific examples were capable of warning mankind from the commission of crimes, we certainly should not find that awful character, Mr. KETCH, in the criminal list. This *Officer*, under the name of Price, was tried in April 1718, at the Old Bailey, and convicted, for attempting a rape, which terminated in the unhappy female's death. It is rather singular, that this *gentleman* was *drunk* when he committed the inhuman fact; *drunk* all the time he lay under sentence; and, as the song says, *drunk* when he died; which forms a perfect coincidence with that poetical composition—"Was drunk---was drunk---was drunk---when he died!"

As a further confirmation of the inefficacy of example on some men, we shall cite the case of John Smith, who, in December 1705, was convicted of a burglary, and sentenced to die. He was actually turned off at Tyburn, and hung some few minutes when a reprieve arrived. Being cut down, the surgeons restored suspended animation in about half an hour; when the astonished criminal declared, that it was much more painful in coming to life again than to leave it!---Although Smith thus tasted the *bitterness* of each, he immediately returned to his old courses; was shortly afterwards tried, and acquitted on a difficult point of law: he sinned again; and was once more committed; but the prosecutor dying, he fortunately *saved his bacon* for that time also. Fearing the consequences of another essay, he went to sea, and was drowned; thus rendering it evident, that if the stars will have it so, a man may be not only hanged, but drowned into the bargain!

ARUNDEL COOKE, Esq. bred a Counsellor, was indicted on the Coventry Act, in 1722, for cutting and maiming his brother-in-law, Mr. Crisp, on whose death he expected a considerable fortune. Being, after conviction, called up for sentence, he urged, "That judgment could not pass on the verdict, because the Act of Parliament simply mentioned an *intention* to maim or deface; whereas he had *firmlly resolved* on the commission of *murder*!"---This was a mode of defence worthy an *illustrious*, or indeed any, lawyer! but the plea, however artful, being over-ruled, Mr. Cook paid the forfeit of his crimes on April 5, 1722, at St. Edmund's Bury, so early as four o'clock in the morning;

morning: to prevent an enraged populace from sacrificing him to their unconquerable resentment.--- A simple labourer, whom he had inveigled to become a partner in the diabolical transaction for a few *shillings*, and the *promise* of an hundred pounds, was executed somewhat later on the same day. ---The poor man declared, and to all appearance justly, that---

. Poverty, and not his will, consented.---

THOMAS CROSS, a most daring highwayman, boasted that he and his companion, named Spiggot, robbed a hundred passengers in one evening, whom they took out of several waggons, bound, and set in rows along the road. The Ordinary remarked, that as the other prisoners under condemnation grew more and more devout, Cross became proportionably wicked: for, displeased at their piety, he abused, struck, and kicked them up and down the Condemned Hole. And yet, under the gallows, this miscreant declared that he was not afraid of dying; for he was *sure* to go to *heaven*---It was perhaps a more consoling, than rational *inspiration*.---1720.

IN August 1780, Abraham Darnford and William Newton made a singular attack on James Watts, a Banker's Clerk. To facilitate their diabolical purpose, an empty house was taken in Water Lane, Blackfriars; and, to draw this clerk thither, a note, made payable at the said house, had been left the preceding day at Smith, Wright, and Gray's, Bankers, in Lombard Street. Watts accordingly knocked at the door, and was admitted into the passage; when providentially guessing at their design, by the hostile attempts which were immediately made on his person, he screamed and strove to gain the door. But though an effort of that kind had been rendered impracticable, his cries were nevertheless heard by the landlady of an opposite public-house, to whose intrepidity on the occasion may be ascribed the seizure of Darnford, and the liberation of Watts. Newton indeed, by jumping from a one-pair of stairs window, obtained a short run for his life; but, being vigorously pursued, was taken, and conveyed back. They had forced the young man's pocket-book into their own possession, containing notes and bills to the amount of four thousand pounds; and all that remained was, to *secure* his tongue, by the sacrifice of life. Previous to execution, November 22, 1780, Darnford made the following interesting discovery of his general mode of doing business; the insertion

of which may benefit our readers, presuming that they will be exceedingly numerous.

"The method I chiefly put in practice," said Darnford, "was, forging the post-mark of different towns, which I put on a piece of paper made up as a letter, and then went to the inns where the coaches came, and heard the parcels called over; then went to a neighbouring public-house, and wrote the direction on the letter the same as was on the parcel I had fixed on. The book-keepers seeing the direction the same, and the post-mark on it, usually gave me what I asked for, on paying their demand." He then gives the following instance, among several others:—

"In September 1777, I obtained a parcel from Norwich, directed to Mess. Smith, Wright, and Gray, which contained bills to the amount of five hundred pounds and upwards; one of them, for two hundred and sixteen pounds five shillings was drawn on Mr. Gaussen, in St. Helen's, which I carried for acceptance, and prevailed on him to give me the cash for, allowing him the discount. I wrote John Watkins on the bill, and likewise on the draft, which Mr. Gaussen paid me: the amount I received in cash at the Bank of England. Two more of the bills I left for acceptance, and the others I destroyed."

He had also been concerned in taking from carriages, inns, &c. boxes, trunks, portmanteaus, &c. which, if on opening, he found contained no cash, or materials worth keeping, he always sent according to the directions. By these means he was enabled to purchase several houses, which produced an income of about one hundred and twenty pounds per annum.

In 1793, the scheme here before-mentioned of robbing Bankers Clerks, was revived by that arch swindler, Lawrence Jones, in concert with a posy of his vile companions. By a similar stratagem, Mr. Campbell, from the house of Vere, Lucadou, and Co. was decoyed into an empty mansion, robbed of his pocket-book, containing bills and notes to the amount of nine hundred pounds, and confined eight hours alone, by means of cords, expecting every moment that an end would be made of his existence. While Mr. Campbell was thus left, the party were busily collecting: hearing nothing of his ferocious gaolers for five hours, he began a violent outcry, which he continued incessantly for three hours; when providentially a neighbouring workman, whose attention had been attracted in consequence, broke open the house, and found the miserable clerk almost

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at the last gasp. Jones was shortly afterwards apprehended; and, at the Old Bailey, was found guilty, and sentenced to undergo a very painful *exaltation* in Hatton Garden, near the spot where the audacious robbery had been committed. But Lawrence rendered the intended honour unnecessary, by strangling himself; which, by a Coroner's Jury, being constituted *felo de se*, his body was thrown into a deep pit near the purposed place of execution, and a stake driven through it, Dec. 8, 1793.

Lawrence Jones had received a liberal education; and once held a lucrative office under government; but, for malpractices, was dismissed. To support an extravagant lady of easy virtue, who then resided with him, he commenced swindler; but, after a tolerable run of fortune, was compelled to pay a dreary visit to Newgate, where Mr. Barrington, then an inhabitant of that mansion, gave him a most unmerciful drubbing, in consequence of a dispute respecting the derivation of the word *Property*.—The evidence being defective, Jones was liberated; when a relation dying, he came into the possession of a considerable sum. With this money he took an elegantly furnished house, in St. James's Street, kept a carriage, and thievish servants in livery; and, helped by *appearances*, he there defrauded a silversmith of three thousand pounds worth of plate; and other tradesmen in proportion to their articles of commerce.

HONEST JACK LEE cross-examining a witness, whom he had often examined before, addressed him thus—"My good friend, we must *now* have a little honesty: I must beg it of you as a favour." To which the witness replied—"I know the world too well to grant favours without its my interest; and I think you won't make it my interest to tell *more* than I know." Being, on this, asked by the Court, What countryman he was? the fellow observed, highly to the entertainment of all present—"I'm Yorkshire, an please you, my Lord; the same as my old friend, the Counsel, there!" pointing to Mr. Lee.

In April 1786, Major Arabin called at Newgate, on Thomas Burdett, who was to be executed the next morning for a burglary, and asked, Whether he knew any thing of the robbery committed at his house about a month before? Burdett boldly answered, "Yes!" The Major then desired to know if he had any accomplices, and whether they were then at large? "You, Major," answered Burdett, "call yourself a man of honour, I suppose?"—"Certainly!"—

"Certainly!"—"So do I!"—"Have you any hopes of pardon?" said the Major. "No!--Nor, to procure it, would I betray my companions!--I am already sufficiently wicked."—Honour! how art thou perverted, misused, and badly understood!

GEORGE OWEN, condemned the latter end of 1784, for forging, and publishing as true, a certain order to the Assay-master of the Goldsmiths Company, for the delivery of certain silver goods left for assaying and marking, obtained a respite after he had been haltered for the dreadful plunge. Hearing the welcome tidings, with transports equal to those of a benighted and bewildered traveller in the Black Forest, when he discerns the distant glimmer of some cottage lamp, Owen dropped on his knees, and returned thanks to Almighty God, in fervent, devout, and solemn strains. Before the term of this respite expired, his father died, leaving him near seven hundred pounds in cash, and a freehold of fifty-two pounds per annum. This circumstance revived his affections for the good things of the world; and, on a second time leaving the cell, he cried—"Surely, surely, God will now grant me longer life!" desiring that the Sheriffs would wait a little for some good news! They indeed humanely postponed the poor creature's fate two hours beyond the usual time; and, even then, Owen requested that he might not be turned off till he gave a signal: but delaying half an hour, and shewing no inclination to make it at all, the Sheriffs winked to the Executioner, who instantly destroyed his life and his hopes together.

WILLIAM WYNNE RYLAND, the engraver, executed at Tyburn in August 1783, for forging a bill on the East India Company, informed the Court in his defence, That he was able to pay twenty pounds for every twenty shillings which he owed; that he possessed seven thousand pounds in the Liverpool Water-Works, ten thousand pounds stock in trade, had two hundred pounds per annum pension from the King, and obtained two thousand pounds per year by his profession! When apprehended, he attempted to destroy himself: but the wound did not prove mortal. And when brought into the Court Yard, on the last fatal morning, endeavoured to precipitate his unhappy end by driving his head violently against a stone in the building.—Whatever were the motives which induced that unfortunate artist to be guilty of so needless a crime, certain it is that he always thought

thought the King would never sign his death-warrant: for he was in the habit of conversing often with Majesty, from whom he had received several flattering marks of esteem and friendship.

JOSEPH LORRISON, alias JUMPING JOE*, executed at Kennington Common, August 1792, aged fifty-three years, for robbing James Dixon of his watch and money, had long been a terror to Surry waggoners, whose vehicles he robbed with so much ease and facility, that he was in consequence called JUMPING JOE. He had been tried near thirty times, in various Courts, for offences of different complexions. He received, and ended, his existence in Surry. Finding it impossible to evade this dreadful sentence, Joe considered for a few moments very gravely, and then cried---“Well, d---n my eyes! it's only *one jump* more then, and away!”

DENTON, executed before Newgate a few years since for coining, said, the *last* evening, to an acquaintance, on taking final leave, “Good bye, God bless you!--Tomorrow I shall *kick the clouds!*”

ROBERT WALPOLE CHAMBERLAIN, a thoughtless young spendthrift and footpad, who was executed, August 1793, on Kennington Common, had his life marked by very strange vicissitudes. He was found guilty, at the Croydon Assizes, of having some time before committed a footpad robbery, attended with many circumstances of cruelty, upon Capt. Bellamy, near Epsom. His father had been a butcher in Leadenhall-market, who died while he was very young, and left him to the care of a mother, who was too foolishly fond to exercise any controul over her darling. As he had no inclination for business, she allowed him to pass away his time idly; giving him a regular supply of two hundred pounds per annum, that he might live like a *gentleman*. She also occasionally paid his debts, which he was by no means sparing to contract.

To supply, however, his extravagant wants with greater prodigality, he had recourse to robbery; and was twice capitally convicted: but had the good fortune to get the punishment commuted for transportation. On the first con-

* An interesting Life of this Character, written by a Literary Gentleman, was given in the *BON TON MAGAZINE*, Vols. II. III. IV. and may yet be had of the present Publisher, or of any other Bookseller.

viction,

viction, he was permitted to transport himself; which he did, to Ireland, till part of his time was expired, and the rest remitted. He also got off the second sentence; and his mother dying about the same time, left him a legacy of ten thousand pounds! On this occasion, he was seriously advised to retrieve, if possible, his character; and, that he might not have the temptation of want for the renewal of his offences, the executor of his mother's will suffered him to draw upon him at discretion. But, so indiscreet and imprudent a use did he make of this indulgence, that in less than three years nearly all the money was exhausted. He had for some time existed by depredations, and was taken up for a house robbery. While in prison, Mrs. Bellamy recognized him, and at the age of three and twenty, he suffered for a robbery committed two years before, after squandering a very respectable fortune.—He demeaned himself decently at the gallows; and his body was taken away in a hearse.

LEWIS AVERSHAW, tried before Mr. Baron Perryn, at Croydon, in July 1795, for killing one Police Officer, and wounding another, while conveying to that place, put his head out of the coach-window on Kennington Common, and with all the *sang froid* imaginable, asked his guards, If they did not think he should be *twisted* on that pretty spot by Saturday?—His insolence to the Court was, perhaps, never equalled before. When Mr. Baron Perryn put on the judicial cap, the prisoner unfeelingly made use of his hat, mimicking the Judge's solemn manner; and looked most contemptuously while the awful sentence was passing. August 10, 1796, a companion of this hardened villain was also executed on Kennington Common; and he, too, conducted himself with the same contempt of law and decency, from the time of apprehension to the moment of death, as had distinguished his desperate predecessor. He familiarly nodded to several acquaintances, during the course of his dreary journey; and when approaching the gallows, pointed at it with a kind of sneering contempt.

BROWN, the mail-robber, lately executed, while under sentence of death, figured a coffin, with the representation of a body in it, on the wall of his cell, and underneath a number of very pathetic lines; which proved, however, that his eminence consisted rather in depredation than poetry.—Brown was not the first *gentleman* who distinguished himself in this way: for Avershaw, whom we have just mentioned, after

after condemnation, *painted* with black cherries, round the walls of his room, representations of all the principal robberies which he had committed.---No earthly consideration, we presume, can tempt *such men* to reform!

AT the Reading Assizes, July 1796, Mary Lee was sentenced to seven years transportation, for *encouraging, aiding, and assisting*, her son, a little lad, aged only ten years, in robbing his fellow-servants of their money at different times! Pitying the child's situation, the Court ordered him to be imprisoned six months. For our own parts, we must consider as *innocent* an offspring thus seduced and tempted; while no punishment---not even death itself---is adequate to such turpitude in a parent!---For the sake of humanity, let us hope that Mary Lee was the only mother of this description in the British dominions.

DURING the trial of John Thomas, a pickpocket, arraigned in the summer of 1796, at Welchpool Assizes, who appeared a poor decrepid object, a blunt, honest farmer was called to his character; who declared that he did not think him *very sharp*: on being asked by the Judge, what he meant by that expression? replied, "Why, my Lord, I have seen him, when playing cards, often looted with the King and Ace of Trumps in his hand!" This artless, though improper answer, did not fail to excite the risibility of the Court.

SOME forty years ago, that once celebrated duellist, Martin of Galway, killed a Mr. Jolly of the same town, by running him through the body, without any provocation; Jolly having no other weapon of defence than a billiard-mace. For that offence he was tried; and, notwithstanding a strong charge from the Judge, and the most positive evidence of the fact, the Jury acquitted him.--Some time after this, Martin was standing at a coffee-house door in Dublin, and seeing a man go by in a cart to the gallows, he asked a shoe-boy who stood near him, "What that fellow was to be hanged for?" The shoe-boy, who knew Martin, replied with great archness, "An please your Honour, for want of a Galway Jury!"

THE Bull Inn, Colchester, was broken open, in the summer of 1796, by some thieves, who robbed it of several valuable articles. The landlord was then dying; and his wife, with four other women, sat up all night: they heard
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the noise which the villains made, but fancying it to be some supernatural notice of the sick man's death, their terrors triumphed over their reason, to the very great advantage of the desperadoes.

AT the Stafford Assizes, in the spring of 1796, an extraordinary incident took place.—One of the prisoners (William Cotterell) was indicted for a burglary, and for robbing the house of Mr. Foreman, of Handsworth; to which he pleaded Guilty: nor could he be persuaded to offer any other plea, until the Judge threatened, in case he persisted, to order him for speedy execution. He then pleaded Not Guilty; and his trial proceeded. However, sufficient evidence not appearing to convict him, he was, of course, (though very unexpectedly) acquitted!

IN the summer of 1796 was executed, on Pennenden Heath, near Maidstone, pursuant to his sentence at the Assizes, William Clark, for assaulting on the highway, in Chelsfield, Elizabeth Benson, and robbing her of six guineas in gold, and some silver. He suffered with exemplary penitence, amidst a multitude of spectators. In proceeding to the place of execution, that unfortunate man delivered a note, literally as follows:—

“I, William Clark, take this upon myself to inform the public, to beware how people's words are taken in swearing, or lying: that is the very thing that takes my life away. Some said I had been on board the hulks; others, that I had been an old offender: this was reported by the friends of the other man who committed the robbery with me, on purpose to clear himself, and hang me. I never was before a Judge in my life, till now. I am sold like a sheep that is going to the slaughter-house!

“WILLIAM CLARK.”

THE method of making persons suspected of murder touch the dead body for the discovery of their guilt or innocence, was first practised in Denmark by King Christianus the Second, and permitted all over his kingdom. The occasion whereof was this:—Certain gentlemen being on an evening together in a stove, fell out among themselves, and from words came to blows, (the candles being out) inasmuch that one of them was stabbed with a poignard. Now the murderer was unknown, by reason of the numbers present: although the gentlemen accused a Pursuivant of the King's for it, who was with them in the stove. The King,

King, to find out the homicide, caused them all to come together in the stove; and, standing all round the dead corpse, he commanded that they should, one after another, lay their right hand upon the slain gentleman's naked breast, swearing they had not killed him. The gentlemen did so; and no sign appeared against them: the Pursuivant only remained; who, condemned before in his own conscience, went first of all and kissed the dead man's feet; but as soon as he laid his hand on his breast, the blood gushed forth in abundance, both out of his wound and nostrils; so that, urged by this evident accusation, he confessed the murder; and was, by the King's own sentence, immediately beheaded.

UNTIL the reign of Queen Elizabeth, criminals for murder and high treason were gibbeted alive, and left to die in all the agony and bitterness of extreme want, and exposed to the weather; but civilization, guided by humanity, and the principles of a more refined philosophy, occasioned the alteration of this severe and inhuman practice, both in England and Ireland. No attempt had been ever made to introduce the torture, which in other countries is called "putting the question," till James I. when Felton from a mistaken, though enthusiastic ardour in the cause of liberty, stabbed the Duke of Buckingham; and when the Judges told him, on the trial, that he should be put to the rack, to compel him to confess his abettors or confederates, he calmly replied, "he did not know which of the Judges on the Bench he might possibly be induced to mention first!" This declaration, however, produced such an effect upon the Court, that the intended experiment was entirely set aside, and the pernicious example avoided, so repugnant in its nature to every principle of humanity.

MAJOR SEMPLE.

JAMES GEORGE SEMPLE, now about forty-two years of age, was born at Irvine, in the shire of Ayr; where he received a classical education. With a view of improving his natural advantages—and being intended for the Kirk—he was sent to the College of Edinburgh. But neither religion nor physic meeting this young gentleman's approbation, his father—who was a disbanded Custom-house Officer—humoured his predominate propensity for—Law! In process of time, however, this project gave way to another; and which seemed to promise *more* lucrative advantages. The elder Semple—by a succession of wheels within wheels---obtained a recommendation to an East-India director, who guaranteed his son an employment in the Oriental regions. To accelerate this flattering expectation, Master George was equipped not only for his journey to London, but for the far distant voyage also. But as there is a considerable variation between the *shadow* and the *substance*; so this young adventurer encountered obstacles, and met with delays, which his sage father did not foresee, and which the less experienced youth could by no means prevent. A *bon vivant* by Nature, he evaporated the vexations arising from daily disappointment, by plunging into the fashionable amusements which the gay metropolis afforded. This measure---so consonant to a plethoric man---was attended by a very unpleasant circumstance; to wit, an emptiness of pocket. The elder Semple, however, obviated this inconvenience, by remitting his son a second supply; which enabled him to extend the captivating schemes that now employed, and wholly engrossed, his attention.

In the pursuit of pleasure, Major Semple unfortunately became acquainted with a respectable Devonshire family: from whence he married a young lady, the idol of her parents, by assuming fallacious airs of consequence, and by pretending that he had claims to the extinct titles and dignities of the house of Lisle. This connection proved a lasting source of misery to the amiable wife of this libertine: and her friends, having discovered not only his habitual frailties---but his general character and veritable origin---offered Mrs. Semple two hundred pounds per annum, if she would entirely abandon her undoer: terms with which she at length closed, after witnessing a succession of enormities,

minies, that by no means accorded with female honour and delicacy.

Neither our limits nor our plan permit us to give a regular detail of all the petty, the scandalous, and the mean subterfuges, to which Major Semple resorted, to support his assumed title of *Gentleman*. We shall therefore notice only some of his *chef d'œuvres*; which, while calculated to excite astonishment, will serve such of our Readers as Cautionary Hints, who, from their relative situations in life, may be exposed to the artifices of similar miscreants.

He frequented Wood's hotel, under Covent-Garden Piazza; and although Mr. Wood has, to our knowledge, too much good sense to be amused by the inventive genius of plausible pretenders, when their artillery is levelled at the purse, yet Major Semple proved an over-match for Mr. Wood's general prudence.

The Major came there one day, and desired to know for how many such a gentleman had ordered dinner?---Mr. Wood replied, "He had no orders."---Good God!" said the Major, "Dick is a sad dog! How neglectful!--Why, Wood, several of us agreed last night to dine with you to-day at seven shillings and six-pence a head, exclusive of wines.---Get dinner ready at five o'clock for a dozen."---Mr. Wood was retiring to give orders, when the Major called him back:---"Here, hark ye, Wood," said he, "damme if I am not come out and left my purse on the table:---Lend me six guineas." Mr. Wood lent the money, the Major departed, an elegant dinner was dressed, but neither that sad dog Dick, nor any of his party, came to partake of it.

Wherever Mr. Semple attempted to obtain, or was successful in obtaining either money or goods, the imposition was founded on his real or pretended knowledge of some respectable character who he knew was acquainted with, or was a customer to, the person he applied to, either to borrow cash, or take up goods upon credit.---This artifice was seconded by the deception of his own personal appearance, which, added to the natural plausibility of his language, was as specious and as alluring as the Grand Deceiver's, who, by the *honey-dew* of his tongue, and, as Voltaire says, by the length of a shining tail, imposed on the natural credulity of the first frail fair. This will, once for all, account for his success in that line of swindling, at which he was so complete an adept, and in some measure apologize for the

credulity of those who have been sufferers through his adroitness.

He once applied himself to Mr. Hankey, of Upper Harley Street, Cavendish Square, although a *total stranger*, and requested the sum of seventeen or eighteen guineas, which he said he was much in need of, to assist a brother Officer, who was then in custody for debt. To take off a little of the edge of a surprise which such a strange importunity might naturally occasion, he added, that he was a Major in his Majesty's service, and well known to, and intimate with, Mr. Hankey's brother, or he would not have taken such a liberty.

As appearances were for him, Mr. Hankey said, that his brother would be in town that day, and would dine with him at five o'clock, at which time Mr. Semple was desired to call, and actually invited to dinner. To a man of less *nonchalance* than James George Semple, this answer would have been a complete rebuff. But his motto was, "*In for a penny, in for a pound*" He thanked Mr. Hankey, and boldly accepted the invitation.

At a quarter before five, having called in his out-posts of humour, anecdote, tale, and repartee, and joined them with his main guard, *Impudence*, he knocked at Mr. Hankey's door.---The servants ushered him up stairs, and he was introduced to the Mr. Hankeys. The brother, whom Mr. Semple pretended to be so intimate with, professed he had not the smallest knowledge of him; when our hero reminded him of this, that, and the other gentleman, with whom Mr. Hankey had been at such and such places; assured him, that he, Mr. Semple, was often of the party, and lamented much the want of Mr. Hankey's recollection. The servant having announced dinner, they all sat down, and the Major began to file off his out-posts. As his conversation was entertaining, they were in no great hurry to lose their visitor; but when the subject of the visit came on the carpet, as men of business, they declined the request.

So far unfortunate, Mr. Semple set his wits to work. A smaller sum, he said, perhaps would do to extricate his friend; and if Mr. Hankey would ~~lend~~ him five guineas, on a security of five guineas per annum on the Compassionate List at the Pay-Office, he was ready to give Mr. Hankey a draft on Mr. Thomas, at the Office.

It being a case of some seeming compassion, interwoven with a delicacy in refusing a gentleman whom they had invited to dinner, Mr. Hankey advanced him the money, and Semple wrote the letter.

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When the Major was carried before the Lord Mayor, through Mr. Feltham's vigilance, above one hundred and twenty persons attended, all of whom were prepared to raise the culprit's fame, by exhibiting instances of their own credulity and weakness. Among other anecdotes which escaped, at that meeting, it was asserted, that he contrived to swindle the traders of a whole town in Derbyshire, by *taking in* one side of the streets on his departure, and the other on his return! At another time, he assumed the character of an Ambassador to the Russian Court, and thereby nearly ruined an unfortunate taylor, who furnished him with a wardrobe to the value of four hundred pounds. He did, indeed, travel to Russia; from whence, having left behind some specimens of ingenuity, he rather hastily passed into Denmark; and, having rendered himself famous at Copenhagen, retreated to the Netherlands, where he was by no means inactive. And, at Calais, he once remained three years in prison for *debt*!

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Simple took the freedom, as one gentleman might readily do with another, of writing to Mr. Pitt; and in one of these letters hinted a scheme which, he said, would be serviceable to the kingdom, desiring to know when Mr. Pitt would do him the honour of an audience.

Having obtained answers, which was all that Mr. Simple thought necessary for the good of his country, he took that natural advantage of it, which less ambitious minds might be excused for. He boasted of his acquaintance and intimacy with Mr. Pitt, readily shewed his letters, and also letters from Dr. Prettyman, and made himself of that consequence which he knew the weaker part of the world readily bowed down to.

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He came once to an inn on the road in a post-chaise; and it being about two o'clock, P. M. he said it was too soon for dinner, but whilst the landlord was roasting a fowl, he would amuse himself by viewing the church, &c.

The fowl was accordingly spitted; but it happening that the boy who drove Mr. Simple to the above inn, had a sweetheart in the same place, he left his horses to the care of the hostler, whilst he went to pay his respects to his dulcinea at the farther end of the town.

As the driver was standing at the door, talking with the lady, he saw a post-chaise coming along; and having the curiosity to see who was therein, was very much surprised to find the gentleman he had just sat down at one

inn, in a post-chaise belonging to another. But what appeared still more surprising was, he had not received his master's fare; and, what was still worse, his own customary compliment. It was in vain for the Major to draw back and secrete himself. The boy ran back to the inn, and told the circumstance, when the master ordered two horses to be saddled; and, at the end of two stages, the landlord and boy accosted Mr. Semple very rudely indeed, and insisted on his going before a Magistrate.

When they arrived at his Worship's, the complaint was formally laid; and the Major being asked what he had to say for himself, he ran through his lineage and history, even from the year 1547, when the title of Lord Viscount Lisle became extinct, to the very hour in which he was bade to tell it; leaving out all the hair-breadth escapes, disasters, chances, &c.

Having done this, with his usual audacity and with equal hauteur he harangued on his importance to government. He declared himself the bosom friend of Mr. Pitt; said he was on his Majesty's service with expresses of the most important and serious nature to this kingdom; that he had exhausted all his cash; that he would compel every inn-keeper on the road to furnish him with horses and chaise; and dared the Magistrate or landlord to molest or detain him.

The authoritative stile and manner in which he delivered himself, and the production of his *corps de reserve*, Mr. Pitt's letters, produced an effect, that not only answered his utmost purpose, but produced more, much more, than Mr. Semple expected.

The Magistrate, whose good wishes towards government greatly inclined him to favour every thing that had the least smack of it, was determined not to put a spoke into its wheels. He took Mr. Semple, therefore, into his private room, and not only told him he would pay the chaise, but actually offered him a sufficient sum of money to enable him to come to town; which offer the Major accepted, with a profusion of acknowledgments, and pursued his journey.

Being at Egham, he contrived to make himself acquainted with Dr. Ogilvie, a very worthy Divine of that place; and having so done, and found by that means the tradesmen and others with whom the Doctor dealt, Mr. Semple obtained credit of various people. Having also been seen arm in arm with the Doctor at Windsor, wherever the

the latter went into a shop the Major went afterwards, and got goods of some and cash of others.

In the month of June 1786, Mr. Semple entered Buxton in a stile of singular magnificence. He had his *valet-de-chambre*, and his *own* chaise, (which, by the bye, had been borrowed of a gentleman named Lycett) with two postillions. There he hired elegant apartments, and figured away as heir apparent of the dormant title of Lisse. The neighbouring gentlemen courted his company, and accommodated him with hunters: the ladies, charmed with his bewitching manner, could scarcely restrain their partiality within reasonable bounds. At this place it was, that he assumed the title of Major, with the Order of MÉRIT at his button-hole, conferred on him by her Imperial Majesty of all the Russias!—Semple's consequence did not, however, continue more than a week: for, borrowing too freely, suspicion—calumny, the Major said—darkened over his *glorious* career: the gentlemen became shy, and the ladies cool and reserved. Lord Suffield (late Sir Harbord Harbord) was then at Buxton. To that gentleman, Semple pretended, that he had travelled with young Mr. Harbord in many places on the Continent; but owned it was rather a delicate point to mention, that he had accommodated him in the route with a trifle of money, and desired Sir Harbord would acquaint him whether he should present the small account then, or wait the young gentleman's return.—On Sir Harbord's desiring to know the sum, and expressing his obligations to him for having supplied his son with cash abroad, Major Semple sat down, and soon produced a regular account from stage to stage, amounting in the whole to thirty-six guineas, which Sir Harbord paid him immediately.

At Norwich we have the following very singular circumstance, in which he was assisted by the person who appeared there as the Major's lady.—

Among others with whom he ingratiated himself was Dr. M'Quin, at whose house the Major and his Lady lodged, by invitation, (as the noise of the inn was offensive to Madam) in nearly the same stile and fashion he had before done at Buxton.—And such was his dissipation, that though he was daily reduced to the shifts of robbing, to support it, yet no sooner was he in possession of a small sum, than he was as industrious to squander it, and rely on his invention for further supplies.

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He had borrowed five guineas of the Doctor, and had dissipated it in a ball, by which he had incurred the Doctor's displeasure, he being a gentleman who knew the value of money too well, to throw it away in a manner so totally vague and empty, and without conferring any one good to society by it.—

In a short time after he applied again to the Doctor for the sum of fifteen guineas, and then offered his draft on his agent in town. To this application Dr. M'Quin was very averse, took the liberty of rallying the Major on the lightness of his conduct, and expatiated on the ill effects it must naturally produce. To this expostulation Major Semple pleaded the appendages of a gentleman's life, and argued how necessary those little superfluities were to support the character which birth, education, and custom, claimed as rights hereditary.

In this argument it was that the lady gave an instance of her ingenuity, which by no means disparaged her paramour's choice; for, on the Doctor's declining to lend the fifteen guineas, the shock her nerves sustained was so great as quite to overcome that delicacy of feeling which generous and liberal minds must experience at a pecuniary repulse. In short, she swooned, or rather seemed to swoon away, when her situation apparently required all the little offices of hartshorn, water, &c. &c. and made the Doctor and his lady feel as much real concern as if the fit had been real.

When Mrs. Semple was able to open her eyes, and glance them towards her dear Major, she by degrees opened her mouth, and gently chid him for the application; and giving him her keys, desired he would go up stairs and take three diamond pins to dispose of, which would produce five times the sum required, and might be easily replaced in London.

The situation of the lady, her apparent distress of mind, the agitations that the Major was in on her account, and her so readily offering to dispose of her diamonds for the Major's use, made such an impression on the Doctor, that he relaxed from his first resolution, and instantly fetched the money, of which he now intreated the Major's acceptance.

Mr. Semple possessed effrontery sufficient to conduct himself to the table of the Marquis of Lansdown, then Lord Shelburne. He not only dined, but was entrusted with dispatches by the Marquis, to carry abroad. He referred that Nobleman to a lawyer of the Temple for his character;
for

for the character of which gentleman, the Marquis was referred to the Master of the Rolls, whose report was to the following effect: "*That if Major Semple was a friend of Mr. G——d's, there could be no difficulty made about employing him.*"

It was in consequence of this enquiry and report that Mr. Semple was entrusted with dispatches to Vienna; which he shamefully neglected: they lay at Mr. G——d's a considerable time, and were afterwards removed to Mr. Careless's at Watford; from whence, with two others, they were transmitted to Sir Sampson Wright, who delivered them to the Secretary of State.

It was at one of the foregoing hours of intercourse, viz. at dinner, that Mr. Semple gave a glaring proof of the shortness of his memory. The subject turned on politics, and at last came to the late peace, when Mr. Semple, with all that vacuity of thought and absence of mind, which so often distinguishes great wits, took occasion to observe, "*That it was the most damned peace that ever was made.*"

The Marquis's fork, which was on the tip of his lip, with a morsel of chicken on the point of it, was, with hand and arm suspended thereon.—He stared at the Major, the Major stared at the Marquis, who, in a few seconds, ejaculated, "Sir!" to which the other replied, "My Lord!"—"I beg your pardon," said the Marquis, "I thought, Sir, you called for a glass of wine." "Oh, no, my Lord," replied Mr. Semple, "I said it was the most damned peace that ever was made."—"Then I'll help you to a good one," answered the Marquis; and immediately began to load the Major's plate; meaning, no doubt, it was high time for him to stop his mouth.

In 1785, the Major took up his lodgings at the Leaping Bar, in Blackfriars Road; where he played an unfortunate peruke-maker the most diabolical trick that human effrontery perhaps ever invented.—The journeyman hair-dresser waiting on him one morning, Semple seemed angry that the master did not attend him; for which neglect the journeyman apologized, by saying, his master would have come, but he was getting ready for a journey to Scotland.—To Scotland! said Mr. Semple; what part is he going to? To Edinburgh, Sir, replied the journeyman.—And pray what sort of a man is your master, and how does he dress?—Oh, Sir, answered the frizzeur, he is a very good looking man, and dresses quite genteel.—Then tell him, said Semple, that he is exceedingly lucky, for I am going to
Edinburgh,

Edinburgh, and will take him with me in my chaise. But what is his name? Kerr, answered the journeyman.--- Then, said Semple, send Mr. Kerr to me instantly.

The man departed for his master, who immediately waited on the Major. Matters were soon settled, and off they went that very evening; Mr. Kerr rejoicing at the good luck he had met with, and Mr. Semple congratulating himself on the good luck he expected to meet.

In this happy disposition of mind, they travelled till they came to York; but when there, a little circumstance occurred, at which Major Semple seemed very much hurt. Before dinner, he went out, and in half an hour returned, expressing much uneasiness at a trick that had been played him in town. He had lent a gentleman, a friend of his, he said, a sum for which that friend had given him a draft on his banker at York; but when he presented it, the banker had no cash of that gentleman's in his hand, and declined honouring the draft.

This, Mr. Semple said, was exceedingly unlucky, as he had relied on that gentleman's bill to carry him forward; but, added he, Mr. Kerr, you perhaps have some gold about you. O yes, Sir, answered Mr. Kerr, I have fifteen guineas.---Then, said Semple, let me have them, and when we come to Edinburgh I will repay you.

Mr. Kerr readily gave Mr. Semple the fifteen guineas, and away they went again; nothing material occurring till they came within half a mile of Edinburgh, when Mr. Semple said he should walk, as he wanted to call on a Nobleman, desiring Mr. Kerr to go to Fortune's Coffee-house, and he would be with him in half an hour at farthest!

With the master of Brown's Coffee house, Mitre-Court, he played off the following curious device. Having run a bill for a few pounds, and decamped without recollecting that circumstance, he was seen, some time after, sitting in a hackney-coach, near Mitre Court, by a little girl, the daughter of one of the porters of the Temple, to whom Mr. Semple was indebted a few shillings.

The child recognizing Mr. Semple, she ran and told her father;—the father ran and told the master of the Coffee-house, and both ran to the coach.—In vain were all Mr. Semple's apologies and promises; nothing but prompt payment would do with them; and finding that words would not be satisfactory, he desired them to meet him at the Treasury, where he should see some of his friends, either Mr. Pitt, Dr. Prettyman, or Mr. Rose, who, the Major said,

said, were greatly in arrear with him, on government account, and then he would satisfy the bill and the porter.

The bait, however, did not take, for they not only refused to give him a meeting at the Treasury, but rudely insisted on accompanying him in the coach; and stepping in, away they drove to the Treasury; where, after Mr. Semple had traversed the rooms, with his companions close at his heels, and found his foregoing friends busy about other government accounts, and therefore invisible, as the Major called it, he then proposed taking them to his relation, Lord Rawdon, in St. James's Place, where he could have any cash he wanted.

Away they drove to Lord Rawdon's, and stopped within a few doors of it. The Major left them in the coach, and went to his Lordship's house, where he knocked with as much, or more, rapidity than the owner of it would have done, and was instantly admitted.

The gentlemen left in the coach, having waited near an hour, and beginning to grow impatient, they went with an humble tap at his Lordship's; and, in a quarter of an hour, were answered to the following effect:—That a gentleman had come in, who called himself a relation of his Lordship's, said he was pursued by Bailiffs, and prayed to be let through the house into the Green Park, which had accordingly been done, out of pity to a great man in distress.

A proper explanation soon took place, to the no small diversion of the family; and though the master of the Coffee-house had three shillings and six-pence coach-hire to pay, he could not refrain from joining in the humour.

By the recommendation of the Duchess of Kingston he went to Petersburg, and by her interest he obtained the rank of Aid-de-Camp to Prince Potemkin, and with that General went to the Crimea.—On Mrs. Semple's writing to her husband, complaining of the Duchess of Kingston's slighting her, he returned to Petersburg, and by a great deal of bluster, so frightened her, that he obliged the Duchess, before he left the house, to give him five hundred roubles, (about three and six-pence each;) he staid afterwards in Petersburg; but before he left the place sold his carriage to four different Russian Noblemen, took the cash of every one of them, and promised to send the carriage to each.

He also swindled a Russian Officer out of a rich regimental suit by the following stratagem: He met him at Court,

Court, and begged he would let his (Semple's) taylor look at the suit of clothes, to make some like it, in order to bring to England. The credulous Officer delivered them to Semple's servants, but never saw them after.

When he first appeared at St. Petersburg, he called himself at the English Tavern Lord Semple, and his company was courted by every body.—What is remarkable, he was presented to the Empress in an Highland dress, and esteemed by Prince Potemkin as an excellent soldier.

In the spring of 1784 he introduced himself to the Officer's mess at Mr. Clode's, the White Hart, at Windsor. On the third or fourth day of his dining there, the Colonel, who had been absent in London, came down, and joined the corps at dinner, where he presided; the Major was introduced to him as a gentleman in the Empress's service, and placed in the seat of honour, viz. on the Colonel's right hand.

When dinner was nearly over, a young gentleman belonging to the same regiment entered, and, after paying his respects generally, was going to take his chair, when the Colonel introduced him to Major Semple; the moment he heard his name, and viewed his person, he drew back, and addressed himself to the corps in these words:

"This Major Semple, as he is pleased to call himself, (looking full in his face) is an impostor, a notorious swindler, whom I saw publicly kicked when I was in Yorkshire last summer on a visit to my friends." The company stared at the Major, then at their friend, who had spoken with so much freedom, but were totally silent for a few seconds, waiting the Major's reply; at last he recovered from his confusion, and gave the lie direct to the base charge: the young Officer, quite confounded at his effrontery, and finding the company began to think he was in an error, which the strong resemblance of persons often occasions, became almost frantic; however, he presently recollected that the same servant that attended him in Yorkshire upon the above excursion, was then below; he immediately rang the bell, and ordered the waiter to send his servant up, who happened to be an Irishman; as soon as he entered, the Colonel, at his master's request, examined him.

Colonel. Did you attend your master to Yorkshire last summer?

Servant. Indeed I did, your Honour.

Colonel. Look round this company, and inform me if you ever saw any of them in that part of the country during the time you staid with your master.

Servant.

Servant. Faith, I need not be long about that: sure I saw; I do not know what to call him, that person on your Honour's right hand there; and he was pelted for a common cheat; upon my soul, after that I never expected to see him in such good company.

The Colonel having no longer any doubts, ordered the servant to walk up to the head of the table, and kick the Major out of the room; which he instantly did, without meeting with the least opposition.

By intriguing with a servant, he got admission to the town-house of William Brand, Esq. of Polsted in Suffolk, while the family were absent in the country. Here he established his chief quarters for nearly two months, and derived all the credit which a very constant correspondence with himself by letters in such a situation could afford him. He made all the bustle he could with his carriage in the neighbourhood, where he was supposed to have connection with Mr. Brand, and went by the name of the Handsome Major.

It was his constant practice to gain all the knowledge of peoples property possible. He soon found that a widow lady, who lived hard by, was very rich. He called on her one morning in a great hurry. A bill of thirty guineas, he said, had been presented for payment, and he was at a loss for cash just at that moment. He hoped she would excuse his applying to her, as it was on Mr. Brand's account, but he would certainly return her the cash the moment he came back from the city, which would be immediately after dinner.

The lady was happy that it was in her power to oblige the family, whom she much respected, or any of their connections, and readily presented the Major with the sum. She met the fate of all his other creditors, as he never after either called on her, or visited his lodgings.

Through means of a flaw in the first indictment, preferred by Mr. Feltham, the Major was acquitted: but, being ordered to be kept in custody, he again appeared at the Old Bailey Bar the ensuing Sessions, Sept. 2, 1786, to answer another charge preferred by Mr. Lycett, coach-maker, in Whitechapel, to the following purport:—That James George Semple, otherwise Harrold, otherwise Kennedy, did, on the 1st of September, 1785, feloniously steal, take, and carry away, a post-chaise, value fifty pounds, from the said Mr. Lycett. Notwithstanding the ingenuity of Counsel—for in Court this adventurer himself was by no

means a Barrington—who endeavoured to convert that misdemeanor into a *debt*, the Jury found him Guilty, and he was transported for seven years: at the expiration of which time, he, some how or other, found his way to France, and entered into military service under the new banners of Freedom. But, feeling a great partiality for his native country, he went over to the Austrians, as soon as England unfortunately joined the Coalition—by way too, perhaps, of shewing his *sacred* regard for the principles of *Liberty!*—In this situation—still as an Officer—the poor Major was more than once *blown up*, without the aid of gunpowder: for, some British gentlemen in the same service, who knew the person, the fame, and capacity of our hero, communicated his Memoirs to the Austrian General; which occasioned the Major's dismissal. Thus, incapacitated by his exquisite sense of right and wrong, from fighting in favour of Freedom, he was prevented, by an infamous character, from contending against it: and, being again out of commission, he was induced, by his patriotism, to throw himself, once more, into the bosom of his country. But, either from misfortune, necessity, or inclination, Major Semple re-commenced his depredations on mankind; though in a less resplendent circle than before: and the consequence was, a third public appearance at the Old Bailey, in the spring of 1795, being charged with obtaining some trifling articles of wearing apparel under false pretences. The Jury—very unjustly in the Major's opinion—found him Guilty; and he was sentenced to be again transported for seven years.

CHARLES PRICE, ALIAS THE SOCIAL MONSTER.

ON the authority of the gentleman who wrote the Memoirs of this noted Swindler, we venture to assert, that he was descended from a Welsh salesman in Monmouth Street. The good man, foreseeing perhaps, that his son Charley was destined to make a conspicuous figure in the world, placed him under the instruction of a French teacher. But, at that early period, he gave indications of those great talents which afterwards rendered him so eminent: for, stealing a strip of old gold lace from the shop, he artfully sold it to a *Smouch**, dressed in his brother's cloaths; in consequence

* The learned Author of Mr. Price's Memoirs professing himself unacquainted with the derivation of the epithet *Smouch*, we will clear up that intricate point, for the general satisfaction of our

consequence of which, when an accidental explanation took place, the robbery was fixed on the innocent youth; and he suffered birch discipline on Charles's back, who, it is said, enjoyed transports on that occasion which exceeded the powers of description. We cannot, however, progressively copy a detail of all the villainies which are set down to his account: for some want confirmation, and others do not seem sufficiently interesting.

One day, however, during the absence of his father, a sailor had staggered to Monmouth Street, to buy some cloaths, and was caught by our hero. He was soon ushered into a room, where it is so ingeniously contrived, that in the noon of a summer's day it is hardly possible to distinguish a blue from a black, or a green from a blue coat. The honest tar was shewn a coat and waistcoat, the real value of which was under two guineas. They were soon whipped on, and although considerably too little, Charley so scientifically squeezed him up in them, that he persuaded the fellow they fitted him exactly.—The price being demanded, Charley declared, upon his honour, that the lowest farthing he could take was five guineas. The tar, who simply believed that no man was capable of so solemn an assertion to any thing that was not strictly true, put his hand in his pocket, and laid down the money. Charley's cunning, which had never been deficient when an advantage could be taken in an honest way, suggested to him that five guineas, for an article worth but two, was hardly profit enough, and therefore stepped down to his father's journeyman below, under pretence of getting something to put the cloaths up in. To him Charley lamented his folly; adding, that "he had a *fine flat* above stairs, and that he might as well have had six guineas as five.

our readers.—Wonderful to say, then, it simply originated from the word *Moses*! which, in Germany, being pronounced *Moufsee*, and most of the Israelites in that country being thus named, all others were familiarly so called whose real names were not immediately or well known. In this sense, it came into Holland, as *Mousje*; which was, and is still, used as an inoffensive appellation at those public haunts to which the travelling Jews are accustomed. Here the vulgar caught up that expression, and employed it maliciously, as *Smous*, which, in the Dutch pronunciation, varies but little from *Moufsee*, or *Mousje*. The moving traders of this people paying constant visits to the shipping with their wares, the English seamen heard them scoured, sometimes, with "Loop heen, Smous!"—i. e. "Be gone, Smous!" and, seizing on the latter word as a term of reproach, which in those cases it implied, they introduced this popular nick-name into England, with a trifling variation only, rendering *Smous*, *Smouch*!

Do you," said he, "follow me up stairs, enquire what I have done, appear as my father, pretend to be very angry, swear they cost you six guineas, give me two or three sham kicks and cuffs, and I dare say we shall *nail* him for another guinea." Charles, who though then but very young, was a considerable adept in distinguishing fools, and by no means deficient in discerning a rogue; no sooner therefore had he proposed this scheme of taking a little advantage of the fool, than he found that he had to soften a rogue to come into the measure. The journeyman pretended to remonstrate at the aforesaid little advantage, even to hesitate at joining, in what he chose, at that moment, to describe as a glaring imposition: but Charley soon quieted his conscience, by adding, "You shall go halves in all we get above the five guineas."—This proposal brought the journeyman a peg lower, and our young hero, being rather in haste for fear of the father's return, totally relaxed all opposition, by promising another half guinea in case of compliance. The bargain thus struck, Charles returned to the tar, and began to pack up the suit, with many fine observations on the quality of the cloth, and its cheapness, when the journeyman appeared, and began to make enquiries about the price it was sold for. Charles replied, he had sold them but for five guineas; and the other pretending to look at certain Egyptian characters made use of by all learned tradesmen, who choose to keep their fair dealings a secret from the world, began to blame the young salesman for mistaking the marks, and swore the cloaths cost him more money out of his own pocket. A kind of aggravating reply, on the part of Charley, took place; the pretended father began to fulfil the aforesaid agreement between the said parties, by giving sham kicks and cuffs, which the sailor taking to be so many broadsides on a defenceless enemy, cried out, "Avast, mate, don't send the little trader to the bottom (for he was just then at the top of the stairs); if he has made a mistake, why, here's a guinea to repair the damage," and laying it down, departed, well pleased with his bargain; but much more so with having, by a professional generosity, saved the boy a good drubbing, by the insignificant trifle of a guinea.

As soon as the tar was gone, our hero would fain have broke his second engagement; but the journeyman being resolute, he was forced to give him one guinea out of six, in order that he might pocket three more. And though Mr. Price commended his son's sharpness when he gave him two guineas, he little thought how much he was indebted

debted to that sharpness which taught his son to rob his father, and at the same time make a tool of his journeyman.

At the age of twenty-five, he had been a baker in Monmouth Street; servant to a hatter and hosier in St. James's Street; clerk to a city merchant of extensive foreign connections; the same to a diamond-merchant in Amsterdam, whose daughter he debauched, and left "to think on what was past;" and, lastly, manager to the gentleman who conducted his Majesty's small-beer brewery at Weovil in Hampshire. Mr. Price it was who *hummed* the celebrated Aristophanes into a brewery scheme; and, at length, outwitted him: but rather from the brilliancy of *idea* than of *language*. Breweries, indeed, might be stiled this adventurer's *bobby horse*; for, meeting with dupes that listened to his artifices, he became master of three or four concerns of that kind, *regularly* commencing bankrupt when the nest was feathered. At intervals, this great man—though *inferior* to JONATHAN WILD in wickedness—*gulled* the public, sometimes in Lottery-Offices, and at others by advertising for Wives with such and such fortunes, qualifications, &c. thus obtaining considerable sums from unthinking youth to procure them—what resided in Utopia. With respect to himself, however, he found a more solid engagement:—when forty years of age, he inveigled the affections of a young boarding school miss, aged only fourteen, and who was, at a certain time, entitled to a considerable fortune. This unfortunate *child* he afterwards married: and, seducing her aunt also, he kept them in separate lodgings, during the whole of his *earthly* career. The elderly lady, falling aptly into those mighty designs which Mr. Price had now conceived, he artfully *contrived* a story of her death to his amiable and inoffensive wife, lest the ceremony of *visiting* should impede, or discover, their operations, which were principally directed against the Bank of England.

This hero's grand, and most successful scheme, was, to appear in different characters to one person: by which means the injured party, more than once, employed Mr. Price to detect Mr. *Patch*; for in this latter habit he generally placed a black patch over one eye. Thus disguised, he is said to have actually received money from the Bank Directors, in order to discover---*himself*!

Having, under the name of Wilmot, *paid* Mr. Spillsbury for some medicine, (and received the change) with a forged Bank note, that gentleman one day related the circumstance at the Percy-Street Coffee-house, in presence of the culprit;

who kept crying out, every now and then, "Lack a day! good God! who could conceive such knavery could exist! What, and did the Bank refuse payment, Sir?" staring through his spectacles with as much seeming surprise as an honest man would have done. "O yes," said Mr. Spillsbury, with some degree of acrimony; "for it was on the faith of the Bank of England that I and a great many others have taken them, and they were so inimitably well done, that the nicest judges could not distinguish them." "Good God! Lack a day," said Price, "he must have been an ingenious villain?--What a compleat old scoundrel!"

The wretch that picks a pocket at an execution, pities the victim of his own practices; but Price could rejoice in the fate of a man of real genius, who *once* stepped out of the line of honesty, and who, caught by surprise, would have put a period to his existence at the moment of his apprehension; but who, possessing principle, had resolution, manhood, and Christianity, sufficient to stand the terror of legal dissolution. We allude to Mr. Ryland, who, on the 28th of August, 1785, was executed for forging an East-India bond.

This man, whose fate was much lamented, having been ordered for execution, our SOCIAL MONSTER entreated the use of a dining-room window in Oxford Street, at the house of Mr. Babbs. On that day Mr. Price attended at the proper time, and when Mr. Ryland passed, he blasted his memory with the commission of the very forgeries which he, as Price, had committed, and as Patch had negotiated.—"There," said he, "goes one of the most ingenious men in the world, but as wicked as he is ingenious. He is the identical man who has done all the mischief in the character of Patch---he deserves his fate---and he would confess the fact, if he was not in hopes of a respite; which he would have perhaps obtained, had not the Directors of the India-House been certain that it was charity to the public to let him suffer." Contrast this with his own conduct, and comment upon his heart. Ryland* died for one offence, which he confessed; Price hung himself for ten thousand, which in his last moments he impiously denied.

The

* This unhappy artist, while under confinement in Tothill-Fields Bridewell, was often allowed the privilege of taking the air in the adjacent fields, in company of the keeper only. Some friends, acquainted with the circumstance, hinted to Mr. Ryland, that he might easily avail himself of that indulgence to escape; and actually offered to secure his companion, and detain him,
till

The following Anecdote may prove serviceable to a numerous part of the community; viz. Masters and Servants.

Price had often been at the shop of a Mr. Roberts, grocer, in Oxford Street, (whose brother he had at the same time *under band*). Here he now and then bought a few articles, and took many opportunities of shewing his importance. One day he called there in a Hackney-coach, disguised as an old man, and bought some few things. In a day or two afterwards he repeated it, and on a third day, when he knew Mr. Roberts was from home, he went again, his face so painted that he seemed perfectly in a yellow jaundice. The shopman, who came from Manchester, and to whom he was full of complaints, told him that he had a receipt for that disorder, written by a very eminent physician of that place, which had cured his father of it, and offered him the prescription. Price accepted it, and promised that, if it succeeded, he would very liberally reward him for his civility.

Having got the receipt, away he drove, and in a few days called again, when he appeared perfectly free from the complaint, and acknowledged his great obligations to the shopman; to whom, after he had expatiated on his own substance, the short time he had to live in the world, and the few relations he had to leave any thing to, he made a present of a ten pound Bank note.

The reader need not be told it was a counterfeit one; but at the same time he said, that he wanted cash for another, which was a fifty pound, and Mr. Roberts not being in the way, the shopman stepped over to an opposite tradesman, Mr. J. and got change for it. The next day, having watched Mr. Roberts out, Price called again, and entreated the lad to get five other fifty pound notes changed for small ones; who, telling him his master was not in the way, Price begged he would take them to his master's banker, and there get them changed. This request the lad complied with. The bankers, Harley, Burchall, and Co. complied

till he should reach Paris; from whence, they suggested, he could remit the keeper enough to indemnify the loss of his appointment. "No!" said the unfortunate man, "I will never abuse the generosity of one who has shewn me all the marks of favour within his power.—Such a breach of confidence would sit heavier on my mind than any of my former transgressions!" Mr. Price was certainly incapable of such reasoning as this; and, we may add, all other adventurers that have been in poor Ryland's predicament.

with

with Mr. Roberts's supposed request, changed them without suspicion, and the small notes were the same day given to Mr. Price.

It was not long before these notes got to the Bank, and of course were stopped. Enquiry took place; they were traced to the banker's, and from thence to Mr. Roberts's. The lad was interrogated, and he told his story sufficiently enough, indeed, for the Solicitor of the Bank to know he had been imposed on by *Mr. Patch*, or rather Mr. Wilmore. The Bank refusing to take them, the banker had recourse to Mr. Roberts, who likewise refused to refund the two hundred and fifty pounds.—The consequence was, an action was brought against Mr. Roberts by the bankers; it was tried in the Court of Common Pleas, in the city, before Lord Loughborough, and the plaintiffs obtained a verdict.

Had the case rested here, it might not, perhaps, have been more striking than the general line of his conduct. But, in this business, Price out-heroded Herod; for Mr. Roberts having communicated the story to him, he offered him all the assistance in his power, and was actually a principal agent in the suit. He not only advised, but was subpoenaed and attended the trial, and was, of all others, the most active in procuring witnesses on the part of the defendant, which business cost Mr. Roberts an additional hundred pounds.

As the preceding may benefit the British tradesman, the circumstance which follows may tend to enlighten the British merchant.

Having found out a fit object to practise his deceptions on, in the person of Mr. E—, who was an eminent merchant in the city; and having traced his connections at Amsterdam, to even obtaining a letter, which came from a merchant there to Mr. E—, he began his attack on that gentleman as follows:

He accosted him on the 'Change in another disguised character, and told him, that he had received a letter from a correspondent of theirs at Amsterdam, whose name he mentioned, which informed him that a person of the name of Trevors, who frequented the 'Change, had defrauded the Dutch merchant out of one thousand pounds; and that the latter requested Mr. E.'s assistance in the recovery of the whole, or any part of it he could get.

Having thus opened the business, he then produced the letter to Mr. E—, who having read it, did not entertain the least suspicion but it was the hand-writing of his Amsterdam correspondent. He therefore not only gave credit

credit to the writing, and implicitly believed every word of the story, which our ingenious hero had trumped up more effectually to carry his plan into execution; but offered his assistance, most readily, in any plan that might be pursued to favour his Dutch friend.

As he had thus far paved the way with success, he then began to advise Mr. E—— how to manage the matter.—“To-morrow,” said the great man, “most likely he will be upon ‘Change.—He always frequents the Dutch Walk, and is dressed in a red surcoat, with a white wig. He has square-toed shoes, with little buckles, and all the remainder of his dress is so plain, that it is nearly in the style of a Quaker’s.—Your best way will be to accost him, get into conversation with him, introduce the mercantile affairs of Amsterdam, and, by pretending that he can be of service to you, invite him home to dinner.—You may then break the business, shew him the letter, and inform him, that unless he refunds the whole, or part of the money, immediately, you will expose the matter to the merchants. By this means, I don’t doubt but you may obtain a good part of the property back again, as he is rich, and has always cash or notes about him, and would rather pay than be exposed.”

Mr. E—— highly approved of this plan, and after some few ceremonies they parted, he being much pleased with an opportunity of doing, as he thought, such an essential service to his Dutch friend; but particularly with the means by which he was to accomplish it. The natural bent of our inclinations to outwit each other, naturally accounts for such extravagant simplicity.

The next day our hero appeared on the Dutch Walk, and in the dress he had so minutely described the day before. Mr. E—— followed the advice given him; the result of which was an invitation to dinner, and an acceptance on the part of our great man.—When the cloth was removed, Mr. E—— gave the signal to his lady and family to retire, (for he had previously informed them of the business,) and then he began to open to Mr. Trevors, in as delicate a manner as he could, the purpose of the invitation.

Our hero acknowledged the charge in part, affected great remorse, declared his intention was to pay, begged he might not be exposed on ‘Change, and offered to pay five hundred pounds down, in case Mr. E—— would bury the matter in oblivion. This being readily promised on Mr. E.’s part, Mr. Trevors then produced a thousand pound note, which he said he would give to Mr. E. if the latter would give him the other moiety. Not having sufficient cash and notes in
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the house, Mr. Trevors proposed a draft upon Mr. E. banker, which being given, after some short time our hero took his leave, rejoicing no less at the success of his artifice, than Mr. E. did at his supposed luck in favour of his Amsterdam correspondent.

The next morning, however, his pleasure considerably abated; for the note having been found a forged one, he ran to his banker's to stop payment; but, unfortunately, too late; for a porter, who seemed to have been followed by a tall thin *woman* into the banking-house, had obtained notes for the draft four hours before Mr. E.'s application to stop payment.

The depredations of this Monster on Society, amounted in all to upwards of one hundred thousand pounds: and yet, before he hung* himself in Tothill-Fields Prison, he wrote a letter, addressed to Mr. W——, whom he had defrauded of more than two thousand pounds, recommending his wife and eight children to his protection. Price's disbursements, then, must either have been great, or the *prudence* of his female coadjutor excessive: for at her lodgings were fixed all the apparatus for manufacturing the paper and printing Bank notes, the plates for which this ingenious villain also engraved. Being thus paper-maker, engraver, printer, and circulator, we need not so greatly wonder that he contrived to spin out existence to the age of fifty-five: six years of which were passed in hostilities against the Bank Directors, whose emoluments, by fire, shipwreck, and other accidents, Mr. Price thought were far too enormous.

"Take him, for all in all,

We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

J. M. HOBART, ALIAS HENRY GRIFFIN, ALIAS LORD MASSEY, DUKE OF ORMOND, &c.

THE extraordinary hero of this sketch was the son of James Hobart, Esq. Judge Advocate of the province of Virginia; the maiden name of whose lady was Morton, a

* When an old woman, who is the servant of Mr. Fenwick, went into his room, which was about seven in the morning, he was standing, as she thought, against the door, for his toes actually touched the ground; she said, "How do you do, Sir?" but receiving no answer, and the wind of the door swinging our hero round, she started, not in the attitude, but in a much louder strain, than ever a country Hamlet did, when accosted by his father's ghost.

woman

woman of great respectability in the same country. It is therefore easy to account for the liberal education which young Hobart received. At an early age he became a favourite of the fair-sex; many of whom surrendered to his irresistible attractions and arguments; and one tender creature, at least, in those distant regions, fell a sacrifice to the violence of her passion, or rather to his temperamental indifference.

Studying the bent of his inclinations, the Judge Advocate purchased him a commission in the British army, then hostilely serving in America: but women and wine, and play, plunged this heedless adventurer into a constant succession of difficulties, till nearly the termination of that destructive contest; when he embarked for England, under the auspices of Lord Cornwallis, in 1781.

When he had been in England about ten months, he received information of the death of his father at New York, and a short time after made his claim on government, as an American loyalist, under the patronage of Lord Cornwallis.

It is not to be wondered at, that a young gentleman of such engaging manners, countenanced by a Nobleman so highly respected, and entitled to so considerable a property, should be particularly noticed by people of fortune, especially amongst the ladies, with whom, under such circumstances, his ease, elegance and fascinating assurance, were sure to lose no part of their influence.

Amongst the number to whom his visits were far from being disagreeable, was a lady of high rank, whose amorous exploits had made some noise in the kingdom. This lady took great pains to convince him that her heart was by no means insensible; but Hobart possessed a taste so truly vulgar, that he was more captivated with the smiles of a beautiful plebeian, than even with the favours of nobility itself; and her ladyship discovered, with indignation, that he preferred the ignoble attractions in the blooming person of a tradesman's daughter, to all the brilliant charms of her ladyship's splendour.

His friends, being aware that he had formed some imprudent connections, it was thought expedient that he should be sent to reside some time on the Continent for improvement. Accordingly, having been furnished with letters of credit and recommendation by his noble patron, he set out for Paris in the beginning of the year 1784.

Countenanced by a Nobleman so highly respected, immediately on his arrival he was introduced to the acquaintance
of

of people of the first rank. Amongst the most intimate of his early friends were Messrs. Lameth, by whom he was recommended to the then Marquisses Chatellaux and Montmorency, who entertained him in the most friendly and familiar manner.

He now flattered away in all the elegance, gaiety, and bustle of high life; was presented to the Marquis de la Fayette, received successive invitations, and participated in daily public or private entertainments.

Amongst the number he first visited, was the celebrated Madame Delarive. This lady was, at that time, under the protection of the Marquis de Valville. Hobart could not behold her charms with impunity; and this seems to have been the remote cause of his ruin.

Madame Delarive soon perceived Hobart's sentiments, and an amorous correspondence commenced between them, which, for some time, was concealed from the Marquis. At last, however, de Valville became suspicious, and soon found means to convince himself of the infidelity of his mistress, and her partiality to Hobart.

Fired with resentment, on being possessed of undeniable proofs, the Marquis hurried away to the Bouvillards, where he knew Hobart was to dine with a party of gentlemen.

On entering the room, de Valville offered Hobart some personal insult, and a duel with pistols was the consequence, in which the Marquis received a ball in the left shoulder; this, however, did not prevent his discharging his pistol at Hobart, but without effect.

De Valville's wound being supposed dangerous, Hobart withdrew, and posted instantly to his mistress, whom he acquainted with what had happened; and the very next morning, without taking leave of any one, or paying his debts, he, accompanied by the lady, who, on her part, conceived that her fidelity entitled her to make free with all the valuables the Marquis had entrusted her with, set off post for England.

On his arrival in London, he made his first essay by draft on his noble patron, and succeeded in obtaining from him a considerable sum, before it was even suspected that he had quitted Paris.

Not long after this, however, his friends were fully apprised of his transactions on the Continent, his dishonourable departure, and the character of the lady who had accompanied him to England. Still another effort was made to reclaim him, but his attachment to that celebrated courtesan baffled all their endeavours, and they were constrained

strained to leave him to the consequence of his own imprudences.

Taking up his residence in the neighbourhood of Golden Square, he figured away with his dulcinea in an elevated hemisphere, till his finances portended approaching embarrassment, when the lady began to feel a returning affection for the Continent.

Hobart, whose passion was now meliorated into a sort of friendly indifference, wishing not to oppose so laudable an inclination, accommodated her with a sufficient sum to defray the expences of her journey, and they parted with mutual professions of lasting affection.

After the departure of Madame Delarive, Hobart made an impression on the heart of Miss G—, a beautiful young lady of Warwickshire, who then resided in London. This attachment was extremely unfortunate to the lady; for immediately after being seduced from her friends, and robbed of her innocence, Hobart was arrested for a considerable sum of money, and lodged in the King's Bench Prison. Such, however, was the force of this lady's affection, that she voluntarily immured herself with him; but being recognized, a short time after, by a gentleman of Birmingham, who went to that prison to visit an acquaintance, she seemed to feel the weight of her misfortune, and wept abundantly.

It happened in this, as in similar cases, that the passion of love made but a feeble stand against adversity; so that, in a short time after, finding it most agreeable to their interest, and affection no longer interposing, they parted by mutual consent.

Deprived of the benign smiles of beauty to cheer his gloomy solitude, and being extremely reduced in point of pecuniary matters, he addressed a line to the lady of high rank, whose tender sighs, in prosperity, he had treated with indifference, couched in such terms, that it instantly procured him a visit from the lady herself.

Finding him now no longer insensible to her charms, she readily dedicated a considerable part of her time to his society, frequently visiting him in his retirement, and, by her munificence, enabled him to live in very high style.

When he had been in confinement about four months, he received his claim on government as an American loyalist, amounting to several thousand pounds, and presently procured his enlargement.

Being possessed of so considerable a sum of money, and finding his heart revolt at any further connection with the
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lady who had visited him in prison, he went to Bath, in company with a military gentleman whom he had known in America.

Towards the close of the season, Hobart was smitten with the charms of a young damsel, whom an old debauchee had taken under his protection to comfort his debility. He had exchanged some tender glances with the lady, and had no doubt of detaching her from her present engagement. But prudently foreseeing that this was likely to be attended with a considerable expence, and might involve him in much difficulty, he wished rather to obtain her favour by private intercourse.

This was not easily effected, for the lady was so continually under the inspection of her *cher ami*, that it was some time before Hobart could establish such preliminaries, as would enable him to take any little advantage opportunity might offer. She, however, being not one of those cruel beauties who will never understand a lover, till he has spent half a century in explanation, took the hint, and Hobart was soon blessed with an interview.

The old gentleman, finding it most conducive to his health, had accustomed himself to retire to rest very early; but as he was not so cruel as to impose this practice on his blooming companion, she, disliking to be alone, generally sat reading with the servant in the kitchen, till eleven o'clock.

Hobart found means to inform himself of this circumstance, and the lady was not so cruel as to deny him the pleasure of paying her an occasional visit; in this the servant-maid most readily concurred; for she having placed her affections on a young fellow in the neighbourhood, made her conditions with her mistress for his admission also. Thus, while the mistress and her paramour were amusing themselves with the soft tale of love in the kitchen, the maid and her spark entertained themselves with the same pleasing subject in the parlour above.

Hobart's mistress was made of materials too amorous to resist long the ardent impetuosity of her lover; nor is there any reason to doubt that the youth, in the apartment above, was less successful. Thus they passed their evenings, to their mutual satisfaction, till deranged by an unlucky accident.

One night, while they were indulging below in the utmost security, whether the *os frontis* suffered an unusual pain, or that it happened from any other cause, is uncertain, but the old gentleman awoke, and finding his bedfellow

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not present, very deliberately slipped on his night-gown, and descended. He passed the parlour door, without being heard by the servant or her lover, and had nearly caught Hobart and his mistress in a very suspicious position: but the lady hearing the stairs trod by a foot more heavy than the servant's, instantly took the alarm, and had just time to hand Hobart into a vault made under the street, for the purpose of receiving coals through an aperture in the pavement. This place was so full, that the gallant was obliged to lie down, in an awkward position, to enable the lady to shut the door.

Having resumed her seat, her beloved entered, and began to chide her for continually sitting up so late; she answered him in the most endearing terms possible, but he insisted on her going up stairs before him. The servant, on hearing her master's voice, had found means to liberate her lover, and had retired to her own apartment.

The old gentleman, having sent his lovely comforter before him, took the candle in his hand to follow her; but feeling a sudden impulse from a urination which he had taken in the evening, he placed the candle on the stairs, and ran to the coal vault to relieve himself. Having hastily opened the door, he began to discharge, and the stream unluckily took its direction exactly in Hobart's face. Here was he obliged to lie for fear of discovery, without daring to move, or to make the smallest effort to turn himself from it, till the old sinner had nearly poisoned him with the foul secretions of his rotten trunk; then expectorating pretty freely, he finally sent a portion of morbid matter at Hobart's countenance, with such force, that it expanded over a great part of his visage.

Our adventurer remained in this situation near an hour, before the girl came to his relief; when she could not help smiling, that her master, though unconsciously, should have thus avenged himself of his rival. Hobart returned home in a very uncomfortable condition, when he had the mortification to discover, that the strength of the fluid, in discharging the colour, had entirely spoilt him a very elegant suit of clothes.

The fancy of the servant-maid was so tickled by the singularity of the circumstance, that she imparted it to her lover, and thus it found its way to the public.

Hobart's reputation, at length, began to suffer considerably in the circle of his acquaintance; for his success amongst the ladies had created him many enemies, and his

extravagancies furnished them with sufficient means to render him contemptible. The honest brotherhood of the gaming-tables considerably facilitated his fall; for they had found means to disencumber him of the greatest part of his property.

To repair this waste of substance, he connected himself with one of the vilest wretches—A lawyer who had been indignantly struck off the List of Attornies, for practices disgraceful to humanity; and who then, by using a *brother's* name, was committing, what he termed, legal depredations on society. A coadjutor to such a monster, was indispensably necessary; and, in conjunction, they effected schemes that, if properly explained, would dissolve even a callous heart. The villain, however, narrowly escaping detection, fled to Paris; where he was soon afterwards followed by Hobart, who, fortunately attracting the notice and regard of a woman in high life, he was by that means enabled to live in affluence and splendour.

He now kept his carriage, and assumed the title of a British Nobleman; but as the ways and means by which this splendour was supported, depended on so uncertain a thing as the affection of a woman, it is no wonder that he was soon reduced again to the level of a plebeian.

Hobart being heartily tired of the Continent, returned to London, where he entered into a species of swindling of an inferior kind, and several times narrowly escaped the hands of justice. Fearing he should unluckily encounter some of the Officers of Bow Street, who were now no strangers either to his person or fame, he took leave of London, determining to try his efforts in the country, and accordingly taking with him two associates, as servants, he set out first for Northampton.

It was during this excursion that he adopted the whimsical idea of turning fortune-teller, and actually took apartments in the center of a very populous and genteel town, where, by means of his emissaries, he so well acquainted himself with the private histories of many ladies who wished to take a peep into futurity, that he found it an easy matter to give them entire satisfaction. In this capacity many genteel females visited him, but his fame spread with such rapidity, that, lest the Magistrates should have the curiosity of putting his powers to the test, he thought proper suddenly to retire.

Conceiving his residence in England any longer, at this time, attended with some danger, he went to Dublin, accompanied

accompanied by two or three associates, where he exercised his talents for some time with impunity, but at last was detected in shop-lifting, committed to prison, tried, convicted in the name of Redman, and ordered for transportation.

He evaded the sentence of the law, by breaking his prison in a most wonderful manner; remaining on the roof four days and as many nights, with little sustenance; and descended the fifth by means of cords which he had conveyed thither. His reason for staying there so long was, That the heat of enquiry and research might subside before he ventured forth. From that elevated situation, he could distinguish most of the conversation that passed respecting his escape; and once was not a little pleased at hearing a turnkey declare that the runaway had actually been seen in England.

After his flight from Ireland, he travelled on foot, in the decent habit of a mechanic to Bristol; from whence he dispatched a letter, full of dissimulation*, to a young lady at Bath, whom he had often duped the same way before, and whose heart acknowledged his all-powerful influence; requesting a small remittance. The object of his prayer was granted; and he then set off for the metropolis in the style and character of a gentleman. On the road, however, he encountered the young damsel, whose keeper had discharged the contents of his bladder on Hobart's face, at Bath. That old debauchee being dead, the lady was retiring to London with about five hundred pounds, and some jewels, in the company of a fair-one who had been

* Dissimulation is the most desirable of all qualifications; for though every one disown it, it is blended with almost every transaction of life; and the tyranny of fashion has rendered it absolutely necessary. The beggar uses it to enforce his supplication; the debtor to keep himself from prison; the bailiff to execute his writ; the creditor to obtain his money; the tradesman to sell his goods: it is the crutches on which the clergy are supported; and it comprises the lawyer's trade: it is the greatest comfort the doctor can bestow; the common cant of the nobility; the minister's merchandise; and the monarch's food.

A beggar, one day, who affected blindness, sat near Northumberland House, in the Strand, praying God to preserve the eye-sight of every one as they passed. At last, an elderly gentleman, dropped a penny into his hat; at which he exclaimed—"God Almighty bless your Honour's eye-sight!" But, the next moment, putting his hand into the hat, he said, to a woman who attended him—"Bl—st his eyes! they are *both* bad!"—This was dissimulation with a vengeance!

le's successful in amours of a similar nature. The acquaintance was warmly renewed; and, in short, they all resided in one house at Marybone. This thoughtless party resorted every place of public amusement; till, having obtained possession of the lady's last hundred pounds, he suffered her to accept a Nobleman's offer, and transferred his affections to her companion, who pressed him to her heart in transports of wild devotion. But at length, his finances were entirely exhausted, and he had contracted debts to a considerable amount; his creditors also becoming extremely troublesome, he found it convenient to change his name, lodging, and appearance.

It was at this time that he wrote a letter to Lord Howard, in the name of an Officer known to his Lordship, by which he obtained a temporary supply. He practised the same fraud on several other gentlemen, with various success, and subsisted in this manner for some months; continually shifting from place to place. About this time his mistress was delivered of a child, but, fortunately, it died in a very few days; and, before she had perfectly recovered, he was taken into custody for defrauding Lord Howard, for which he was tried, and acquitted through a flaw in the indictment. His mistress, on beholding so dreadful a prospect before her, procured, with difficulty, a sum sufficient to bear her expences, and returned to the place of her nativity.

Being reduced to extreme necessity, he wrote a letter to the Duke of York, in the name of an Officer in the Coldstream regiment, which procured him twelve guineas. This imposition was discovered, and he fell into the hands of some of the Bow Street runners. His Royal Highness attended at his examination, and the evidence was found sufficiently strong, yet was the Duke inclined to have pardoned him: but Sir C——A——ll said it was false clemency, and so strongly recommended a prosecution, that he was tried and convicted; but his Royal Highness not wishing to be severe, he was fined one shilling, and discharged.

Although he had so narrowly escaped, he still continued in the exercise of various species of depredation, and formed a connection with several notorious swindlers, who occasionally appeared in livery as his servants.

Amongst other attempts scarcely worth mentioning, he passed himself upon a watch-maker in Holborn, as the Duke of Manchester, and ordered two valuable watches to be sent to his lodgings in Charles Street, St. James's Square; but, the watch-maker having discovered that his Grace was abroad, instead of watches, sent him two Officers
from

from Bow Street. Hobart happened at that time to be near his own lodging, and on seeing the myrmidons, whom he well knew, hastily decamped.

Having been successful in several impositions, which had been tolerably productive, he was now determined to make one bold stroke; and accordingly, having prepared every thing necessary, on the 15th of March, 1791, he took lodgings at the house of Mrs. Horten, in St. James's Place, under the title of Lord Massey, and, on the morning of the 16th, engaged a French servant.

He ordered this man to take a large trunk and a portmanteau in a coach, from Ibbetson's Coffee-house in Vere Street, to his new lodgings. While his servant was thus employed, he went to the house of Mess. Willerton and Green, jewellers, in Bond Street, to look at some goods. He told Mr. Green he was recommended by Lord Salisbury, and, wishing to see a greater variety than was at that time in the shop, he gave Mr. Green a card to wait on him at his lodgings at four o'clock in the afternoon. On one side of this card were the words Lord Massey, and on the other, No. 36, St. James's Place. He now went to his new lodgings, where he arrived about twelve o'clock, and instantly dispatched his servant, with one of his cards, for Dr. Hunter. As soon as the servant was gone, he went out himself, and left word he was gone to visit the Duke of Argyle, but should return immediately. He came again to his lodgings a few minutes after his servant had returned, and presently a porter came with a letter directed for Lord Massey.

Mr. Green waited on him with the jewellery goods at the appointed hour, and, while his Lordship was inspecting them, Dr. Hunter entered, when Mr. Green was desired to withdraw for a few minutes. He was soon called in again, and his Lordship then made choice of a pair of diamond ear-rings, a necklace, a watch, and chain, value seven hundred and sixty pounds, which he desired might be put up in cases, and brought to him before five o'clock. Mr. Green returned at the appointed hour with the goods and his bill: Hobart looked it over, asked if it was the lowest, and then went to a drawer, and produced a check for one thousand four hundred and forty-nine pounds on Mess. Thomas Cutts and Co. bankers, payable to Lord Massey or bearer, signed Tankerville.

During all this time he had conducted himself with so much ease and genteel address, that neither Mr. Green, Dr. Hunter, his servant, nor the people of the house entertained the

the least suspicion of his being an impostor; on the contrary, so well was Mr. Green satisfied, that he actually went home, and returned with a draft on his own house for the difference, without making the least enquiry.

On Mr. Green's return the second time, his Lordship was gone out; he waited near half an hour, and then told the servant he would call in the morning. Early the next day, however, he thought proper to go to the house of Mess. Cutts and Co. and there, to his utter astonishment, discovered that the note he had received was a forgery. Having hastily procured some assistance from Bow Street, he went again to St. James's Place; the poor French servant was there, but his Lordship had not returned. They then opened the trunk and portmanteau, where they found a sufficient explanation of his Lordship's character, by discovering they were filled with bricks, tiles, and hay-bands. Mr. Green now advertised him, and published hand-bills, offering a reward, but all to no purpose. Hobart did not even now quit London, but assuming a disguise, readily disposed of these articles before the circumstance was publicly known, and thus possessed himself of a very considerable sum of money.

Thus comfortably provided, he took lodgings at a large house in Mary-le-Bone, kept by an amiable widow, named Walsh; to whom he passed himself as Mr. Holmes, just arrived from Edinburgh, in order to study *law* for a few months.

He had been in this house about three weeks, when a Mr. Remer, a gentleman of Norfolk, who had frequently occupied apartments in Mrs. Walsh's house, came to town, with a maiden sister, about forty-three years of age, his daughter about twenty, and a Miss Orwood, his niece, a young lady about eighteen, to whom he was guardian. This family visited town according to their annual custom, and Mrs. Walsh was so prepossessed in favour of Hobart, that she recommended her friends to his acquaintance with the utmost confidence.

In a few days he learned from Mrs. Walsh, that Mr. Remer was a gentleman of considerable property, his daughter an only child, and his niece entitled to a good estate, if she married with his approbation; that the property of Madam Mary, his sister, was considerable also, which, if she kept single, would, in all probability, be divided between the two young ladies.

Many letters came, addressed to him, by the post, which he pretended were from his friends in Scotland. At last he

said

said he expected his father in town, for whom he engaged an apartment for a few days in the same house; and on the appointed day, a genteel, elderly gentleman arrived, with his luggage, as though immediately from a stage coach. The old gentleman staid near a week, was treated with great respect by Mr. Remer and his family, and was highly complimented upon the amiable qualities of his son: "Ah! (said the old gentleman) he is a tolerable good lad, but I had more trouble to rear the young dog than to furnish him with a good estate." On his departure he cordially invited Mr. Remer and the ladies to visit him in Scotland, where, he said, notwithstanding the ridicule bestowed on his country, he would find means to treat them with hospitality.

Hobart had formed a design of leading Miss Ortwood to the hymeneal altar; which may account for the previous singular introduction of his supposed father, in order to prevent an enquiry into his birth, connections, and circumstances.—But an event, by no means wonderful, robbed that desirable young lady of a lover, and perhaps of a husband.

As he was sitting one morning in his own apartment, accompanied by the aunt, the old lady screwed up her mouth, and said, "Sure, Mr. Holmes, you delight so much in a domestic life, that matrimony will contribute greatly to your comfort." "Indeed, madam, (replied he) that will depend principally upon the disposition of my partner; for should I have a wife of a gay romantic turn, she might disturb that tranquillity which is so congenial to my nature, and considerably diminish my happiness." "Indeed, Sir, (replied she, simpering) that is a consideration which has always had great weight with me, and has been the reason why I have refused so many proposals, very advantageous in point of property, to alter my condition." "But would you, madam, (said Hobart, directing towards her a tender look) refuse another, provided that objection did not exist?" "Indeed, sir, (said the amorous prude, mustering up all the engaging attractions she was mistress of) you urge me too close."

Under pretence of taking a large house, he obtained two hundred and fifty pounds of this love-sick lady, in Bank notes; who promised him as much more, should he find it necessary. But, in the mean time, he was carrying on operations to elope with Miss Ortwood, who being, one day, rather disordered, he drew out with him the rest of the family on pretence of walking in the Park; and, giving them the slip in a crowd, flew towards Mary-le-Bone on
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the wings of expectation and love. Arriving, however, within sight of the door, he was not a little mortified and shocked at seeing it surrounded by several Police-Officers, who were apparently waiting for their companions within. Escaping their notice, he made a hasty retreat; and resolved immediately to quit the dangerous metropolis. On the whole, Hobart deemed it a fortunate circumstance, that all his cash, together with the bills which he had received the preceding day, were safely in his pocket.

Having purchased a pair of fine horses, he now set off, accompanied by a livery servant, and visited Northampton, Warwick, Birmingham, and Leicester; at the latter place he deposited a sum of money in the hands of some bankers, and took upon himself the name of Captain Blundell. It was then he first saw Miss Sp——r, and was smitten with her charms.

About the latter end of May he went to Buxton, where, by his polite conduct, he procured the esteem and respect of a principal part of the company. Here he paid particular attention to a pretty female Quaker, whose character had been a little tarnished by scandal. This act of kindness was done in order to rescue her from the malignancy of slander, and procured him the favour of a very respectable Birmingham gentleman, of that persuasion, who happened to be then at Buxton.

Attracted by the all-powerful charms of beauty, he soon returned to Leicester, and there indulged himself for some time in the company of his mistress. After this he visited Birmingham, and was known to many people in that town by the name of Henry Griffin. He continued in that neighbourhood during and after the dreadful riots at that place, in July 1791, when he again went to Leicester.

In October following he attended the first meeting at Newmarket, and then appeared in very high style, associating with gentlemen of the first rank, and was attended by two servants in livery. On Friday the 17th, he ran a chestnut filly, which he called after the name of his mistress, Ally Spooner, against Mr. Sykes's grey colt, by Justice, for seventy guineas, as appears by the Newmarket Calendar for 1791. He had the misfortune to lose this bet, which reduced him to the necessity of making a desperate effort to recover himself.

He first prepared a bill for two hundred pounds as though it had been issued by a principal house in London, made payable to the Duke of Ormond; with this he went to the house of Mr. Hammond, a banker at Newmarket, to get it discounted,

discounted. On entering the house, he presented the bill to Mr. Hammond himself, who looked at it, and then said, with great reverence, "Sir, this bill is made payable to the Duke of Ormond." Hobart turned himself round with an air of dignity, and said, "I am the Duke of Ormond." The banker then, with the most profound respect, asked his Grace's pardon, and began to look out the cash. In the mean time Hobart, with an aspect of perfect indifference, was viewing some pictures in the room. Mr. Hammond presently informed his Grace he was ready, and then gave him twenty pounds in cash, deducting only twelve and sixpence interest, and the rest in his own notes.

Instantly after his departure, the banker observed he had left some silver on the counter, and knocked at the window as he passed, to call him back. This circumstance might have betrayed symptoms sufficient to detect a man of less fortitude than Hobart; but he, with all the ease and composure possible, came back, asked what was the matter, took the silver, and departed, without shewing the smallest trepidation. The banker, notwithstanding, began to entertain some doubts, and instantly followed him. He saw him as soon as he got out of his house, and, as he has since said, was several times inclined to call out "stop him," for he could not walk fast enough to overtake him; but seeing him stay a few seconds at the Duke of Queensbury's door, his suspicions vanished.

On observing him enter an inn, he again resolved to speak to him, if possible; but when he came up his Grace was not to be found in the house. Mr. Hammond then supposed he might be gone into the garden, and waited a considerable time. As he did not return, the Banker's suspicions encreased violently, and, at his request, the garden, house, and stables were searched, but all in vain: he now soon discovered the imposition, and pursued him several hundred miles, but Hobart found means to elude all his efforts.

Hobart, in a short time, found his way again to Leicester, and there staid about a fortnight. In that time he paid his addressee to his mistress with such success, that she at last consented to elope with him; and on Saturday the 29th of October the fugitives reached the Hotel in Birmingham.

Before Hobart, however, could enjoy the usual fruits of victory, he was overtaken by the young lady's father, assisted by a civil force; among whom was Wallis a Constable, and his son: at the latter, after some parley, he discharged

charged his pistol, the contents of which entered the mouth of that unfortunate youth, and actually drove parts of several teeth into his throat. Wallis was in consequence carried home in a coach; Hobart (who in the scuffle had been much bruised) conveyed to Birmingham prison; and Miss S—— taken back to Leicester, the next morning, by her unhappy parent.

The concourse of people who went to the prison to see this extraordinary man was astonishing: it was at last ordered that none should be admitted but those who produced tickets from the Peace-Officers; after which, during his stay at Birmingham, the Constables levees were nearly as numerous as those at St. James's. He often lamented having shot Mr. Wallis, and declared that the misfortune was owing to the sudden impulse of the moment. The cloaths he had ordered were brought to him in the prison, which he paid for very honourably; and also discharged a small debt which he had contracted at an inn in Birmingham some months before. He had good medical assistance, was attended in the prison by his own servant in livery, and soon recovered his health and tranquillity. He generally appeared very cheerful, conversed with foreigners in French, and was very communicative. Many ladies went to see him, to whom he conducted himself with the greatest politeness, in return for which they all declared him a monstrous pretty man.

He was kept in Birmingham prison till the 29th, under the daily expectation that Mr. Wallis, jun. would be able to attend the Public Office during his examination; but he being not sufficiently recovered, the Magistrates took his deposition at his own house, and the same morning Hobart was taken to the Public Office, Birmingham.

His irons having been previously taken off, he was led in before the Magistrates, who, from his genteel demeanour, could do no less than invite him within the railing, and ask him to be seated; but he chose rather to stand, and, during the examination, made several pertinent remarks. The depositions of the other parties being taken, his mitimus was delivered to one of the Birmingham Constables, who, attended by four others sworn for that purpose, conducted him the same day, in a post-coach and four, to Warwick gaol.

He appeared full of vivacity on the road, and whilst taking some refreshment at Knowle, the Constable jocularly said to one of his assistants, "Go back to Birmingham, B—ce, and tell the folks that the Duke has been rescued."

—"Mon-

—“ Monstrous good ! (added Hobart), and take the Constable's wig, as a proof that he has been murdered in the conflict ! ”

Two servants attended him at Warwick ; one wore a livery, and the other appeared in the character of a valet ; they were both accommodated at a tavern. In a few days he got his apartment furnished in a very genteel style, having purchased a carpet, tables, chairs, and many other convenient articles. He also ordered in a stock of porter, wines, &c. and, having procured a collection of printed music, he amused himself much in playing on the guitar.

During his long imprisonment, he had several sums of money sent him from different quarters ; and though fettered and immured so effectually, he still was so happy as to be blessed with the soft solaces of the fair.

His trial commenced on Tuesday morning the 21st of August, before the Hon. Sir W. H. Ashhurst. The Hall was prodigiously crowded at a very early hour ; and never, perhaps, on any former occasion, was there in that Court so numerous an assemblage of the fair-sex.

About seven o'clock in the morning the prisoner entered the Court, very genteelly dressed, and was conducted to the bar during the most profound silence. On being arraigned, his perilous situation excited the pity of the numerous spectators ; and the display of the handkerchiefs in the gallery, sufficiently discovered the sensibility of many of the ladies.

When the evidence for this prosecution was closed, Hobart addressed the Court and Jury in a most impressive and eloquent speech ; owned that he had been guilty of an intemperate act ; and that it had since considerably wounded his feelings. It was an act, he said, committed for the preservation and protection of a woman dearest to his heart, and under the strongest impression that his own life was endangered. He insisted that the elder Wallis had no legal right to exercise his employment out of the limits of Birmingham parish ; and that his son was not authorised to act any where. He shewed the folly of charging him with malice afore-thought on that occasion ; ably commented on all that had been advanced by the witnesses ; spoke of the hardship of newspaper reports ; and alluded to other accusations, which he said must not influence an impartial Jury.

The learned Judge then summed up the evidence, with accuracy and precision; in the course of which, he stated the law to be, "That if an Officer be killed in endeavouring to enter an apartment to secure an offender, it cannot be deemed murder, except the Officer shall have acquainted the offender by what authority, and for what offence, he is about to secure him."

When the Jury returned their verdict, Not Guilty, very indecent marks of applause succeeded in Court. But the ill-fated Hobart had yet more serious charges to answer; and, in a few weeks after this acquittal, he was removed to Bury St. Edmund's, to take his trial on the charge exhibited against him by Mr. Hammond, the Newmarket banker.

Perhaps there is not a more striking instance of the beguiling influence of genteel demeanour and elegance of dress, than what occurred during Hobart's confinement at Warwick; for, though every one knew he stood charged with three such heavy offences, that it was morally impossible he should be acquitted of them all, yet he found means to contract debts with different tradesmen to the amount of more than eighty pounds, while a prisoner, of which he never paid a shilling, and what is not a little singular, the gaoler himself was amongst the number of his principal creditors!

It was a difficult matter to get access to him in Bury gaol, as he was unwilling to be seen by any of his old acquaintance in the neighbourhood of the turf.—Here, however, he did not long remain, before an Officer arrived with an *Habeas* to take him to London, to answer the charge of Messrs. Willerton and Green.—On this information his fortitude forsook him; he appeared much agitated, and exclaimed, "Good God! what can this mean? Mr. Green would not swear to me in Birmingham." From this moment he seems to have been convinced that his fate was inevitable.

The first Sessions after his removal to Newgate, he put off his trial on account of the absence of some of his witnesses; it came on, however, before Lord Loughborough, in the Sessions of December 1792. His person being fully sworn to by several witnesses, he was found guilty with little hesitation. As on the former occasion, he now again made a most ingenious and fluent defence. On hearing the dreadful term pronounced, his countenance changed, and he appeared greatly agitated. He now made his obedience to the Court, and was instantly conducted to the dark cells in which those are locked up who are doomed to suffer.

After

After he was convinced that his fate was inevitable, he wrote letters from Newgate to different gentlemen; but the following, shewing the mixture of reason and distraction which occupied his faculties just before the awful moment of death, is the only one which could be any wise interesting to the reader.

"THE die is cast—my fate decided:—A world of recurrences rack my perturbed mind! yet I am not insensible of your benevolent, your generous assistance—your calming admonitions.—My present lot is worse than a thousand deaths!—my own reflections;—a solitary cell—excluded from every ray of hope, or the smallest glimpse of the light of Heaven!

"Through the various vicissitudes of life, I have hitherto found it to be in the constitution of sublunary things, that the endurance of evils is the common lot of mortality, and in the benignant order of Providence, that the worst evils should be endurable, by happening so progressively, that our natures are gradually tempered to the infelicity of their condition—but, alas! I am now overwhelmed with despair.

"Adieu for ever!

"J. M. HOBART.

"Newgate, 8th Feb. 1793."

The day previous to his execution he stabbed himself in two different places with a short pen-knife, and is also believed to have taken poison, neither of which proved effectual.

On the morning of the 13th of Feb. 1793, the day of execution, he had perfectly recovered his tranquillity, and seemed to feel little inconvenience from the attempts he had made on his life; for, on being asked whether he would have a cup of tea or coffee, he ordered both, and took a hearty breakfast, with much apparent indifference. The hair-dresser then appeared, and prepared to dress him, but Hobart desired to be shaved first: on being told that he could not perform that operation, as his razors had been taken from him before he was permitted to enter, "Then (said Hobart) I will not be dressed." He now put on a surtout, over a fashionable suit of mourning, and about seven o'clock in the morning, accompanied by seven other malefactors, approached the scene of death with much composure; nor did that accommodating address, which distinguished him through life, forsake him even in the hands of the Executioner, whom he assisted in loosening his shirt-collar and adjusting the rope.

A few seconds before the platform dropped, he fixed his regard on a gentleman who accompanied the Sheriff, as if

he wished to say something. This person approached him, and they conversed a few moments, which seemed to afford him much comfort. The platform dropped at nine o'clock, and put a final period to the career of this extraordinary man.

GEORGE BARRINGTON.

THE once popular subject of this sketch was born, about 1755, at a village called Maynooth, in Ireland; his father being a working-silversmith and his mother a mantua-maker. Nearly ruined by law, they were unable to give their son an education suitable to the early abilities which he discovered. He was, however, taught to read and write; and a neighbouring surgeon instructed him in arithmetic, the elements of geography, and the general principles of grammar.

At the age of sixteen, young Waldron was noticed and patronised by Doctor C—, a dignitary in the church of Ireland;—and through whose influence he was placed at a free grammar-school in Dublin. But stabbing an older boy than himself with a pen-knife, from motives of revenge, he lost the support of his benevolent patron, and was severely chastised by the master. He could by no means forgive this degradation; and therefore resolved on leaving the school, and all his fair prospects behind.

His plan of escape was no sooner framed than it was carried into execution; but, previous to his departure, he found means to steal ten or twelve guineas from Mr. F—, the master of the school, and a gold repeating watch from Mrs. Gouldsbrough, the master's sister. With this booty, a few shirts, and two or three pair of stockings, he silently, but safely, effected his retreat from the school-house, in the middle of a still night, in the month of May, 1771; and pursuing the great northern road all that night, and all the next day, he, late in the evening, arrived at the town of Drogheda, without interruption, without accident, and, in a great measure, without halting, without rest, and without food.

At Drogheda, Master Waldron connected himself to a company of strollers, and vagabondised about the country with indifferent success. The Theatrical Manager, at length, concerted a depredatory scheme with the young hero of his stage; and, at intervals, they levied some heavy contributions. This great man however, in the *character* of Waldron's servant, was detected in picking the pocket of

of the Right Hon. H—— K——, and transported to America for seven years. His pupil, shortly afterwards, attempting the property of Lord B——, at Carlow races, met the discipline of the course: and this disaster it was, that first determined him to select England as the theatre of his future exploits. He accordingly embarked on board the Dorset yacht, and arrived in England, in 1773, being then aged about eighteen.

In the metropolis he lived as Mr. Barrington, in a style of singular splendour, on the spoils which he had collected in Ireland: and, by imposing on a gentleman, who had been passenger with him in the yacht, he gained his favour and confidence; finding, by that means, an introduction into the politest circles; from whence he extracted abundant plunder for a long time without being even suspected.

It would prove unuseful and even tasteless to follow Mr. Barrington through all his early scenes of dissipation and licentiousness: we shall therefore content ourselves with giving the most remarkable of his feats, as detached Anecdote.

.....
On forming a connection with one Lowe, which was but a short time previous to that evening of the month of January, which is observed as the anniversary of the Queen's birth-day, it was resolved on between them, that, habited as a clergyman, Mr. Barrington should repair to Court, and there endeavour, not only to pick the pockets of some of the company, but, what was a much bolder, and a much more novel attempt, to cut off the diamond orders of some of the Knights of the Garter, Bath, and Thistle, who, on such days, usually wear the collars of their respective orders over their coats. In this enterprize he succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations that could have been formed, by either his new accomplice Lowe or himself; for he found means to take the diamond order of Lord C——, with which he got away from St. James's perfectly unsuspected.

This valuable acquisition, by the assistance and agency of Lowe, he disposed of for near eight hundred pounds to one Lurshan, a Dutchman.

.....
In the course of the winter of the year 1775, Prince Orlov, a Russian Nobleman, of the first rank and consequence, and high in the favour of his Sovereign, visited England. The splendour in which he lived, and the several circumstances of his story, and of his favour at the Court of Russia, were frequently noticed, and largely descanted on

in the public prints; and particularly a gold snuff-box, set with brilliants, which was presented to him by the Empress, and which was generally valued at the enormous sum of thirty thousand pounds. This precious trinket excited, in an extraordinary manner, the attention of Barrington, and he determined to exert himself, in order to get it into his possession, one way or other. For this, a favourable opportunity presented itself one night at Covent-Garden play-house: and this experienced pickpocket did not neglect to avail himself of it. He contrived to be near the Prince, and found means to convey the treasure, of which the acquisition was the great object of his avarice, or ambition, from his Excellency's waistcoat pocket, in which, according to the Russian custom, it was usually carried, into his own.

This operation was not, however, performed in such a manner as to escape instant detection: for the Prince felt the attack that was so impudently made upon him, and having reason to entertain some suspicion of Barrington, he immediately seized him by the collar. Such an action, in a public theatre, naturally occasioned some bustle, as well as surprise; and during the confusion that ensued, he slipped the box into the Nobleman's hand, who was, doubtless, glad to have recovered it with so much facility. The thief was, however, secured, and committed to Tothill-Fields Bridewell, for examination on the Wednesday following at Bow Street.

At the time appointed he was brought before Sir John Fielding, and examined, not only on the offence for which he was taken into custody, but also relative to his family, his profession, and his connections. On this occasion he represented himself as a native of Ireland, where his family, he said, were affluent and respectable; that he was educated in the medical line; and that he came to London, to improve himself in the knowledge of it: all these circumstances he represented with becoming modesty, and with many tears, neither absolutely denying the crime with which he was charged at the play-house, nor formally avowing his guilt. So that, after all, the Prince declining to proceed against him, and no prosecutor appearing, he was dismissed, after receiving a proper reprimand from the Magistrate, and some seasonable admonition.

Partial to the theatre, he, some time afterwards, picked the pocket of Mr. Le Mesurier at Drury Lane play-house; for which offence he was instantly taken into custody. Charge of him was given to one Blandy, a Constable, who,
either

either through negligence or corruption, suffered him to make his escape. The proceedings against him were, however, carried on to an outlawry, and various methods were ineffectually taken, for near two years, to have him apprehended.

While the lawyers were outlawing him, and the Constables endeavouring to take him, he was travelling in various disguises, and in various characters, through the northern counties of this kingdom. He visited the great towns, in those parts, as a Quack Doctor, or as a Clergyman; sometimes he went with an E O table, and sometimes he pretended to be a rider to a manufacturing house at Birmingham or Manchester; and travelling on horseback, with a decent appearance and a grave deportment, the account which he thought proper to give of himself was credited, without any difficulty, by those who thought proper to question him.

It, however, sometimes happened that he was known by gentlemen whom he met, particularly once in Lincolnshire, but no one offered to molest or interrupt him, until he arrived at Newcastle upon Tyne, where, on being recognized, he was suspected of picking pockets, and, on enquiry, he was found to be outlawed; on which he was removed, by a writ of *Habeas Corpus*, to London, and imprisoned in Newgate, where he arrived poor, emaciated, and dejected.

The companions of his life, as a distinguished character in his line, however, on learning his circumstances, made a subscription for him, by which they collected near an hundred guineas for his use: and by this seasonable supply, he was enabled to employ Counsel, and to take legal measures to have the outlawry against him reversed.

This being done, he was tried for the original offence, that of stealing Mr. Le Mesurier's purse; and, through the absence of the Rev. Mr. Adeane, a material witness for the prosecution, he was acquitted and discharged.

In 1777, previous to the transaction recited in the foregoing Anecdote, Mr. Barrington was sentenced to the Woolwich hulks, for stealing a watch, of little value, from a woman whose situation was more indigent than his own.

In this receptacle of wretchedness and vice, he found himself exposed to such complicated misery, as he had never before known; and to such fatal diseases, as he had never before felt. He was fatigued with hard labour, and harrassed with all the evils of indigence, confinement, and obloquy; yet he bore up against all the weight of woe under which he laboured,

laboured, with a degree of patience, resignation, and constancy, worthy of a better cause than that in which he suffered. Fortune, at length, declared in his favour, and freedom became the recompence of his exemplary conduct during the period of his captivity; for, on the recommendation of Messrs. Erskine and Duncan Campbell, the Superintendants or Governors of the convicts, a pardon was granted to him; and, after somewhat less than a twelve-month's severe sufferings on the Thames, he was set at large.—However, in less than half a year after his enlargement from the hulks, he was again detected, by the vigilance of one Payne, at that time a very active Peace-Officer in the city, in the fact of picking pockets in St. Sepulchre's church, during the time of the celebration of divine service, on a certain city festival; and having been convicted of this offence, on the clearest evidence, at the Old Bailey, he was a second time sentenced to hard labour on the Thames, and that for the term of five years.

Upon his trial, on this occasion, it was that he appeared to have first distinguished himself as a public speaker. He endeavoured, with much art, but without any success, to work upon the feelings of the Court and Jury; but the proofs against him were so clear, that he was found guilty; and, pursuant to his sentence, he was removed once more to the hulks at Woolwich, about the middle of the year 1778.

When he was this second time put on board one of these prison ships, he either found his sufferings more intolerable, or his situation to be more desperate, than they appeared to him on his first confinement; a circumstance which is said to have determined him upon suicide; and, in consequence of this impious resolution, he stabbed himself with a pen-knife. The wound, though deep and dangerous, did not prove mortal; and medical assistance being called in, and seasonably applied, a cure was effected. It was, however, effected very slowly; and the wound, having been given in the breast, seemed, in its effects, after near two years continuance, to bring a consumption on the unhappy patient.

While he remained in this deplorable situation, it happened, fortunately for him, that Sir M—— L——, a gentleman of rank and consequence, happened to visit the hulks, and to enquire into the state of the convicts. This gentleman, who was of the most benevolent character, and possessed of the most feeling heart, was led, by curiosity, to converse with Barrington; and his emaciated and squalid appearance so moved him with compassion, that he applied for a remission of the remaining part of his sentence; which

was

was granted on condition of his (Barrington) immediately leaving England on his enlargement, and never more returning to it: and in order to enable him to fulfil his promise, a sum of money was given to him to defray the expence of his journey to Ireland, his native country.

Ireland proving too circumscribed for the display of his great abilities; and having narrowly escaped conviction before a Dublin Jury; Mr. Barrington resolved to visit his favourite London once more, however dangerous the attempt, and however awful the impending consequences. He put his design into execution; and, after a few public essays at the Opera and the Theatres, he was taken up on suspicion; but nothing being proved against him, he was detained in Newgate at the instance of Mr. Duncan Campbell, for not fulfilling the terms of his liberation: and in that gloomy receptacle he *served* out the remaining part of his former sentence. With liberty, however, his aptitude towards pilfering returned: and he lived in a continual state of warfare and apprehension, till the event took place which led to an outlawry, as before related.

September 15, 1790, Mr. George Barrington was arraigned at the Old Bailey Bar, on an indictment, charging him with stealing, on the 1st of the same month, a gold watch, chains, and seals, and a metal key, belonging to Henry Hare Townsend, Esq. at Enfield, during the races held there. On the evidence, Mr. Barrington was found guilty; and sentenced to Botany Bay for seven years, where his good and *prudent* conduct has since procured him the office of *Constable*! And it is to be hoped, that his sound knowledge will induce him to hold that appointment long, very long, after the approaching expiration of his allotted servitude!

HENRY WESTON.

It is not possible to conceive a more affecting or interesting example offered to the consideration of men who speculate, and waste their own and their friends property, with which they may be entrusted, than that of Henry Weston, who so lately closed his sad account with the ignominious sacrifice of his life. He was put to the Bar of the Old Bailey on Saturday, May 14, 1796, and arraigned for forging a letter of attorney, purporting to be signed by Patrick Tonyn, with an intention to sell out five thousand pounds, standing in the name of General Tonyn, in the

Three

Three per Cent. Annuities, designing to defraud the Governors and Company of the Bank of England. Mr. Garrow supported the prosecution, and Mr. Serjeant Shepherd appeared as Counsel for the prisoner, who, after a most affecting trial, was found guilty.

Mr. Cowan, of Ely Place, retired, after having given his evidence, dissolved in tears.—The following Letter, written to this gentleman, and which was produced in evidence, will make our readers acquainted with the character of this unhappy youth.

“SIR,

“In the unfortunate situation in which I am plunged by my own misconduct, I beg you will permit me to confess to you the forgery with which I am charged, and for which I must unquestionably suffer. The cause of my committing a crime, which I acknowledge to be of the most atrocious nature, arose from a violent attachment to play; and having lost great sums at gambling-houses, I fondly hoped to repair my fortune by this most imprudent step. I am now an unfortunate and ruined young man: I have been unsuccessful in many speculations, and particularly by the baneful practice of insuring, by which I lost sixteen hundred pounds in the last Lottery, and have lost seven thousand pounds in gambling at different houses. I cannot but express my deep concern at so dissipated a line of conduct, for which I can make reparation only with my life. The thought of a violent dissolution fills me with horror, but not more pungent than the reflection, that I have so early in life disgraced my friends. Could I but be spared to evince a different conduct! but hope is in vain, and I can only bid you an everlasting farewell.

“HENRY WESTON.

“Newgate.”

After the Jury had delivered their verdict, the prisoner addressed the Court thus:—

“My Lords, the verdict which has now been passed upon me I have heard without surprise, and with satisfaction. I am, my Lord, as my appearance may very easily shew, a very young man. When I entered into business, at a much earlier period, I was entrusted with affairs of very great consequence. I hope that my unfortunate situation will prove an effectual example to young men, to deter them from indulging in the fatal vice of gambling; and will also be a warning to them of more advanced years, not to confide the management of their concerns to the care of men too young, and inexperienced in the world. I have been ruined by too much precipitation in myself, and by too great want of attention in those that have had the superintendence of my conduct.”

When

When sentence of death was passed, he addressed the Court as follows:—

“ My Lord, I beg to return my humble thanks to this honourable Court, for the great attention and kindness which I experienced on the awful day of my trial; and would beg now to trouble your Lordship with a few observations.

“ My Lord, I acknowledge the crime of which I have been convicted; but I solemnly declare that I did not do the act with any intention ultimately to defraud General Tonyn. If I had had any such intention, it is plain that I had an opportunity to have escaped from justice, and to have gone to the remotest part of the globe: but although I was too much attached to the vice of gambling, yet I fully intended to make restitution, to the utmost of my power, of that property which I became possessed of through this forgery.

“ My Lord, I solemnly declare I have never committed any bad act, except the unfortunate act for which I am now to be sentenced to die. I put my trust in God, hoping that he will enable me to bear my sufferings with resignation; and that he who knows the hearts of every one, will judge me according to my *intentions**; and I most humbly request that the execution of my sentence may be delayed, so as to allow me time to prepare for that awful and important event which awaits me.”

Wednesday, July 6, about ten minutes before eight, this rash and inconsiderate—though lamented—youth, in the company of another criminal, came on the scaffold before Newgate, attended by a Clergyman.—Weston, either from a wish to conceal his countenance, or from agitation of mind, kept a handkerchief close to his face during the whole course of the solemn procession, and till even the last moment; dying with it in his hand. He appeared to be wholly abstracted, and indifferent to all around him. When his fellow-sufferer offered him his hand, he refused the parting ceremony, by turning his back on him. He was handsomely dressed in black, with his hair powdered. The preceding night he was indulged with the company of a Divine, and five friends, who remained with him till he ascended the scaffold.

* *Intention*, in such cases as these, is a deceiving argument; and, in the scale of religion, or morality, can have little weight: for how can we intend to return that which is committed to the turn up of a card, the hazard of a die, or the insuring of a Lottery ticket on a particular day?—

THE

THE encouragement too constantly given by *Brokers* to these dupes in stock bargains, cannot be too urgently re-proved; and notwithstanding the law is open for penal prosecution, with every inducement for it, by an equal division of the penalty between the Crown and the prosecutor, it is remarkable how few are ever called upon to pay this just debt of retribution to the injured welfare of society.

The statute of 7 Geo. II. c. 8. in express terms declares all such contracts *void*, and that all monies paid thereon shall be restored and repaid, and may be recovered by action within *six months* from the making the contract, with double costs of suit, by the person who paid it; and the person with whom it was made shall be obliged to discover the contract.

The contracting parties shall forfeit five hundred pounds, and every Broker negotiating the contract, five hundred pounds; half to the Crown, and half to *any person* who will sue for the same.

A penalty of one hundred pounds is also given for paying and for receiving any *difference*; and if the stock contracted for at a *future* day be not delivered, the other party may buy the amount of any other person, and recover of the contractor the difference in the price paid. All contracts for sale of stock, of which the seller is not actually possessed at the time of the bargain, are void, and the seller shall forfeit five hundred pounds, and every Broker negotiating it, one hundred pounds.

All Brokers are to keep a note book of all their transactions, and produce it when lawfully required, and if they omit to enter contracts therein, they shall forfeit fifty pounds.

We have thought fit to offer to public attention this brief sketch of a statute, made perpetual, in order to unite, as much as possible, with the above melancholy instance of imprudence, the precept and the example. From small gains at first, men are inveigled to pursue the visionary phantom; pleased with the vain prospect of doubling their profits, they think not, care not, and are perhaps persuaded not to regard those who lose; they plunge still deeper, and forfeit the trust confided to them by their friends, under the expectation, like Dodd and Weston, of soon being able to replace it: another and a succeeding unfavourable gale strips them of these hopes—entangles them in a net of inextricable difficulty, and black despair at length shrouds them in suicide, or drags them to the Scaffold!

JOHN

JOHN INNES.

JOHN INNES, born at Glasgow in Scotland, was a merchant's son of the same city ; who gave the youth a good education ; by which he however profited but little. In the earlier part of his life he went to sea ; the instability of his mind not suffering him then to follow any settled employ ; but, on his return, he married an amiable young woman, by whom he had seven children.

During the period of his marriage state, he was sober, steady, and diligent ; but, on the death of his wife, his rambling disposition returned : he soon spent, in extravagance and debauchery, a decent fortune, which he had accumulated by trade ; and was, of course, necessitated to follow some other pursuit. The connection of his family, the good character he had once borne, and his abilities, together, soon procured him a situation as Steward of a Nobleman's estate. In this state, his mind took a different turn ; he became griping and avaricious in the extreme ; and vexatious and oppressive to the tenants, from whom he extorted considerable sums by threats, and continually involving them in law-suits, and other difficulties, and then extorting money from them, by way of compromising the dispute.

In this situation he remained till the death of the Nobleman, when the estate was sold ; he then turned money-lender, and practised as a pettifogging attorney, by which unlawful practice he acquired immense wealth ; but his covetous disposition was not then satisfied ; he wanted to gain riches by wholesale ; when, unluckily, he determined upon forging a will, purporting it to be the last will of Anthony Bouman, deceased ; with an intent to defraud Sir Charles Morgan, Bart. and Thomas Wright, Esq.

The prisoner brought an action, in the Court of King's Bench, against the prosecutors, to recover money in virtue of the will ; but the first witness he called to prove the deed, said, that he was nephew to Innes, and at the request of his uncle, came to swear to a *falsity* ; for that he knew the will to be forged.

The trial of this singular character came on February 22, 1794, when his guilt appearing evident, the Jury, without hesitation, brought in their verdict—Guilty ; and, in July, the same year, he met his fate before the Debtors Door of Newgate ; giving intimations of a repentant heart. Let us hope that he did not deceive *himself* !

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